

## Jackal In Your Mind

Francis Dunnery

I'm sick and tired of love troubles  
Searched my whole life to find my perfect world  
And then when she shows  
I realise we come from different worlds  
Her with her money  
She's never had to work for anything at all  
And me I was born to work for each and everything I own

She say: pack all your troubles and leave me  
I say: the argument's over now everything's fine  
But I feel like a jackal!  
She says silver bells and pretty clothes they often make me smile  
But nobody could afford the way you held  
Then kissed my mouth goodbye  
I wanted to trust you and I wanted you to trust me  
Swear that you need me all of the time  
But I know I'm a jackal in your mind

I'm sick and tired of love's sorrows  
Facing all the things that I really want to hide  
The child in me grows  
It lives its life and feeds on my insides  
Never showing, it never had a chance to see a happy time  
My parents it seems were hell bent on destroying all my pride

They say: pack all your troubles get out of here  
I say: I can't bring my friends round I'm scared of what they'll find  
And they'll think I'm a jackal  
She says silver bells and pretty clothes they often make me smile  
But nobody could afford the very first time we met and you said hi  
I wanted to kiss you and I wanted you to kiss me  
All those moments long lost in time  
Now I'm just a jackal in your mind  
Jackal in your mind  
Jackal in your mind