

Evan Bliss

"Jack Strong"

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loaded up bourbon in an empty food sack
red-lined the engine gonna hop skip the track
cover up your babies and clear me a path out the way

good sex and violence keep a growing Jack strong
sedatives and hand cannons level it out
with the rejects, the deviants, the misfits along the way

hey, I'd like to meet you
I'd like to take you out so we can start chasing
demons
and figure out how to please you
push a couple buttons and do a little tweaking

pain, can you come to play?
pain, can you go away?

devil's on the level calling me his best friend
money's in my pocket loaded up with cigarettes
chugging gasoline so I can take my last drag away

and hey, it's good to see you
you look a little worn since I got up in between you
what? does it matter?
you drink to get drunk and you eat to get fatter
so to say

well me and Jack don't see eye to eye on most
things
from the pownaps to the nightlife and the pleasure
they bring
from the hookers to the virgins and all in between filth
and clean

hey, it's nice to know you
I'd like to see you soon but I'll have to postpone
you
what? maybe later
I might love you but I think that Jack hates you

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