

I'm Just a Prisoner

Billy Paul

"Attention! The following inmates, when names are called, will be transferred due to overcrowded conditions:"

What am I doing here?
I've been serving time for five long years
Got no trial in sight
This justice they all talk about just ain't right

Has everybody forgotten about me?
Will I ever, ever, ever be free?

I'm just a prisoner, oh Lord
Just a prisoner, just a prisoner
Just a prisoner, just a prisoner
Just a prisoner, just a prisoner
Just a prisoner, just a prisoner

I thought a man was innocent until he's proven guilty
Ain't been no jury to judge me
How long must I pay for the wrong I've done?
I'm a victim of circumstance, you see

Has everybody forgotten about me?
Will I ever, will I ever see my family

I'm just a prisoner, oh Lord
Just a prisoner, just a prisoner

I'm telling the truth
My wife and my kids
I know they miss me
The baby, she's five years old
And she don't even know
Who her daddy is, no

The cell is cold as hell
You can never get used to the smell
My bed is hard as wood
I gotta fight, fight, fight to keep my manhood

Seem like everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody forgotten about me?
Will I ever, ever, ever be free?

My cell is as cold as hell
You can never get used to the smell
My bed is hard as wood
I gotta fight, fight, fight to keep my manhood

Just a prisoner, Lord, just a prisoner, just a prisoner
Got to fight to keep my manhood
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord
Somebody hear me
Won't somebody help me
Why won't they take these chains off me
The cell is cold and the bed is hard as a rock
With electric locks that stays locked-up
I need my woman, need my woman, need my woman

Need her, need her, need her
Got to fight to keep my manhood, Lord
I been incarcerated for five long years
You hear me, you hear me?
I've been incarcerated for five long year
Waiting for my trail
Where is the judge
And the jury, Lord
Took my name and gave me a number
And now they talkin' 'bout, they talkin' 'bout
They talkin' 'bout it's, it's overcrowded
And they might have to transfer me
I'm from 25th [?] and I know what I'm talkin' about
A whole lot of prisoners, a whole lot of prisoners
And everybody, I want the world to hear me
And I want the Lord to listen to me
If I open my mouth, if I open my mouth
I'll be in solitary confinement, yeah
Eating bread and water, bread, bread and water
Talk too much, you talk too much
The brothers in the prison gonna kill me
Yell back, yell back, the guards in the prison gonna kill me
Oh, they got guns, .45's, machine-guns, and heavy artillery
Makin' license plates for cars and writing to lawyers