

## The Lag Song

Em Hm  
When I was a young man,  
Em Am Em  
sometimes I'd wonder,  
D G D  
What happened to time when it passed;  
G D  
then one day I found out,  
Em Hm  
that time just lands in prison;  
Em Hm Em  
and there it is held fast.

When I was a young man,  
I used to go courting,  
and dream of the moon and the stars.  
The moon is still shining,  
the dreams they are all broken,  
on these hard iron bars.

Look out of the window,  
over the roof there,  
and over the wall, see the sky.  
Just one flying leap  
and you could make your get-away;  
if only you could fly.

The prison is sleeping;  
the night-watch is keeping  
its watch over seven hundred men.  
And behind every cell-door,  
a sleeping lag is dreaming.  
Oh, to be free again.

Go write me a letter  
adressed to my number,  
but say you remember my name.  
So I'll be reminded  
of how the world outside goes;  
and feel a man again.

Got time on my hands;  
I've got time on my shoulders;  
got plenty of time on my mind.  
There's no summer nor winter,  
when once you land in prison;  
just that old prison grief.

When I was...

Hvad laver man i et fængsel? Ja, nogen drømmer sig ud, nogle arbejder og andre skriver sange. Her er en sang skrevet af en der gjorde begge dele. Han havde ingen guitar, så det er solo sang. Skrevet af Ewan MacColl.