

## Justin Haigh "In Jail"

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Markin' time on this concrete wall  
Seems like it wasn't all that long  
She caught my eye with her devilish grin  
Every pistol needs a firing pin.

She said she loved me 'cos I was dangerous,  
Got my thick skin 'cos my dad liked to get drunk and  
beat me up.  
She came from money and it made her mean  
The bad apple and the demon seed.

We were hard as nails  
But it's me who's gonna rot in jail.

I remember the night we met  
I clocked her boyfriend and off we went,  
Four-wheelin' on her daddy's ranch  
And then she put that nine-millimeter in my hand.

Well I popped off a few rounds at the stars  
Lying naked on the hood of her Dodge,  
And then she got that crazy look in her eyes,  
She said, let's go rob the liquor store tonight.

We were hard as nails  
But it's me who's gonna rot in jail.

Not for the money, we did it for the thrill,  
Shoutin', Don't act stupid and nobody gets killed!  
For eighty dollars and a gallon of wine,  
Surveillance cameras captured my good side.

She turned me in just to save her own skin,  
Creamy thighs turnin' State's evidence.  
Her daddy's lawyers say I slapped her around,  
I got a guilty verdict and the gavel came down.

We were hard as nails  
But it's me who's gonna rot in jail.  
Yes, it's me who's gonna rot in jail.

Markin' time on this concrete wall

Up for parole, well, maybe next fall.  
When they ask me if I've been reformed,  
I'll tell 'em, you'll find out when you open that door.

I'm in jail, mama... I keep her picture in my cell, mama.  
'cause I'm in jail...  
I'm in jail. I'm in jail. I'm in jail. I'm in jail.  
Oh, Oh I'm in jail  
And I'll see her in hell.

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