Virgil

Paul Simon

I've got a wife, four grown children
I can't afford their education
I been a prison guard for fourteen years
That ain't exactly a vacation
Since he's been here, he's followed every rule
Well, I told you my position
The law says he's got the right to go to school
We abide by the court's decision
I got a Winchester 243
I like that gun for deer
Upstate, November, when the air is free
Smells like hunting season's here
He's the one to keep your eyes on
He's smart, yeah and he's quiet
A troublemaker if I ever seen one
Next thing you know it's Attica
And we got a prison riot
There ain't no way that punk gets his degree
And hides behind the Constitution
No way in hell that smart ass spic goes free
Not while I'm in this institution

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/