

Jaydee Bixby

"Red Firecracker"

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His jaw crawled and tobacco dripped
Down his chin
His face settled on the neon lights
Reflected in
His face settled on the neon lights
Reflected in
Red firecracker it don't explode
There's a picture in his mind passed down
And it feels like going home
Calculates all the cash he makes
At happy hour
Two bullet holes took the best
Suit he owns
Two bullet holes took the best
Suit he owns
Red firecracker it don't explode
There's a picture in his mind passed down
And it feels like going home
Quicksand all around the man
That history
I suppose there's a better way
To calm him down

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