

# The Afghan Whigs, What Jail Is Like

I'll warn you, if cornered  
I'll scratch my way out of the pen  
Wired, an animal  
The claustrophobia begins

You think I'm scared of girls  
Well maybe, but I'm not afraid of you  
You want to scare me then you'll cling to me no matter what I do

Tell you a secret  
Shared a needle once or twice  
I loved her, she loved me  
Slept together a couple of times

You think I'm proud of this  
Well maybe  
But the shame you never lose  
Infatuated with a lunatic and cornered by the muse

And it goes down every night  
This must be what jail is really like  
And I will scratch my way out of this pen, again

Lonely, maybe  
Or maybe not, it all depends  
Your ideal, your image  
Your definition of a friend

If what you're shoveling is company  
Then I'd rather be alone  
Resentment always goes  
Much further than it was supposed to go

And it goes down every night  
This must be what jail is really like  
And I will scratch my way out of this pen  
And I will fall back into it again

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