

Inmates

The Good Life

D **Bm**
 When you said you loved me, did you really love me or did the words just
Bb **A** **D** **Bm**
 spill out like drool on my pillow. ~Cause I was naked when you said those
Bb **A**
 words, but I felt covered in your whispered worship.
G **D** **G** **Bm**
 And as you passed out fast on my shoulder, I imagined a child waiting so sad
Bb
 and still for his mom to arrive.
D **A**
 Did she leave you an orphan, in that big, brown leather chair?
Bb **G**
 Said, "Don't you move a muscle, kid, I'll be back in twenty years."
D **A**
 You were scared, you were lonely, but you must've been aware;
Bb **G**
 life is a series of calluses, this is just another layer.
Bm **Bb**
 So, build'em up, tough it out, yeah, that's your skin "don't let anyone
 under there.

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D **Bm** **Bb**
 When I said I loved you, it was because I loved you. When I said I needed
A **D**
 you, well, I really need you. Yeah, I guess you hurt me, for once you're a
Bm **Bb** **A**
 man of your words. Well, guess what "I'm leaving" I can't be your
 prisoner.
G **D** **G** **D**
 I can't be your prisoner-I won't, I can't be your prisoner-I won't