

Iron & Wine

"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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