

Poison

"A Letter From Death Row"

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Sitting here in my cell writing a letter

Thanking all the people who made my living conditions better

And thanks to the justice system

I'm making a million

My lawyer got me a book deal

Now I'm making a killing just from making a killing

I got an agent for the publicity

An accountant to count my royalties

The talk shows want me, sorry I can't go

I'm stuck here on death row

You call me Hannibal Lechter, if I was smarter

If I was Charlie Manson you'd make me a martyr
wouldn't ya

You'd call me a handsome man if I was Bundy

But if I looked like John Wayne Gasey you'd just say I'm
funny, not ha ha funny

Chorus:

Tried to act my career just flopped

Killed my neighbor, got on Cops

Problem is, I only made one show now

I'm stuck here on death row

The poor victim's families never make a dime

Networks say I'm not prime time

All my cell mates on my cell block

Say I'm the hottest topic at the coffee shops

Waitress cries, "God how they should free me"

Send me her love letters, says someday she'd really
love to meet me

Tells her customers people should forgive me for the
things I do

I wonder if I kill her would her family forgive me too?

Chorus

Thanks for the attention and the publicity

The taxpayer's dollars that you spend on me

Thanks for the good meal, dry bed, and these warm
clothes

I'm alive and well on death row

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