

Jonathan Randol

"Poor Mans Jim Jones"

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Poor Mans Jim Jones:

Poor mans, jim jones
choking back my medicine and i suppose
that everytime i change my cloths
skin and bones all exposed
and everytime i go thru those
changes well i guess you know
this poison as it stains my throat
leaves me with this same old coat
that never even
stops the freezing
cold that chills my meat and bones

Oh poor mans jim jones.
Poor mans jim jones

Poor mans, jim jones
be sure and take your vitamens and
pack your cloths
still wondering whats up with you
you've been around the block and you've
seen everything i'll ever do
there's nothing new
no alibi to misconstrue

no made up lies to hide the truth
not one single thing to block this view
this beautiful view

poor mans jim jones
poor mans jim jones

Poor mans, jim jones
forward all my letters and
unlock the doors
cuz everytime i try to go
i realize the whole damn show
is only what you make it so
i take it and i drink it slow
poor mans, jim jones
takes me by these empty hands and

shows me the road
cuz everytime i let you go
i let you in and then i know
that there is just one way to show
me what you see and what you know

poor mans jim jones
poor mans jim jones
poor mans jim jones

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