

Prisoner

Ryan Adams

Free my heart
Somebody locked it up
Still waiting on parole
I can taste the freedom just outside that door
Same gray walls
Same great calls
I know my friends all know
Can't keep it under control

I know our love is wrong
I am a criminal
I am a prisoner
I am a prisoner
For your love

There's this one bird
Lands on the sill beside the bars
How can something born with wings
Ever know freedom to truly be free
Clock don't know what your memories do
They're stacking up beside the bed
I count 'em every night inside my head

If loving you is wrong
I am a criminal
I am a prisoner
I am a prisoner
For your love
If loving you is wrong
I am a criminal
I am a prisoner
I am a prisoner
For your love