

Violet Indiana "Jailbird"

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Here I am waiting for you
To feel what you say you feel, can I believe in you?
There's no reason for me to stay inside
Waiting for my release when I don't have to hide

Tuesday morning a letter came from you
A picture of yourself, telling me what you want to do
You're fifty eight and I'm nineteen again
You promise me a life outside
You say you just want to be my friend

Having the best day of my life
Until the day that I met you
Having the best day of my life
Until I found out you were you

Having the best day
Having the best day
Having the best day
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Having the best day
Having the best day
Having the best day
Having the best day

Where does it lead me? Right back inside
Walking down for trial not the aisle as your bride
Six feet under, a duvet under your head
I'm lying in your flowery sheets, in your four poster bed

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