

The Prisoner's Song

Bill Monroe

Oh, I wish I had someone to love me,
Someone to call me their own.
Oh, I wish I had someone to live with,
'Cause I'm tired of living alone.

Oh, meet me tonight in the moonlight,
Please meet me tonight all alone.
For I have a sad story to tell you,
It's a story that's never been told.

I'll be carried to the new jail tomorrow,
Leaving my poor darling alone.
With the cold prison bars all around me,
And my head on a pillow of stone.

Now I have a grand ship on the ocean,
All mounted with silver and gold.
And before my poor darling would suffer,
Oh, that ship would be anchored and sold.

Now, if I had the wings of an angel,
Over these prison walls I would fly.
And I'd fly to the arms of my darling,
And there I'd be willing to die.