

Jackson

Elle King

Momma's dead and gone
Papa ain't there
Momma's dead and gone
And Papa don't care
Brother buried his head
Pocket full of shotgun shells
It's just a merry man
Stuck in that whiskey well

What's left of my backbone
Is building this broken home
Building it up
Just to leave me
Said he could change me
How could you blame me
Not breaking the law
To break free
So please
Take Jackson out of me

Sister lays her head
She's just a little queen
She don't do many things
But she sure can sing
Your hopeless soul
Begging for more time
Grab a dive and get old
Too bad you ain't the killing kind

What's left of my backbone
Is building this broken home
Building it up
Just to leave me
Said he could change me
How could you blame me
Not breaking the law
To break free
So please
Take Jackson out of me

For this country wears me down
There's nothing left for me in this town
These dreams are made
Before I went
For I won't waste no more time
Yeah!

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Is building this broken home
Building it up
Just to leave me
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How could you blame me
Not breaking the law
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So please
Take Jackson out of me

Take Jackson out of me
Take Jackson out of me