

I went right back home  
You would have done the same  
And never washed your hands  
If you knew they'd dig up dirt again  
It took a drought  
To wash her out

So I was the sun  
That slapped the rain  
Until we all knew she'd go down the drain

They're the jacks of all trades  
The fruits of our labors were laid out to rot  
They danced and sang to the song of amazing grace  
I told you so  
Uh-oh

I got a runnin' start and  
During my second wind  
Stirred up all the dust  
With an iron fist and her hair brush  
It was the prettiest picture you ever saw  
The prettiest picture not on the wall

I heard a voice  
Covered my eyes  
Wore a big smile when we dropped like flies

They're the jacks of all trades  
The fruits of our labors were laid out to rot  
They danced and sang to the song of amazing grace

I told you so

I went right back home  
You would've done the same  
Don't dare wash your hands  
We both know they'll dig up dirt again  
I got a runnin' start  
And during my second wind had a fit  
Like the bitter son of abraham

Hold your breath  
Did you see the light?  
Or did your cold shoulder leave us in the ice?

They're the jacks of all trades  
The fruits of our labors were laid out to rot  
They danced and sang to the song of amazing grace  
I told you so

Uh-oh