

Johnny Burnette

"Orleans Parish Prison"

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Well, have you seen
My darkhaired girl?
She was set on her love
To a hungry world
They got her clothes
An the money she took
And they wrote her name
In the prison books

Orleans Parish Prison
Won't you free
My darkhaired girl?
She's tired and cold
And you got the gold
She took
From a hungry world
Orleans Parish Prison
Won't you free
My darkhaired girl?

Well have seen
My green eyed son?
He shot a man down
With a sawed off gun
And they fond him down
By the Pontchartrain
Where they cuffed his arms
With a big iron chain

Orleans Parish Prison
Won't you free me
Green eyed son?
I heard him say
As you let him away
Sorry for what he's done
Orleans Parish Prison
Won't you free me
Green eyed son?

Well have you missed
My brother man?

He took a little money
With a gun in his hand
Know the kids are hungry
And the wife ain't well
And the daddy's locked up
In a prison cell

Orleans Parish Prison
Won't you free
My brother man?
I know it's sad
But he ain't bad
He's doing the best he can
Orleans Parish Prison
Won't you free
My brother man?

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