

# The Prisoner

by Ralph Pearce ©1977

My brain, it holds me captive  
in this small, gray, padded cell.  
Within I ponder all I know  
from the heavens down to hell.

And inside my mind I often find  
a voice that seems to cry,  
“There’s no reprieve, you’ll never leave,  
you’ll stay until you die!”

But I must get loose, I’m a stir-crazy moose;  
a rubber band that needs to unwind.  
A tangle of thought, left here to rot,  
I don’t want to be left behind.

So what of that beyond?  
Breaking free, what would I find?  
If I can get out, I’ll dance and I’ll shout,  
“I’m free, I’m out of my mind!”