

Lo And Behold

Just Jack

I said Lo..
Lo and behold
I just wanna know
Why I'm so cold
And I hope I learn, before I get old
How I can burn
When I feel so co-oh-oh-old

I've been inside for days
Watching curtains as they sway
Rain just falling like a blade
On me and Mr. Calloway

I got one direction home
Police tape blocking off half the road
Bit fragments of some kid's phone
And a white bouquet on a traffic cone

And there's the man
With four cans of super tea
Having heated conversations
With those I can't even see
And hopefully..
Tomorrow we'll swallow today

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Come and go
The hollow ways
Passing the queue for the pharmacy
Another little bottle of side effects
Another blue pill for your tired sex
And this rain it keeps on falling
Hollywood stars on the black tarpaulin
I swallow, choke
And then take it all in
All in

And there's the man behind the counter in the shop
The one the kids take the piss out of
And I wish that they would stop
But they will not
And tomorrow, we'll laugh at today

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