

Cell Mates

The Bronx

In my defense
These prison walls
They couldn't hold anything in at all
I see your face
In all the walls
They had me crawling on back to you

Honestly, will you wait for me?
A little word, promise me
One day I'll be free

This kinda place
It brings you down
Everyone's dragging their feet on the ground
Your kinda face
Could save a soul
It keeps me crying on out to you

Honestly, will you wait for me?
A little word, promise me
One day I'll be free

Honestly, will you wait for me?
A little word, promise me
One day I'll be free

I'll be free
I'll be free
I'll be free

I keep on crawling on back to you