

Ray Charles, Come With Me

Come with me
Where the food is free
Where the landlord never comes near you
Be a guest in a house of rest
Where the best of fellows can cheer you.
There's your own little room
So cool, not too much light
Where you're one man for whom
No wife waits up at night
When day ends
You have lots of friends
Who will guard you well while you slumber
Safe from battle and strife
Safe from the wind and gale
Come with me to jail
You'll never have to fetch the milk
Or walk the dog at early dawn
There's no -"Get up- you're late for work!";
While you rest in the pearly dawn
You're never bored by politics
You're privileged to miss a row
Of tragedies by Sophocles
And diatribes by Cicero
Your brother's wife will never come
On Sunday noon to bring to you
Her little son who plays the lute,
Her little girl to sing to you
You can commit you little "sin";
And relatives won't yell "Fie!";
You needn't take the annual trip
To the oracle at Delphi
You snore and swear and stretch and yawn
In this, your strictly male house
The only way that sinners go to Heaven
Is in the jailhouse!