

# The Prisoner

Kris Kristofferson

I'm thanking you for opening my eyes so clear  
And sweeping old illusions from my soul  
But most of all for turning something simple and sincere  
Into somethin' jaded and as jive as rock n' roll.

Ain't you always looked at lovin' like a four letter word  
That I made up to make you ill at ease  
I fought to free you from your castle of despair  
'Til I saw the prison wall was me

See the soul who calls itself a prisoner  
'Cause it's still too frightened to be free  
I feel so much older now, and wiser  
Ain't it sad how lonesome that can be.

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