

Killing Jar

Richard Thompson

My father was a judge, a solitary man
He beat me to cry, with the back of his hand
I played with my sisters, he said I played too rough
It seems to me son, I didn't beat you enough
You're no good. He said I'm no good
You're no good. He said "son, you're no good"

I went for my schooling and I faced the wall
"Tommy Burns" said the teacher, "can you hear me at all?"
I sweep down the hall ways, and I sweep up the grounds
And the boss he tells me that I'm late on my rounds
I'm no good. Oh they say I'm no good
I'm no good. They say I'm no good

I once had a songbird with a broken wing
I cried and I cried. Oh it never would sing
I once had a songbird. The apple of my eye
I put it in the killing jar just to watch him die
I once had a sweet heart. Caught her running around
I hit her with a log chain and I put her in the ground
I once had a sweetheart, oh a pretty little thing
I knelt in her cold grave and I took back my ring
I'm no good. They say I'm no good
I'm no good. You see I'm no good
I'm no good. They say I'm no good
I'm no good. I'm no good