

# Thanksgiving

George Winston

We stood in a long line waiting for the doors to be unlocked  
Out in the cold wind, ound the razor wire fenced in cellblock  
Young mama with babies, sisters and other kinds of kin  
At Tallulah State Prison on Thanksgiving Day, wee waiting to get in You gotta get here early, it  
don matter how many miles you drove  
They make you wait for hours, jailers always move slow  
They run names, check numbers, gravel faced guards they don smile  
Grammy and me in line, silently waiting single file Thanksgiving at the prison, surrounded by  
families  
Road weary pilgrims who show up faithfully  
Sometimes love ain easy, sometimes love ain free My grammy looks so old now, her hair is soft  
and white like the snow  
Her hands tremble when they frisk her from head to her toes  
They make her take her winter coat off then they frisk her again  
When theye done she wipes their touch off her dress, stands tall and heads in  
Thanksgiving at the prison, surrounded by families  
Road weary pilgrims who show up faithfully  
Even though it ain easy, even though it ain free  
Sometimes love ain easy, I guess love ain free

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>