

Son of a Prison Guard

Train

There was a mountain on the table of bills that needed paid
Dishes in the kitchen sink like dreams that never fade
A wild imagination of convicts in the yard
Never enough time to make ends meet
So they put it on a credit card, don't we all? You may not know just where you came from, but
once upon a time
There was a carpenter, a bartender, a broken fishing line
Just south of Royal Teeth in the town that I came from
There were architects and astronauts
But the only one she loved was a prison guard And that's the only time I ever saw true love And
Erica's a girl I liked in Georgia
Alone and kept me warm in Eugene
I guess my mother loved too hard
Set the bar too high to the sky
What's fine enough to me is just too hard
For a son of a prison guard
There's a gate that needed painting, clothes that needed clean
They'd say there's time enough for that when the fun has all been seen
Cause when we're laying on our death bed, a promise we won't say
Wish we would have worked more, baby
Instead of loving you that way, no way And that's the only time I ever saw true love Segourney
is a girl I met in Brooklyn
Harris got me close in New Orleans
I guess my mother loved too hard
Set the bar too high to the sky
What's fine enough to me is just too hard
For a son of a prison guard I go wherever you are, whoever you are
I go wherever you are, whoever you are
I go wherever you are, whoever you are
I go wherever you are
Betty is a girl I knew in Charlotte
... left for Sydney yesterday
I guess my mother loved too hard
Set the bar too high to the sky
What's fine enough to me is just too hard
For a son of a prison guard Whoever you are
By Malek Dakhoul

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