

Nazareth, Alcatraz

Now lay me down on market street
I'm lookin' for some spare change
A coastguard ship has been lookin' for me
And I might have to change my name
Here comes Uncle Sam again
With the same old bag of beans
The local chief's on the radio
He's got some hungry mouths to feed
Goin' back to Alcatraz.

Lay me back down here on the highway
One hundred and one ways to go
Solitary is so confinin'
To the legend of Geronimo
Oh, I know I could bring the rain
Used to dance for ABC
And all the braves down on death row
Are pretending to be free
Back home in Alcatraz.

In the land of the great white father
My American blood runs cold
I left my home in Oklahoma
To the Everglades I go
It's just the wings on the silver cars
And I'm allowed to plow a field
It's not the life for a nineteen seventy
Indian boy to do
Goin' back to Alcatraz.

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