

## Irma Thomas

### "Prison On Route 41"

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There's a prison on Route 41  
Home to my father, first cousin, and son  
And I visit every weekend  
Not with my body but with prayers that I send

I've a reason for my absentee  
And no lack of love for my dear family  
But my savior is not Christ the Lord  
But one named Virginia whom I live my life for

And if I don't mind to her  
I'd rot in that prison for sure  
Yeah, she'd toss me aside  
And I'd surely wait to die

By decree, law, or demand  
So unlike my uncle, grandpa, and great aunt  
Whom I'd most likely see every day  
If not for the righteous grand Virginia's way

There's a prison on route 41  
Home to my mother, stepbrother, and son  
And I'd tear down that jail by myself  
If not for Virginia who made me someone else

And I owe it to her  
I'd rot in that prison for sure  
Yeah, she'd toss me aside  
And show me the way to die

By the precepts of her purity  
So unlike the habits of my whole family  
Whom I only see down on my knees  
In prayer by Virginia whom I live for to please

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