

Ex-Con

Larkin Poe

Don't talk crooked, honey, walk the straight and narrow
My mama tried to teach me the rules
She said: "If Jesus himself keeps his eye upon the sparrow
Then surely he is watching you too"
Twenty-one years young, I rolled to hell's half acre
I really got to kicking up ground
I was a mover and a shaker, a mean heartbreaker
Now it's all coming back around

Tell ya it's a hard living
Broke down on the highway
Burned out in an ashtray
Hard living
Empty as a bottle
Right down to the bottom
It's a hard living
Singing hallelujah, may I introduce ya
To ex-con little old me

Tangled and torn, I was trapped like a rabbit
Thought the only crime was getting caught
Now that I'm dressed in stripes, me and all my bad habits
We got the time to give it some thought
Living in the past has been a full-time occupation
I've got a thing for talking to ghosts
Never moving on can take an awful lot of patience

And I'm a girl who's had the most

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Armed robbery and a high-speed chase
The late night TV news anchors loved my face
I served my time but now the time has come
For me to get back in my mama's good grace

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