

The Bus Ride

Here I sit again — another bus ride,
Guess there's nowhere to run or hide.
Another case, another couple hours,
Heading back to the Twin Towers.

Who cares what they call it? It's just another hell,
I can remember all the trips back to the old County jail.
I can't believe I'm back in chains,
Seeing the same old faces, everything the same.

I'm talking to a kid next to me
Who just beat a life sentence with thirty-three.
He doesn't realize what he's won —
He thinks it's a big game, it's all fun.

Oh, we finally stopped, I guess it's time to get out,
All you hear are the screams and shouts.
Here I sit again waiting to be classified,
I can see the guy next to me has just cried.
None of my business, I don't care at all,
Maybe his old lady didn't accept his collect call.

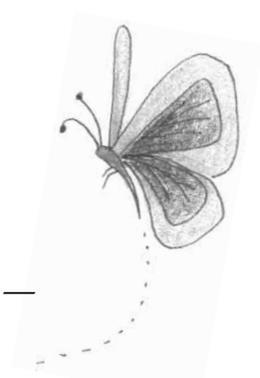
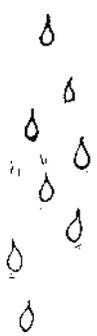
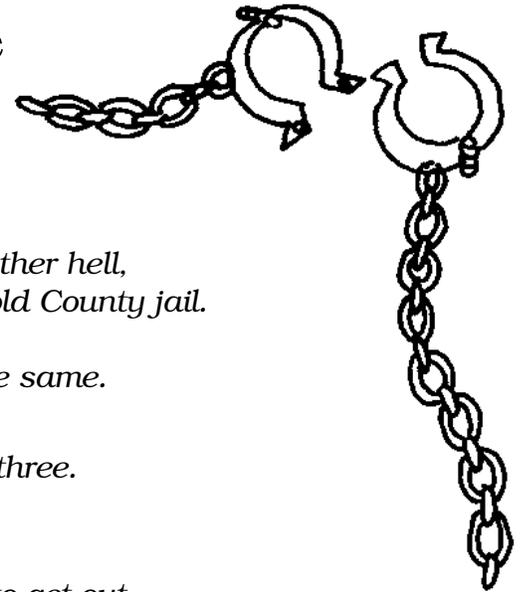
Here I sit again — another bus ride.
Back to court to see what they're going to offer me.
I'm hoping for a low term, I'm hoping for three.
They came at me with a deal I didn't like,
Five years and a second strike.

I don't know why I took it,
I guess I was tired.
A year and a half in the County jail
And three public defenders I fired.

Here I sit — another bus ride,
On my way to Wayside.
Waiting on the chain up in East.
I guess somebody said something
A homie didn't like
Another riot, another strike.

Here I sit again, on my way to pen
And who do I see? It's that kid again.
I asked him what's he doing back.
He said he got a life sentence for selling crack.
I thought to myself that don't sound right —
He said he was in a riot, a big fight.

Here I sit again, one last bus ride —
Behind these prison walls I have died.
But one thing has changed, there are no chains around me —
I have found Jesus Christ — He has set me free.



Mark Franco
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