

Locked in the pen

Locked in the pen
All broken life in ruined
And what brought me to this end
Man, springing into action

Tucked in, banged up
Behind the doors, doors shut
To the sound of the keys in the lock
On the wrong side of the wall
Blues jeans stripped shirt
On the wrong of the world
Walking round in circles

Then one day my son pays me a visit
Say don't worry just like you I am into crime
I imagined father and son on wanted posters
Both of us in prison and serving out our time

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*Can a leopard ever change its spots?
Can new tricks be learned by old dogs
And what example I am
Always on the edge always on the slide*

*Like a broken needle scratching over prisons
records, In again In again
Like a broken needle scratching over prisons
records, In again In again*

*Like a broken needle scratching over prisons
records, In again In again
Like a broken needle scratching over prisons
records, In again In again*

It's only bars and high walls
One day my freedom will come
on the right side not wrong side
I'll change the words of this song

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