

Walking Down Death Row

Steve Earle

Walking down death row
I sang for three men destined for the chair
Walking down death row
I sang of lives and loves in other years
Walking down death row
I sang of hopes that used to be
Through the bars
Into each separate cell
I sang for one and two and three
"If you'd only only stuck together
You'd not be here
If you could've loved each other's lives
You'd not be sitting here
And if only this you could believe
You still might, you might still be reprieved"

Walking down death row
I turned the corner and found to my surprise
There were women there as well
With babies in their arms before my eyes
Walking down death row
I tried once more to sing of hopes that used to be
But the thought of that contraption down the hall
Waiting for whole families
One dozen, two, or three
"If you'd only stuck together
You'd not be here
If you could've loved another's child as well as yours
You'd not be sitting here
And if only this you could believe
You still might, you might still be reprieved"

Walking down death row
I concentrated, singing to the young
I sang of hopes that flickered still
I tried to mouth their many separate tongues
Walking down death row
I sang of life and love that still might be
Singing, singing down death row
To each separate human cell
One billion, two, or three
"If we'd only stick together
We'd not be here
If we could learn to love each other's lives
We'd not be sitting here
And if only this you would believe
We still might, we might still be reprieved"