

# San Quentin

## Emscherkurve 77

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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