

## **Down For The Count "Penitentiary"**

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I see you wasting away outside in the cold  
January always brings me to chills  
The thrills, and white scattered pills on the floor  
I think I've had enough of the way that you talk to me  
That undermining tone you give that breaks me in two  
every time  
Take what is mine and I'll take from you what you can't  
get back  
You're on a roll, my darling, don't give up  
Soon they'll come and take you away  
I see you wasting away outside in the street  
The only thing that ever kept us close was your ever so  
elegant smile  
And the way that you talk me down  
Take what is mine and I'll take from you what you can't  
get back  
You're on a roll, my darling, don't give up  
Soon they'll come and take you away

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