

# Bloodshot

## Jack's Mannequin

She walks to the mailbox each morning at nine  
Everyday she begins  
She's always one day behind  
At least when it comes to the mail  
She sits on the balcony paying her bills  
Her letters just hashing her cigarettes onto the sill  
Every breath a little more pale

And the hill's still left to climb  
It's just so high  
And I'm so tired  
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes  
The clouds are all on fire  
It's just so high  
And I'm so tired  
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes  
The clouds are all on...

Sits in his basement from midnight 'till four  
Painting pictures that nobody sees  
From his days in the war  
The canvas is painted bright red, red  
He heats up the shower  
He paces the hall  
He'll scrub for an hour or more  
But he wont get it all  
The paint in his fingernail beds

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It's just so high  
And I'm so tired  
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes  
The clouds are all on fire  
It's just so high  
And I'm so tired  
Come on look up at the bloodshot sky  
The clouds are all on fire  
The clouds are all on fire  
The clouds are all on

We wait in valleys  
While the clouds come in  
We see no shadows  
'Cause the shadow's all there is  
And we climb  
And we climb

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And I'm so tired  
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