

## Poor Jackie

Man Man

Jackie hits the streets  
She swears that all she sees  
Is the hunger in their eyes  
And the desperation in their speech

Jackie hunts the shadows  
With a bowie knife at her elbows  
She cuts free those horrible drums  
That beat like bats under their sternums  
She wears their fear around her neck

(I heard it all from shady streets)  
(She travels light on angel feet)  
(Best watch your back if I were you)  
(Her body's warm and that's her cue)

Jackie's still on the loose  
As detectives gather clues  
So she tattoos a mustache above her lip  
Shaves her head, curses God for those hips  
That sway when the beat plays  
Dead giveaway she ain't no man

And I don't see what everybody  
Sees in your sexy body  
All I see is a shallow grave  
Trapped inside of a pretty face

"Rescue me" is written on your bed  
Home is where the bullet lands  
As it travels through your head, and I believe  
That all I need to set me free  
Is for someone someday somewhere to murder me

And I don't see what everybody  
Sees in your sexy body  
All I see is a shallow grave  
Trapped inside of a pretty face

And I walk the same cold streets  
Overhear the same heartbeats  
And I tune my drum just right  
So you can come set it off in the night

And I want to be embraced by you  
And see our violent paths collide  
I want to crawl in your autumn mouth  
And feel the crows pick me apart inside

And everything that they said is true  
I'm on a downward spiral towards you  
And I'll fight through the positive steps  
As I hurl towards my final descent

And I need to get back to you  
And lay this heavy head in your lap  
'Cause these days nothing makes more sense

Than the dance towards the inevitable end

And I'm wearing virginal white for you  
Don't you see?  
So please come with your sharpened knives  
And murder me

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Don't you see?  
So please come with your sharpened knives  
And murder me

'Cause I'm wearing virginal white for you  
Don't you see?  
And my eyes are more open now  
Than they'll ever be

(Why it got to be)  
(I heard it all before)  
( 'Cause it don't always end)  
(The way it ended before)

(Why it got to be)  
(I've heard it all before)  
( 'Cause it don't always end)  
(The way it end before)

There ain't no God here  
(Why's it got to be)  
As far as I can see  
(I've heard it all before)  
Your God of hope and light never did nothing straight by me  
( 'Cause it don't always end)

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