

The Sheila Divine "Back To The Cradle"

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If you were sent to prison
But prison was your mind
Would you try escaping
Or would you do the time?
So many hard decisions
Procedures intertwine
You lose communication
With your friends outside
I'd rather have it fatal
Then a life unstable
Back to the cradle
Back to the cradle
Its as sick as life can get

I know that he can hear me
I know he understands
Well god can take your body
But the soul, well, no one can

I'd rather have it fatal
Then a life unstable
Back to the cradle
Back to the cradle
Its as sick as life can get

Wake up

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