

San Quentin – Johnny Cash

San **Q**uentin, you've been **l**ivin' hell to **m**e ...
You've **h**osted me since **n**ineteen-sixty-three ...
I've **s**een 'em come and **g**o and I've seen 'em **d**ie ...
And **l**ong ago I **s**topped askin' **w**hy ...
/ C G7 C - / - F C - / F - C - / 1st /

San Quentin, I hate every inch of you
You've cut me and have scarred me through and through
And I'll walk out a wiser weaker man
Mister Congressman, you can't understand

San Quentin, what good do you think you do?
Do you think I'll be different when you're through?
You bent my heart and mind and you warp my soul
And your stone walls turn my blood a little cold

San Quentin, may you rot and burn in hell
May your walls fall down and may I live to tell
May all the world forget you ever stood
And may all the world regret you did no good

San Quentin, I hate every inch of you
/ C G7 C - /