

Leather Jacket

Arkells

Hundreds of stories before I showed up
They'd tell them to me and pull photos up
They're all connected like a pair of handcuffs
No one seemed effected that everyone had fucked
But there was a softness, some kind of understanding
Those 2am decisions are always shaking landings
No one ever knew what could be demanded
Maybe it's the cards, the cards she was handed

You called me up from a pay phone
I said hang tight, I can drive you home
I pulled on up and with a southern accent
I offered you my dad's leather jacket

I met her at a party, she'd come straight from work
Complained that the regular were all a bunch of jerks
She always looked tired but she dazzled as a drunk
She even pulled off that stupid haircut
She said "I don't need a sponsor or the best lover
Some man that sees me as some fixer-upper".
The last few years I've been running for cover
Trying to sleep so I can visit my mother"

You called me up from a pay phone
I said hang tight, I can drive you home
I pulled on up and with a southern accent
I offered you my dad's leather jacket
When times were tough in the worst years
We never knew how to interfere
Now you're back and just unpacking
Those bruised up takers you keep attracting

In September when it goes off, like some goddamn alarm clock.
And it hits her like a third shot, conversations she just stares off
There's no longer a voice calling, when she goes out, saying
"I'll be up waiting for you"

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Ouu
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And I said who the fuck uses a payphone