

# SAN QUENTIN

San Quentin, you've been living hell to me  
You've haunted me since nineteen sixty three.  
I've seen men come and go and I've seen them die,  
And long ago I stopped asking why.

San Quentin I hate every inch of you.  
You've cut me and you've scarred me through  
and through.

And I'll walk out a weaker, wiser man.  
Mr Congressman, why can't you understand?

San Quentin what good do you think you do?  
Do you think I'll be different when you're through?  
You bent my heart and mind, and you may my soul,  
And your stone walls turn my blood a little cold.

San Quentin, may you rot and burn in hell.  
May your walls fall, and may I live to tell.  
May all the world forget that you ever stood,  
And may all the world regret that you did no good.

NOTE: This song can be given local flavour by changing San  
Quentin to Long Bay, Maitland, Pentridge, Yatala, etc.  
Mr Congressman to Mr Wran etc. and so on.