

Might As Well Be a Slave

Mary Black

Lying here, watching the time pass
I could think of a million things I'd rather do
Travel at my own pace
Put myself asleep if I wanted to

Might as well be behind bars
Than be lashed to a wave that I can't haul
I might as well be a slave
Lying low in the shade of a prison wall

Lying here, watching the time pass
I could cry for the helping hands that I refused
We were good friends
But I did refuse

Might as well be behind bars
Getting used to the sound of my keeper's call
I might as well be a slave
Drinking sun through a chink in a prison wall

Down here, down where the end is
You absolve me from every crime I ever planned
I was so surprised
I did not think that you would understand

Might as well be behind bars
Growing old in a carpeted hall
I might as well be a slave
Always safe out of the rain in prison walls

Oh I might as well be behind bars
Getting used to the sound of my keeper's call
I might as well be a slave
Drinking sun through a chink in a prison wall