

Badlees, The

"Tore Down Flat In Jackson"

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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

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