

Nineteen Wheels "Colorado"

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(R.J. JohnsonOwens)

I can't get used to waiting in this cement room
All night long I'll dig to China with my silver spoon
I didn't kill that man I called it self defense
Now I watch the world go by through a twelve foot
barbed wire fence
At night I pray that you'll be true
And though I'm locked away my heart belongs to you
In a New York minute I'd break through these prison
walls
In a New York minute I'll be gone
Forty years, ten months, three weeks and four days
Twenty hours, six minutes and thirteen seconds to burn
Soon I'll break through
I'll find a Greyhound home to you
No more broken bones and frozen toes and dosey
does
With my man Joe I love him so and if I find the time I'd
let him know
At night I pray that you'll be true
And though I'm locked away my heart belongs to you
In a New York minute I'd break through these prison
walls
In a New York minute I'll be gone
Forty years, ten months, three weeks and four days
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