

# Might As Well Be a Slave

Mary Black

Lying here, watching the time pass  
I could think of a million things I'd rather do  
Travel at my own pace  
Put myself asleep if I wanted to

Might as well be behind bars  
Than be lashed to a wave that I can't haul  
I might as well be a slave  
Lying low in the shade of a prison wall

Lying here, watching the time pass  
I could cry for the helping hands that I refused  
We were good friends  
But I did refuse

Might as well be behind bars  
Getting used to the sound of my keeper's call  
I might as well be a slave  
Drinking sun through a chink in a prison wall

Down here, down where the end is  
You absolve me from every crime I ever planned  
I was so surprised  
I did not think that you would understand

Might as well be behind bars  
Growing old in a carpeted hall  
I might as well be a slave  
Always safe out of the rain in prison walls

Oh I might as well be behind bars  
Getting used to the sound of my keeper's call  
I might as well be a slave  
Drinking sun through a chink in a prison wall