

# 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