

A Letter From Death Row

Bret Michaels

Sitting here in my cell writing a letter
Thanking all the people who made my living conditions
better

And thanks to the justice system
I'm making a million
My lawyer got me a book deal
Now I'm making a killing just from making a killing

I got an agent for the publicity
An accountant to count my royalties
The talk shows want me, sorry I can't go
I'm stuck here on death row

You call me Hannibal Lechter, if I was smarter
If I was Charlie Manson you'd make me a martyr wouldn't
ya
You'd call me a handsome man if I was Bundy
But if I looked like John Wayne Gasey you'd just say
I'm funny, not ha ha funny

Chorus:
Tried to act my career just flopped
Killed my neighbor, got on Cops
Problem is, I only made one show now
I'm stuck here on death row

The poor victim's families never make a dime
Networks say I'm not prime time
All my cell mates on my cell block
Say I'm the hottest topic at the coffee shops

Waitress cries, "God how they should free me"
Send me her love letters, says someday she'd really
love to meet me
Tells her customers people should forgive me for the
things I do
I wonder if I kill her would her family forgive me too?

Chorus
Thanks for the attention and the publicity
The taxpayer's dollars that you spend on me
Thanks for the good meal, dry bed, and these warm
clothes
I'm alive and well on death row