

Tore Down Flat In Jackson

The Badlees

Filthy and anonymous in Jackson, a dozen keys to nowhere in his
hand
Black madonna, won't you change his luck and find him fifty grand?
'Cause he's tore down, months from nowhere, with the day-to-day
out of his hands
One key fit the door to their apartment, another fit the business he
let die
A stray dog whines as the August rains turn naked ground to mud

And he's tore down, feelin' nothin' but the third-rate spirits in his
blood
He's livin' for a ticket on the whiskey train
The saddest thing's to see him venerate that ball and chain
Roadhouse corn done cut his strings to somewhere, paper rich done
met a ball of fire
Black dog cloud done filled his head and drained him like a vampire
Now he's tore down flat in Jackson with a daily gig in the backdrop
choir
He's livin' for a ticket on the whiskey train
The saddest thing's to see him venerate that ball and chain
A thick late August field of pigweed dances, a T.V. from the fillin'
station's heard
He's holdin' up the wall, the moment says it all without a word

Well, he's tore down, world stopped movin' when 'halfway to the
label' claimed it cured