

# Jack On Fire

Blanche

I'm like jack, I'm from southern land  
I'm holding your happiness in my hand  
The sun behind me is a sexual red  
And all your bounty-hunting ghosts are dead

I am like jack, and I tell you this  
I will be your lover and exorcist  
In the stillness of the mosquito sunset  
You will make love to me to your very best

(Hey hey)

Yes I'm like jack on fire (hey hey)  
Your lips kiss jack on fire

At New Orleans at the Mardi Gra  
I was dancing in a costume made of straw  
Some creole boys was lying dead  
And I used his blood to paint the costume red  
Black and white on an abandoned brain  
A few nerves and head and a ball of string  
The marshes are sinking in a bright red sky  
And you will make love to me tonight

(Hey hey)

Yes, I'm like Jack on fire (hey hey)  
Your lips kiss Jack on fire

And when you fall in love with me  
We can dig a hole by the willow tree  
Then I will fuck you till you die  
Bury you and kiss this whole town goodbye

It'll be unhappy, it will be sad  
But it'll be understood that I am bad  
Hey woman don't go and lie to me  
Because every day is judgment day to me  
(Hey hey)

Yes I'm like Jack on fire (hey hey)  
Your lips kiss Jack on fire  
Sleep with a jack on fire  
And you feel like a jack on fire  
And you kneel with a jack on fire  
Well you pray with a jack on fire

(No oh)  
(You are nothing)  
(You will feel like a)  
(Jack on fire)  
(Jack on fire)