

# Prisoners

Herman Brood

They told you you're so damn important  
& you thought important was the way to be  
you'll never find the song within you  
preoccupied you were with bein' free

you know the day's gonna come  
a man finds his soul is on the run  
(ain't that fun)  
nothin' matters, it's all lies  
(ain't that nice)

find yourself a jail  
only prisoners can sing  
find yourself a crutch  
only crippled ones can't swing