

# Prison Grove

Warren Zevon

An icy wind burns and scars  
Rushes in like a fallen star  
Through the narrow space  
Between these bars  
Looking down on prison groveDug in, hunkered down  
Hours race without a sound  
Gonna carry me to where I'm bound  
Looking down on prison groveIron will hard as rock  
Hold me up for the fateful knock  
When they walk me down in a mortal lock  
Out on prison groveShine on all these broken lives  
Shine on, shine the light on meKnack knack paddy wack  
They say, "You'll hear your own bones crack"  
When they bend you back to bible black  
Then you'll find your loveSome folks have to die too hard  
Some folks have to cry too hard  
Take one last look at the prison yard  
Goodbye prison groveShine on all these broken lives  
Shine on, shine the light on meCome on, come on, come on  
Come on, hey

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