

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