

Chris Whitley

"Phone Call from Leavenworth"

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Now, they hold me here much longer
Probably go mad all by myself
Now, I really need somebody
Said, I really need somebody's help, yeah

Why does a man up in the judgment chair
Got his ass, God's right arm
In some double pair? Alright

Walkin' a frozen line
A western winter, be hail and rain
Way back in New York this mornin'
There ain't no one there
Who ever gonna remember my name

Now when the sun comes up
Mama, you should know
That now I just don't care no more, alright

Three o'clock this morning
I thought I saw Jesus coming down
He came through the concrete, baby
He came through them walls without no sound

And I say, concrete walls, that ain't no clay
I closed my eyes, watched him slip away, alright

They look at you sideways
They call no man by his Christian name
His natural born name
All you got is your backbone to lean on
You can expect no help from your brain

Now when a man wants reason
He best be willing to pay
I'm down in Leavenworth Prison, now
And I do not count no days

Said, when a man wants reason
He best be willing to pay
I'm down in Leavenworth Prison now
And I do not count no days

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A phone call from Leavenworth

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