

411

"Tore Down Flat In Jackson"

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Filthy and anonymous in jackson, a dozen keys to
nowhere in his hand
Black madonna, wont 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

Hes livin for a ticket on the whiskey train
The saddest things 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

Hes livin for a ticket on the whiskey train
The saddest things to see him venerate that ball and
chain

A thick late august field of pigweed dances, a t.v. from
the fillin stations heard
Hes 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

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