

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

And I'm wearing virginal white for you
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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