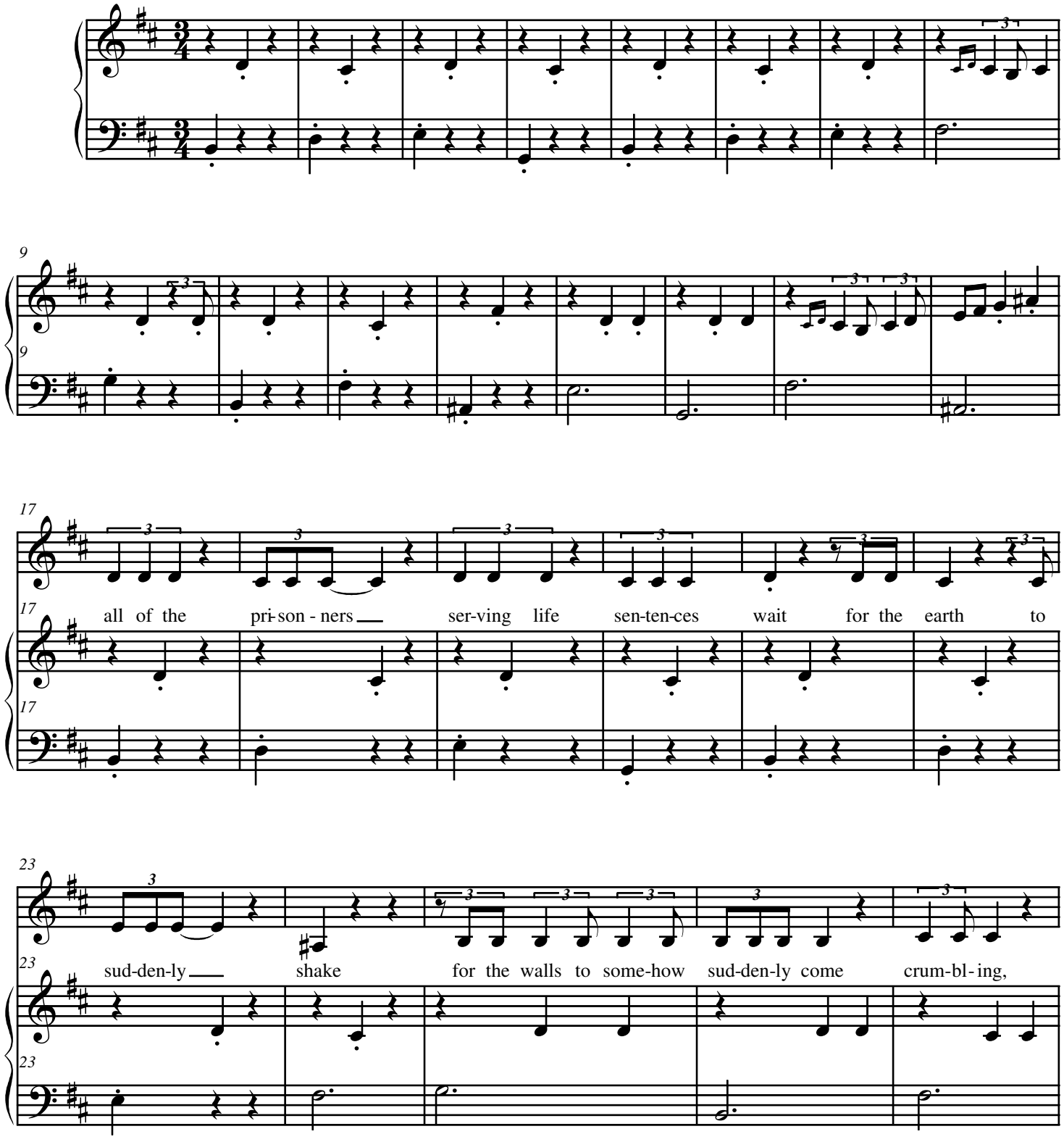
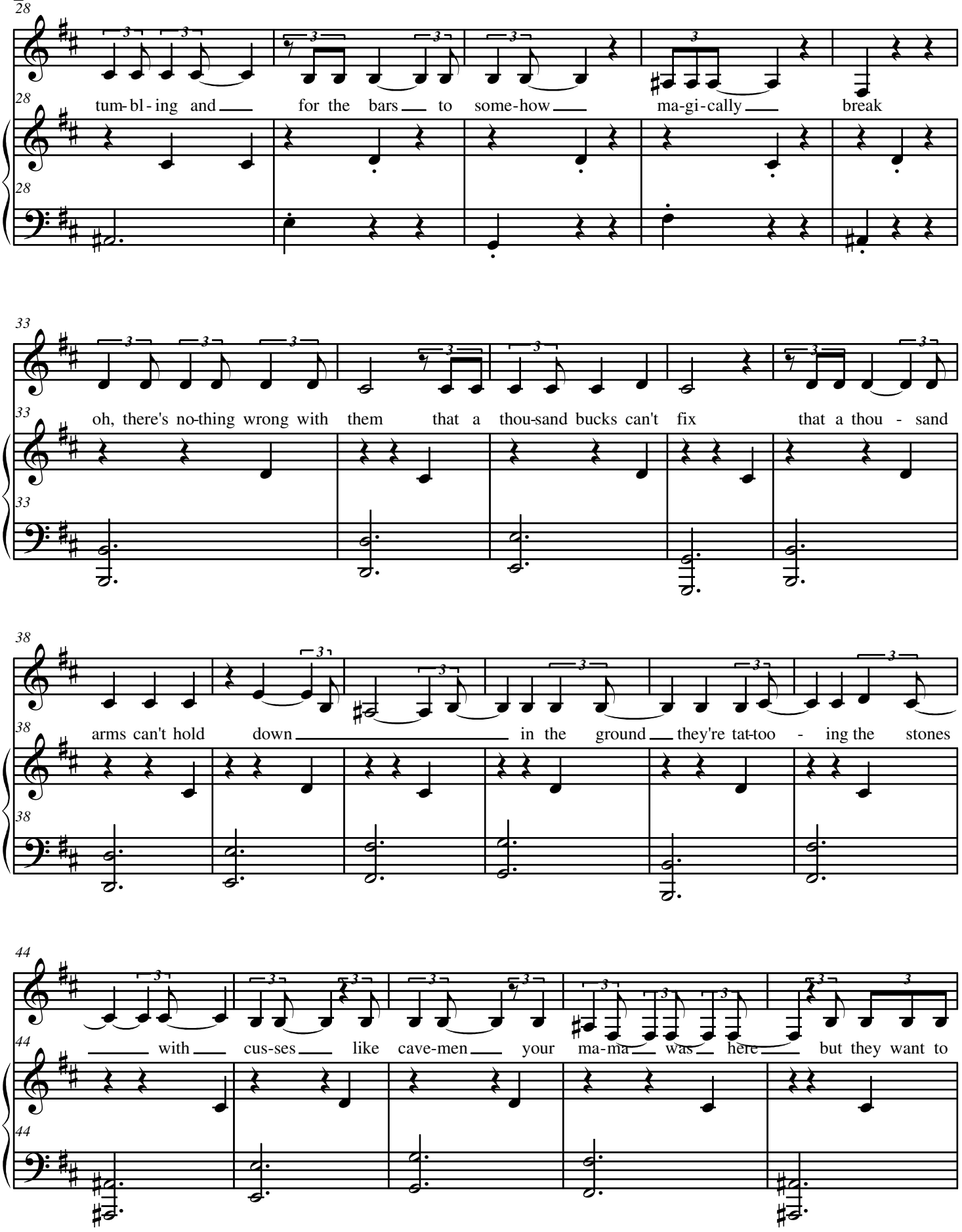
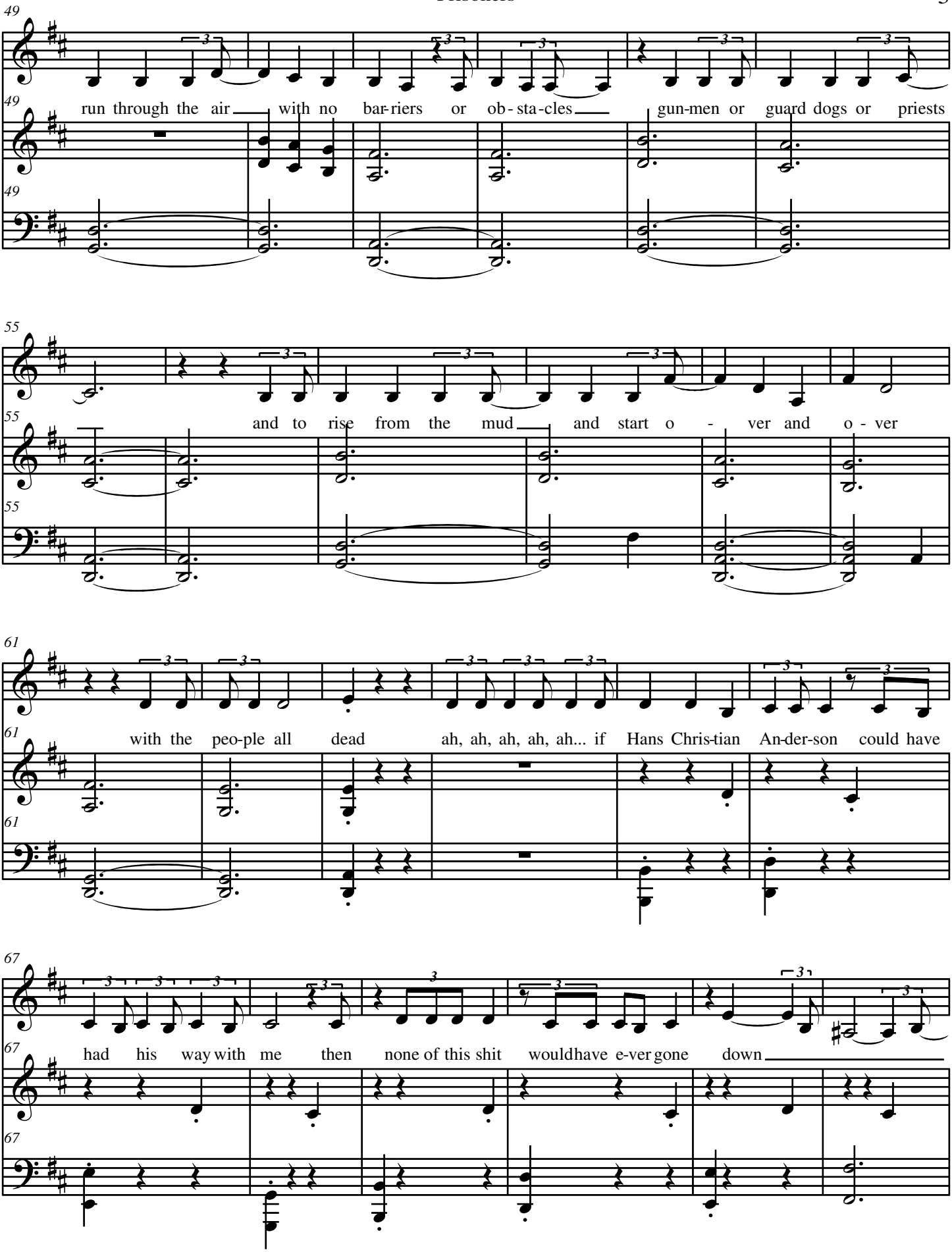
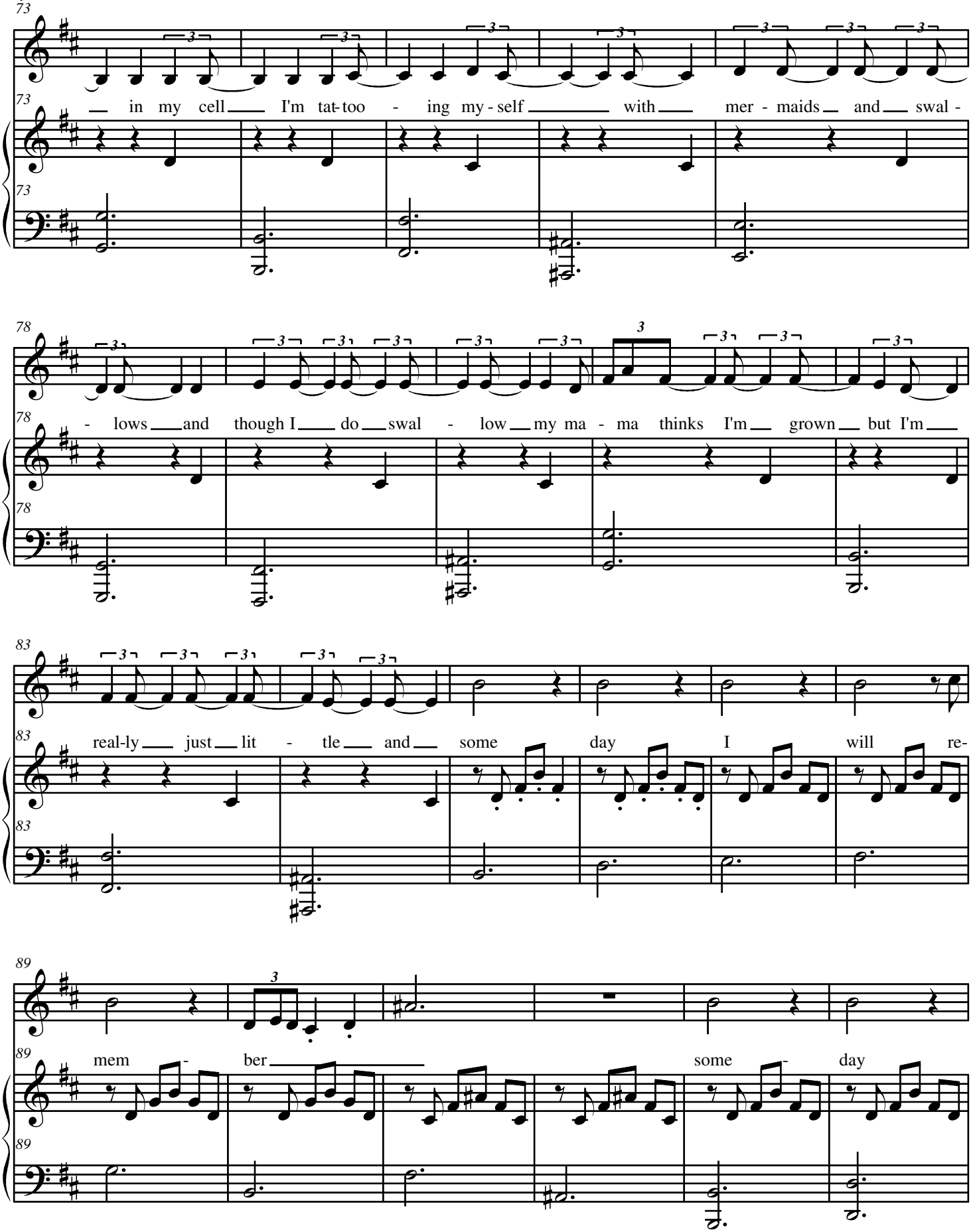
# Prisoners

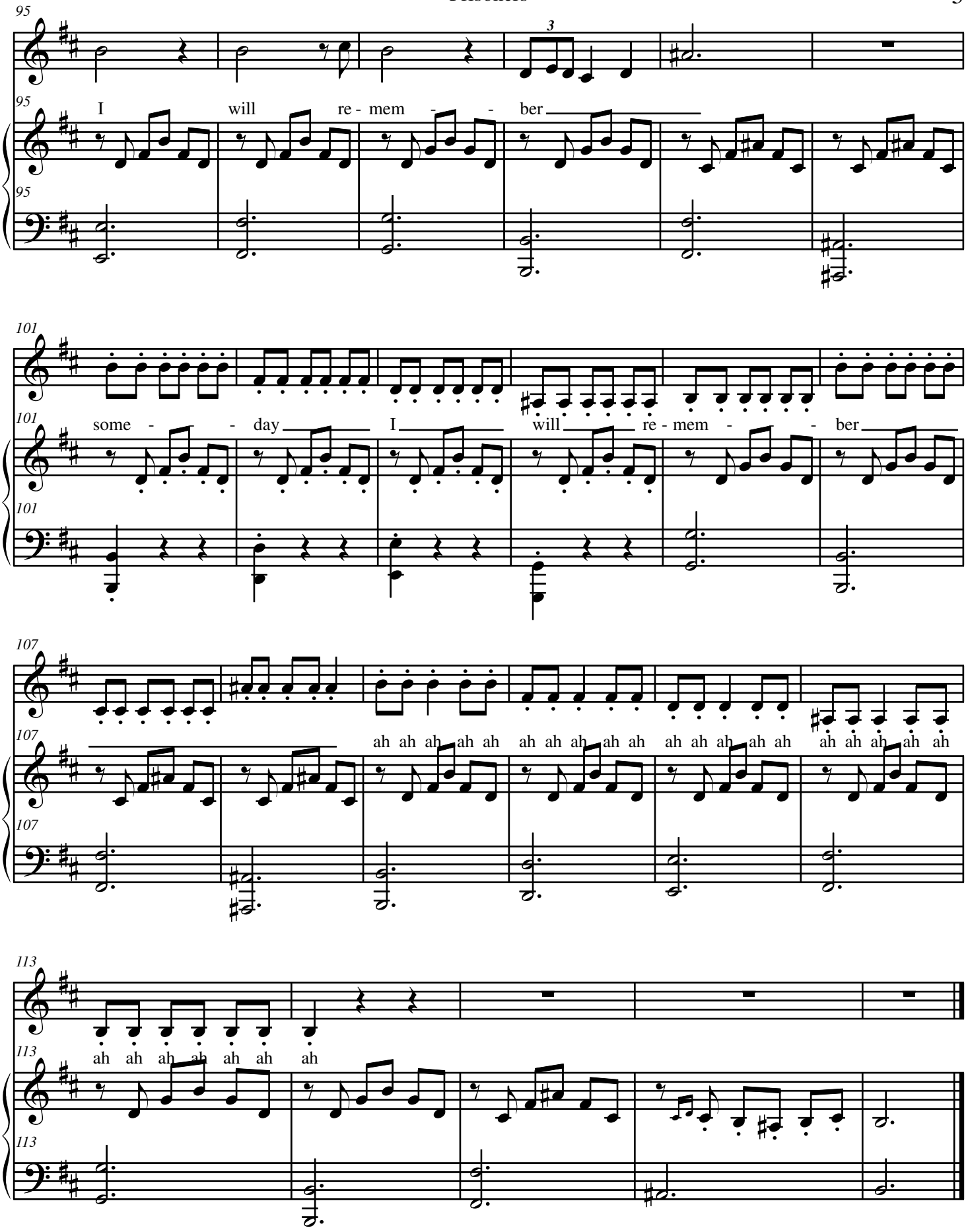
**Regina Spektor**




28
tum- bl - ing and for the bars to some-how ma-gi-cally break
33
oh, there's no-thing wrong with them that a thou-sand bucks can't fix that a thou - sand
38
arms can't hold down in the ground they're tat-too - ing the stones
44
with cus-ses like cave-men your ma-ma was here but they want to


49
run through the air with no bar-riers or ob-sta-cles gun-men or guard dogs or priests
55
and to rise from the mud and start o - ver and o - ver
61
with the peo-ple all dead ah, ah, ah, ah, ah... if Hans Chris-tian An-der-son could have
67
had his way with me then none of this shit wouldhave e-ver gone down


73
in my cell I'm tat-too - ing my - self with mer - maids and swal -
78
- lows and though I do swal - low my ma - ma thinks I'm grown but I'm
83
real-ly just lit - tle and some day I will re-
89
mem - ber some - day


95
I will re - mem - - ber
101
some - - day I will re - mem - - ber
107
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
113
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah