

Samson And The Warden

Loudon Wainwright III

Once I got locked up in a dirty old jail
And the coffee was cold & the cornbread was stale
And I didn't cry. I tried to be brave
Till the warden tried to give me a haircut & a shave

Warden you can hold me for a year in your jail
But don't shave off my beard. Don't cut my ponytail.

All you really found was some stems & some seeds
I'll give you my earring & I'll give you my beads
I don't mind wearing one o your prison suits
I'll give you my bell-bottoms & my cowboy boots

Don't shave off my beard. Don't cut off my hair.
It took me two years to grow it, & it just isn't fair

Listen to me warden, won't you listen to me beg
Chop off a toe, a foot, or take a whole leg
I'm down on my knees man, you're robbing my strength
Take it easy warden, won't you leave me some length

I want a lawyer warden, I want a priest
Oh take it easy warden, leave the moustache at least

The warden didn't hear a single word that I said
He took off all the hair on my face & on my head
But one day someone's gonna come
And gonna put up my bail
And I'm gonna walk out of this dirty old jail
And the warden who's the reason I'm sheddin my tears
I'm gonna mail him in a snapshot in two or three years