

My Paper Gown

am  
They dressed me in a paper gown  
C G E am  
and then they locked the door.

In a windowless, tableless, chairless room  
C G E am  
all I could do was stare at the floor.

dm F C am  
They cut all my hair so I won't use a strand  
dm F E E7  
as the string that would set myself free:

C G F dm  
They took from me all means to take my own life  
am E am  
so that they in the end could kill me.

dm am  
Let me just have a pen and some ink to write  
dm G E  
all the words that no one can see.  
F G  
But a pen is a sword  
C G  
and my wish is ignored  
am em am  
and my gown remains empty like me.

I knew my babes were innocent,  
they were too young to die.  
But when I went to part this world  
their souls I first let fly.  
They slept on the backseat, did not feel a thing  
when my car was engulfed by the waves  
Yet when I felt the waters that crept up my shins  
there was something that urged to be saved.

Let me just have a pen and some ink to write  
all the words that no one can see.  
But a pen is a sword  
and my wish is ignored  
and my gown remains empty like me.

My lawyer claims I've lost my mind  
he says I'm not to blame.  
And each man paid to save my neck  
would likely do the same.  
Yet never he asks why I did what I've done  
for committing such heinous a crime  
I pray they could just let me end what I started -  
instead, they are playing for time.

Let me just have a pen and some ink to write  
all the words that no one can see.  
But a pen is a sword  
and my wish is ignored  
and my gown remains empty like me.

The prosecutor wants my head,  
with which I would gladly part.  
How can someone as bad as me  
still have a beating heart?  
But all time till the trial starts,  
if e'ver the day I'll see,  
here in purgatory I am trapped  
forced to live, and yet worse, forced to be.

Let me just have a pen and some ink to write  
all the words that no one can see.  
But a pen is a sword  
and my wish is ignored  
and my gown remains empty like me.