

# Sentenced

## Stick Figure

And as I got off, the train  
way down in new orleans  
I grab my hat, I put on my coat  
reach for my spliff yeah, I had myself a little smoke yeah I was sentenced  
Living in a dungeon  
Sentenced  
Living in a dungeon And now I'm locked, up in jail  
And I spend my days, in a cold dark prison cell  
I rest alone, watch myself grow old  
I don't deserve this, well I just wanna go home  
I was sentenced  
Living in a dungeon  
Sentenced  
Living in a dungeon I should have known, when I shot the man dead  
There'd be a bounty, a bounty for my head  
Well I don't care, now that your man's dead  
I'm just missing one thing, a good spliff to my head I've been walking in my sleep  
And I've been waking in my dreams  
I've been living in the past  
My food don't pay this debt  
I was sentenced  
Living in a dungeon  
Sentenced  
Living in a dungeon  
I was sentenced  
Living in a dungeon  
Sentenced  
Living in a dungeon

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