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Lewisburg Blues (excerpt from "The Big House")

Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
Went to breakfast this morning, French toast was cold
Meat was greasy, they ran out of milk for my bowl
I went to the Warden 'bout the way we get fed
He said you lucky you ain't getting' water and bread
I said Mr. Warden, that ain't the rules
He said, this is Lewisburg Penitentiary, it ain't a thing you can do
Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
I'm so hungry, I could eat my shoes

Got a letter at mail-call, from the Appeals Court
They said we read your case, but done come up short
They said ain't no sense in filing a 2255
Cause when you leave Lewisburg, you won't leave alive
Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
I done lost my Appeal, that's why I'm singing the Blues

I call my lawyer, I ask him what to do, he said you
Gotta do that time, and do the best that you can do
I said Mr. Lawyer, what about the Supreme Court?
He said are you crazy? your paperwork gone up in smoke
Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
The court system shot me down, don't know what to do

Call home last night, nobody accepts my calls
My woman done left me for Jody McCall
Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
Nobody loves me, and I ain't got nothing to lose

Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
My bed needed making, had no time to check out the news

I missed Last Call for breakfast, ain't got no coffee to drink
Didn't git my laundry, and I got a stopped-up dink

Went to Sick Call this morning. Said Doctor, Doctor, please!
He said, what you want now. I said Doctor, I got needs.
He said I don't care what you needin', could care less what you want.
You in Lewisburg Penitentiary, and this ain't that type of joint.
Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
My head is aching, and I'm 'bout to lose my cool.

Went to work for UNICOR, there's no place else to go!
The BossMan said I was late for work, and that I bet' not be late no more.
I said Mr. Foreman, what you trying to do.
He said let me tell you something, you working way too slow
After you get pain on the 1st, it's out the door you go!
Woke up this morning had the Lewisburg Blues
Ain't got no money coming in, might as well start shining shoes

Got a letter from the Parole Board, they said "Parole Denied!"
They said everything you ever told us, turned out to be a lie
They said matter fact, don't bother with us no more—
At least until you hit the streets in 2034
Woke up this morning, had the Lewisburg Blues
I believe I'm going crazy, 'cause I ain't got nothing to lose.