

The Afghan Whigs, What Jail Is Like

Afghan Whigs, The
Gentlemen
What Jail Is Like
(dulli)

I'll warn you, if cornered, i'll scratch my way out of the pen
Wired, an animal
The claustrophobia begins
You think i'm scared of girls
Well maybe
But i'm not afraid of you
You want to scare me then you'll cling to me no matter what i do
Tell you a secret
They shared a needle once or twice
I loved her, she loved me
We slept together a couple of times
You think i'm proud of this
Well maybe
But the shame you never lose
Infatuated with a lunatic and cornered by the muse
And it goes down every night
This must be what jail is really like
And i will scratch my way out of this pen, again

Lonely?
Maybe
Or maybe not
It all depends
Your ideal, your image
Your definition of a friend
If what you're shoveling is company
Then i'd rather be alone
Resentment always goes much further than it was supposed to go