

Prisoners

Clawfinger

All of the prisoners serving life sentences
Wait for the earth to suddenly shake
For the walls to somehow suddenly come crumbling, tumbling
And for the bars to somehow magically break
Aw, there's nothing wrong with them
That a thousand bucks can't fix
That a thousand arms can't hold down
In the ground they're tattooing the stones with
Cusses like cavemen, your momma was here
But they want to run through the air
With no barriers or obstacles
Gunmen or guard dogs or priests

And to rise from the mud and start over and over
With the people all dead
If Hans Christian Andersen could've had his way with me
Then none of this shit would have ever gone down
In my cell I'm tattooing myself with
Mermaids and swallows and though I do swallow
My mama thinks I'm grown but I'm really just little
And someday I will remember
Someday I will remember
Someday I will remember

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