San Quentin

Cable

San Quentin, you've been livin' hell to me
You blistered me since nineteen sixty-three
I've seen 'em come and go and I've seen 'em die
And long ago, I stopped asking why
San Quentin, I hate every inch of you
You cut me and you scarred me through an' through
And I'll walk out a wiser weaker man
Mister Congressman, you can't understand

San Quentin, what good do you think you do?
Do you think I'll be different when you're through?
You bend my heart and mind and you warp my soul
Your stone walls turn my blood a little cold
San Quentin, may you rot and burn in hell
May your walls fall and may I live to tell
May all the world forget you ever stood
And may all the world regret you did no good
San Quentin, I hate every inch of you

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