

Jack of All Trades

Soul Asylum

If I could be anything I wanted, I don't know
I'd be stuck here with myself, be an Average Joe
But if I could be like a Jack of all trades, yes I'd have it made

Glass blower, flamethrower, grass mower, firefighter
I'm tryin' to loose it up, or make it tighter

But a Jack of all trades master, I'm not dead, you're tired in bed
But a Jack of all trades, there's stuff that gets made, wait for your lucky day

See my train and now it's gone
Rings the damned, threw the phone
He's studdering, he stalls
He hit the bottle of call
Ching chase and rat race, and laid down and out of place, and down the hall

Problem called (na, na)
Problem called (na, na, na)

Yes I'll try anything sometimes I just can't say no
And I'm learnin' to dig with my hands
I've learned to work with my mind
So much to lose, and so much left to find
So much to take, so much to leave behind

Yeah, I walked down, your thoughts are free, don't think of the dead but think of dignity
Picked you up by the side of your head, you were half dead
Say your prayers, and put you to bed

At the end of the day stands a Jack of all trades, and the fool he has made
It's a Jack of all trades and the fool he has made of himself and his friend

But he'd do it again, yes he'd do it again
He's a Jack