

# Sentenced

Stick Figure

And as I got off the train way down in New Orleans  
I grabbed my hat, I put on my coat  
Reached for my spliff, yeah  
I had myself a little smoke, yeah

I was sentenced, living in detention  
Sentenced, living in detention

And now I'm locked up in jail  
I spend my days in a cold dark prison cell  
I rest alone, I watch myself grow old  
And I don't deserve this, I just want to go home

I was sentenced, living in detention  
Sentenced, living in detention

I should have known when I shot the man dead  
There would be a bounty, a bounty for my head, yeah  
Well I don't care that that young mans dead  
I'm just missing one thing, a good spliff to my head

I've been talking in my sleep  
I've been waking in my dreams  
I've been living in the past  
My good old faith is dead

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