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A Long Time

By Debra Egan

21 year prison sentence, but I'm not a lifer,
my arch nemesis! a disposable butane lighter.
If it wasn't that, it was that tiny match,
that caused my pain, starting fires back to back.
Freedom deprived, I've lost all my damn appeals,
still trying to fight, and on myself I squealed,
Came to the prison system, at a very young age,
that age was 22, now! I'm reading from a different page
A different book, definitely a different script,
the consequences I took, when I started moving my lips
what I said to them, really made no damn sense,
they had no evidence, definitely no fingerprints.
Despite being at the scene, and trying to help,
I started talking, and became a witness against myself.
No jury trial, with a lawyer who wanted to be a DA,
convict me, and had hamburgers the same day.
In this crooked justice system, you don't know what to expect,
to them! you're only a damn pay check,
They don't care, they'll let you fall in that ditch
as a blind man, you only made these people rich
Can't see your family, can't see your kids,
can't do what you want to, only regret what you did.
Better brush up on the law, if you gonna commit a crime
cause if not, then you'll be down for a long time.