

I MADE THE PRISON BAND

(verse)

Deep inside this lonely prison where the pleasures are so few;
Where the walls are strong and the days are long and there's nothin' new.
I learned to play the guitar. I'm doin' the best I can.
I guess things could be worse 'cause I made the prison band.
I made the prison band.

(chorus)

Well there's ol' bashful Bill on the doghouse bass, Willie on the
steel guitar. He hails from Pocatello and He drags a pretty mean bar.
Back on the drums is two-time Tom, a rimshot tempo man.
They call me their singin' Emcee 'cause I made the prison band.
Yes I made the prison band.

(guitar solo)

(verse)

I'd been plannin' a break since Christmas. I had the details all worked out.
But now I know that I ain't gonna go and there ain't no doubt.
I had my try-out Sunday and the outcome changed my plans.
I gotta rehearse for the Friday night show 'cause I made the prison band.
I made the prison band.

(chorus)

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steel guitar. He hails from Pocatello and He drags a pretty mean bar.
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