

Jackson Square

Mason Jennings

Dust cloud coming off an old dirt road
That leads up here to this little graveyard
Seven lights in a perfect row
Under each light is a police car

Just because you say it doesn't make it true
You can say that I'm guilty man I just don't care
You can burn my body black
Just don't make me go back to Jackson Square

I met you on Decatur Street
With your little bare feet and your violin
I was walking by with my guitar in my hand
You smiled at me and I jumped right in

Before I knew it you were all I knew
Every moment together was an answered prayer
After a while we had some money saved up
And we rented a room over Jackson Square

Then one day everything changed
Your eyes got strange, you didn't seem yourself
You'd go to tell a story and you'd start out fine
Halfway through it you'd be somewhere else

And I started having the strangest dream
I held a string and looked up in the air
And you were glowing with the strangest light
Drifting out of sight over Jackson Square

Life is something that you can't control
When you try to hold onto it, it makes you let go
Things are not like they were before
I can hear her crying through the bathroom door

She says, she hears spirits all around the room
And they're telling her things that make her feel scared
I have no idea what to do
Before we're in over our heads in Jackson Square

I woke up with a weight on my chest
People were screaming on the street below
I reached for you, I was alone in the bed
Wind was blowing through an open window

Suddenly I was very old
In a little boat, absolutely nowhere
Staring at the side of the universe
And your tiny body down on Jackson Square

Now don't tell me that there ain't no end
There damn well is and it waits in the wings
I see you kneeling there at center stage
In your tiny cage made of angel wings

While I'm here every night
Loading my gun and trying not to go there

Anyone who says that life is clear
Has never seen a mirror or been to Jackson Square

Yeah, yeah, yeah