

Christmas In Prison

Hiss Golden Messenger

It was Christmas in prison
And the food was real good
We had turkey and pistols
Carved out of wood
And I dream of her always
Even when I don't dream
Her name's on my tongue
And her blood's in my stream

Wait awhile eternity
Old mother nature's got nothing on me
Come to me, run to me
Come to me now
I'm rolling, my sweetheart
I'm flowing by God

She reminds me of a chess game
With someone I admire
Or a picnic in the rain
After a prairie fire
Her heart is as big as this
Whole goddamn jail
And she's sweeter than saccharine
At a drug store sale

Wait awhile eternity
Old mother nature's got nothing on me
Come to me, run to me
Come to me now
I'm rolling, my sweetheart
I'm flowing by God

The search light in the big yard
Turns round with the gun
And spotlights, the snowflakes
Like dust in the sun
It's Christmas in prison
There'll be music tonight
I'll probably get homesick
I love you, goodnight

Wait awhile eternity
Old mother nature's got nothing on me
Come to me, run to me
Come to me now
I'm rolling, my sweetheart
I'm flowing by God