

The Lag Song

The Dubliners

When I was a young lad sometimes I'd wonder
What happened to time when it passed
Then one day I found out that time just lands in prison
And there it is held fast

When I was a young man I used to go courting
And dream of the moon and the stars
The moon is still shining the dreams they are all broken
On these hard iron bars

Look out of the window over the roofs there
And over the walls see the sky
Just one flying leap and you could make your getaway
If only you could fly

The prison is sleeping the night watch is keeping
Its watch over seven hundred men
And behind every cell door a sleeping lag is dreaming
Oh to be free again

Go write me a letter addressed to my number
But say you remember my name
So I'll be reminded of how the world outside goes
And feel a man again

Got time on my hands I've got time on my shoulder
Got plenty of time on my mind
There's no summer or winter when once you land inside here
Just that old prison grind