The Prisoner

Ub40

A misfit, who is old before his time
Poverty has turned him to crime
Boredom gives him too much time to think
He pours another drink
A burning bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free
He wonders why his landscape looks so strange?
Burger bars are home on the range
An empty bottle falling from his hand
He doesn't understand
A burning bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free
A cork unlocks the door to other lands

Of battles won and destinies in hand
A half remembered state of liquid dreams
Where things aren't what they seem
A burning bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free
A naked savage dressed in shirt and jeans
[Incomprehensible]A burning bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free
A burning bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free

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