

## Poison

# "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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