

# THROUGHOUT THE DAY

I SIT BACK AND WONDER, WHY AM I BELOW THE SURFACE?  
WHY AM I SITTING IN PRISON, AND WHY DID I DO THAT ON PURPOSE?

I TRIED TO FIGURE IT OUT, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS MY DESTINY?  
THINKING NOTHING CAN STOP ME, NOT EVEN MY FELONIES.

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, I TRY TO KEEP MY MIND OCCUPIED,  
KNOW I CAN'T BE A FIREFIGHTER NOW, CAUSE THAT DREAM SORT OF DIED.

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, I TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT AM I TO BE?  
THINK ABOUT MY SON, AND HOW COME I'M NOT FREE?

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, I LOOK OUT OF MY LITTLE WINDOW,  
I CAN'T SEE, OR EVEN FEEL THE COLD WIND BLOW.

I WALK OUTSIDE, AND I'M SURROUNDED BY BARBWIRE GATES,  
GO BACK TO MY CELL, AND I SIT BACK AND MEDITATE.

ALL I CAN DO IS FIGURE OUT, WAYS FOR ME TO GET SOME CASH,  
HOW COULD I COME UP, TO WHERE IT'LL BE COMING IN FAST?

I'VE STRESSED MYSELF OUT, BY THINKING ABOUT WHAT I'VE DONE,  
THINKING HOW COULD I SAY I'M A FATHER, WHEN I'VE ABANDONED MY SON?

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, MY NERVES JUMPS AND TWICTCHES,  
ITS MAYBE CAUSE I'M STUCK AROUND, ALL OF THESE SNITCHES.

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, ALL I DO IS SIT BACK AD WRITE,  
TALKING ABOUT THE PRISON LIFE, AND HOW I'M GRATEFUL THAT I DON'T HAVE LIFE.

WHEN I WAKE UP I TRY MY BEST, TO REMEMBER TO PRAY,  
BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IN PRISON, THROUGHOUT THE DAY.