

Badlees

"Tore Down Flat In Jackson"

Visit "[Tore Down Flat In Jackson](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Badlees](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.