

Angus Stone

"4Th Of July"

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You gotta have the right tools
For every job
So I invite myself in
Through a hole in the fence
I am tripping through the junkyard
Scanning over the piles
The thin cats raise their skin in defense
I know he's watching me
I can see him through the cracks
His eyes are small and shy on my back
He says his name is jason
He lives in the last trailer on the right
And he'll be seven
On the fourth of july

Only the people who live here
Know the name of this place
My path through iowa would be
Hard to trace
All the adults in this town
Try not to frown
When I walk by
But jason smiled at me
He met my eye

He don't ask me
Where I'm from
Or why I came
Here alone
We all go looking for paradise
Then we go back home
We cut out the small talk
Go right to the way things are
He showed me his squirrel skull
I told him I locked myself out of my car

So there goes the only friend
I have in iowa
His hand flapping behind him
Waving good-bye
His name is jason

He lives in the last trailer on the right
And he'll be seven
On the fourth of july

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