

# Alcatraz

## Sound of Guns

Now lay me down on market street  
I'm lookin' for some spare change  
Coast guard ship has been lookin' for me  
And I might have to change my name  
Here comes Uncle Sam again  
With the same old bag of beans  
The local chief's on the radio  
He's got some hungry mouths to feed  
Goin' back to Alcatraz In the land of the great white father  
My American blood runs cold  
I left my home in Oklahoma  
To the Everglades I go  
It's just the wings on the silver cars  
I'm allowed to plow field  
That's not the life for a nineteen seventy  
Indian boy to do  
I'm goin' back to Alcatraz Lay me down on market street  
I'm lookin for some spare change  
The coast guard ship has been lookin' for me  
Might have to change my name  
Here comes Uncle Sam again  
With the same old bag of beans  
Local chief's on the radio  
He's got some hungry mouths to feed  
Goin' back to Alcatraz Here comes Uncle Sam again  
With the same old bag of beans  
Local chief's on the radio  
He's got some hungry mouths to feed  
Goin' back to Alcatraz  
Goin back to Alcatraz

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