

Life Behind Bars

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2006

Here I am, the lowlife at the end of the bar
Drinking a High Life, in the corner where it's dark
How I got here, I don't know, I forget
Like the people I've hurt, and the things I regret

I eat popcorn for dinner, like stale styrofoam
I got a mountain of dishes in the sink back at home
And a mountain of bills and a mountain of debt
And now the landlord's knockin' for the unpaid rent

I'm the world's biggest victim, what can I say?
But it's never my fault, they're all makin' me pay
The Man's out to get me, I can't catch no breaks,
I'm on the socio-path to a world full of hate

The sun- I've never seen it, my son- I never seen him
I heard that his name, might be something like "Tim"?
But what do you call the cause of a bastard?
He never knew better, it was all a disaster

Why was I born? Well I wish I could die
So I could tell it to God, that it all was a lie
But I'll flip through the channels, in my Laz-E-Boy chair
By the stack of old porn, cause' I don't really care

I round off my beer with a burp and a shot
The keys to my house won't make this car start
So I climb into the backseat to sleep it all off
But awoke to a flashlight, shined by a cop-

"A...B... D...C... W...V... Q... ? "

I struggled to speak and threw up on his shoe
So the cop beat me down with his long black baton
Maybe I'd paid, for all them things I'd done wrong?

Then I woke up alone, in a cold, hard cell
How I got there, well I just couldn't tell?
I guess I'm just used to sitting behind bars
And wishing I could have been a football star