

Alcatraz

June Carter Cash

I'm on a hill by Frisco Bay
Hawaiian winds blow my past away
There's a freighter there that's southern bound
I'm on my way out of this town

There's Alcatraz and the man that has
Bills, loving pills, and drinking wine and song
Stand in line and fighting whine and wrong
Kids and yard and I'm a man that's tired and gone

There was a time when things were good
We had it better than we should
But things got hard and love got old
I got tired and love grew cold

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