

Various Artists

"You Know What They Do To Guys Like Us In Prison"

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In the middle of a gun fight
In the center of a restaurant
They say, "Come with your arms raised high"

Well, they're never gonna get me
And like a bullet through a flock of doves
To wage this war against your faith in me

Your life will never be the same
On your mother's eyes, say a prayer
Say a prayer

Now but I can't and I don't know
How we're just two men as God had made us
Well, I can't, well, I can

Too much, too late or just not enough of this
Pain in my heart for your dying wish
I'll kiss your lips again

They all cheat at cards and the checkers are lost
My cell mate's a killer, they made me do push-ups in
drag
But nobody cares if you're losing yourself
Am I losing myself?

Well, I miss my mom, will they give me the chair
Or lethal injection, or swing from a rope if you dare?
Ah, nobody knows all the trouble I've seen

Now but I can't and I don't know
How we're just two men as God had made us
Well, I can't, well, I can

Too much, too late or just not enough of this
Pain in my heart for your dying wish
I'll kiss your lips again

To your room, what they ask of you
Will make you want to say, "So long"
Well, I don't remember, why remember you?

Do you have the keys to the hotel?
'Cause I'm gonna string this motherfucker
On fire, fire

Life is but a dream for the dead
And well I, I won't go down by myself
But I'll go down with my friends

Now, now, now, now
(I can't explain)
Now, now, now
(I can't complain)
Now, now, yeah, yeah

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