

## Steve Miller "Harbor Lights"

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I can see the harbor lights  
Looks like the fourth of July  
Maybe Christmas night  
Reflected in water

In my cell, behind this wall  
I share my time  
With many a soul who is lost  
Why must I always be a loser  
Why can't I ever be a winner

So as time  
Goes rolling by  
I lose my chance  
It's only one life  
If I had the wings of an angel  
O'er these prison walls I would fly  
Straight from the darkness into the light  
Why must I always be a loser  
Why can't I ever be a winner

Spoken: My dearest darling, as I'm writing you this  
letter  
They're coming to take me away  
They're beginning to shave my head now, sweetheart  
But as their doing it  
I just want you to know  
That I wouldn't have it any other way  
I'm glad that I killed your mother  
She was a low-down dirty old hag  
But in the end darling  
You will get your revenge  
Because you see  
Their gonna send you my belongings  
In a plastic bag

La, la, la  
A plastic bag

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