

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

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