

Halls of Folsom

Jenny Whiteley

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They come and tell me
It's one month to my release
Should feel like I'm going home, not going away
But for 20 years less a day, my home was just a word to say
And I wonder if a part of me ain't here to stay
And I'm walking the halls of Folsom every day now in my mind

The chains on my legs will get old and rust away
And every prison guard will be gone someday
But the chains of the memories forced upon me
The stuff they're made of won't let me be
Now I'm walking the halls of Folsom every day now in my mind

The lights have no mercy
It's too bright to sleep, to dim to see
And, I'm wondering now if I can sleep in another bed
And, I've never had a visitor. I couldn't stand to see her
And, I wonder if she wonders if I'm free
And, I'm walking the halls of Folsom every day now in my mind
Every day now...

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