

# The Prisoner

UB40

A misfit who is old before his time  
Poverty has turned him to crime  
Boredom gives him too much time to think  
He pours another drink.

A burning, bitter taste of irony  
A prisoner in the land of the free.

He wonders why his landscape looks so strange  
Burger bars are home on the range  
An empty bottle falling from his hand  
He doesn't understand.

A burning, bitter taste of irony  
A prisoner in the land of the free.

A cork unlocks the door to other lands  
Of battles won and destinies in hand  
A half-remembered state of liquid dreams  
Where things aren't what they seem.

A burning, bitter taste of irony  
A prisoner in the land of the free.

A naked savage dressed in shirt and jeans

A burning, bitter taste of irony  
A prisoner in the land of the free.

A burning, bitter taste of irony  
A prisoner in the land of the free.