

## Rockefeller Druglaw Blues

The Felice Brothers

The exhaust from the prison van is going to heaven, but I'm going to Attica

Gonna put a hundred miles between me and my dealing habit  
I'm watching Poughkeepsie move by in the afternoon rain  
My hands are turning blue from these cuffs they got me in

I tried to keep my job at the dollar store  
Found out my mom was sick and a dollar wasn't enough no more  
I promise you Mama, I'm gonna get you them pills  
I got me a box of bags and a baker's scale

Fifteen grams of heroin  
An ounce of speed  
Fifteen years to life  
Rockefeller, that's a long old time

My brother was shot down on Warren Street a year ago tonight  
Can't you see the medics with his body in the siren light  
I promise you brother, I'm gonna be a good dad  
Gonna give our children something like we never had

Fifteen grams of heroin  
An ounce of speed  
Fifteen years to life  
Rockefeller, that's a long old time

Twenty boys in orange clothes in the jailhouse yard  
Twenty needle-marks in the arms of God  
Five hundred picketers this morning on the governor's lawn  
Fifty white stars, my Darling, in the milky dawn

Fifteen grams of heroin  
An ounce of speed  
Fifteen years to life  
Rockefeller, that's a long old time