Sentenced

Stick Figure

And as I got off, the train
way down in new orleans
I grab my hat, I put on my coat
reach for my spliff yeah, I had myself a little smoke yeahI was sentenced
Living in a dungeon
Sentenced
Living in a dungeonAnd now I'm locked, up in jail
And I spend my days, in a cold dark prison cell
I rest alone, watch myself grow old
I don't deserve this, well I just wanna go home
I was sentenced
Living in a dungeon
Sentenced
Living in a dungeonI should have known, when I shot the man dead
There'd be a bounty, a bounty for my head
Well I don't care, now that your man's dead
I'm just missing one thing, a good spliff to my headI've been walking in my sleep
And I've been waking in my dreams
I've been living in the past
My food don't pay this debt
I was sentenced
Living in a dungeon
Sentenced
Living in a dungeon
I was sentenced
Living in a dungeon
Sentenced
Living in a dungeon
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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