

#6 Here's a poem/song, structured along the lines, totally, of Pink Floyd's "Money." You could sing it—same beat/rhythm. Just replace bars clanging shut with the sound of slot machines + coins. Anyone may publish or perform or adapt this, so long as they credit me as the author.

Prison

by Prometheus (aka Nate Lindell)

Prison

Rehabilitates  
So the Powers that be once claimed.  
But now if you ask why  
They keep locking people away  
They'll just say:

Prison

Creates jobs  
For poor slobs  
Incapable of making money  
Any other way,  
Which they pass on  
To their sons and daughters  
By denying the cure from inmates

Prisons

Fill a need  
For the State to engage  
In sadistry  
While appeasing  
The masses taste  
For fresh meat.

Prison

Only whackos and fools  
Would think that tax dollars  
Are better spent on schools.

Prison

It's a Beast  
But at least  
It keeps the trash all in one heap

Prison

It's the pits.  
But if you're poor and break the law  
Or piss the wrong people off  
It's what ya get.

Prison

Things have changed  
Behind the walls  
Society keeps all its slaves hidden today.

Prison

It's a shame.  
We're all in cages  
That our wills have collectively made.

If you ask me  
I'd rather be free  
Any day  
Any day  
Any da+ay  
Any day  
Any da-ay  
Any day.

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