

## The Walls Of Redwing

Oh, the age of the inmates  
I remember quite freely:  
No younger than twelve,  
No older 'n seventeen.  
Thrown in like bandits  
And cast off like criminals,  
Inside the walls,  
The walls of Red Wing.

From the dirty old mess hall  
You march to the brick wall,  
Too weary to talk  
And too tired to sing.  
Oh, it's all afternoon  
You remember your home town,  
Inside the walls,  
The walls of Red Wing.

Oh, the gates are cast iron  
And the walls are barbed wire.  
Stay far from the fence  
With the 'lectricity sting.  
And it's keep down your head  
And stay in your number,  
Inside the walls,  
The walls of Red Wing.

Oh, it's fare thee well  
To the deep hollow dungeon,  
Farewell to the boardwalk  
That takes you to the screen.  
And farewell to the minutes  
They threaten you with it,  
Inside the walls,  
The walls of Red Wing.