

Leon Russell "Alcatraz"

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Now lay me down on market street
I'm lookin' for some spare change
A coast guard ship has been lookin' for me
I might have to change the name

Here comes Uncle Sam again
With the same old bag of beans
Local chief's on the radio
He's got some hungry mouths to feed

Goin back to Alcatraz

Standing down on the highway
Of hundred and one ways to go
Solitary is so confinin'
To the legend of Geronimo

I know how to bring the rain
I used to dance for ABC
All the braves down on death row
Are pretending to be free

Back home in Alcatraz

In the land of the great white father
My American blood runs cold
From my home in Oklahoma
To the Everglades, I go

It's just the wings on the silver cars
And I'm allowed to [Incomprehensible] field
Not the life for a nineteen seventy
Indian boy to do

I'm goin' back to Alcatraz

Lay me on the market street
I'm lookin' for some spare change
And the coast guard ship's been lookin' for me
And I might have to change the name

Here comes Uncle Sam again

With the same old bag of beans
Local chief's on the radio
He's got some hungry mouths to feed

Back home in Alcatraz

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