

Another Wasted Life

Rhiannon Giddens

Another day another youth
Another story-mangled truth
The commentary uncouth and full of cloudy grease

Does it matter what the crime
If indeed there was this time
He's given solitary time
An institutional caprice

It's a torture of the soul
The narrow confines of control
Thrown down the stinking hole with no hope of release

It's just another wasted life
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Things then finally understood
He's returned but damaged goods
He fought hard as he could until he saw the last release

Another day another murder
A punishment taken further
A surrender without murmur God trust his soul is at peace

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