

UB 40

"The Prisoner"

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A misfit who is old before his time
Poverty has turned him to crime
Boredom gives him too much time to think
He pours another drink.

(chorus)

A burning, bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free.

He wonders why his landscape looks so strange
Burger bars are home on the range
An empty bottle falling from his hand
He doesn't understand.

(chorus)

A burning, bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free.

A cork unlocks the door to other lands
Of battles won and destinies in hand
A half-remembered state of liquid dreams
Where things aren't what they seem.

(chorus)

A burning, bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free.

A naked savage dressed in shirt and jeans
A burning, bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free.

(chorus)

A burning, bitter taste of irony
A prisoner in the land of the free.

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