

## **Ryan Adams**

### **"The End"**

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I don't know the sound of my father's voice  
I don't even know how he says my name  
But it plays out like a song on a jukebox in a bar  
In the back of my head till it's weary and mushy

And in the cotton fields out by the house where I was  
born  
The leaves burn like effigies of my kin  
The trains run like snakes through Penacostal pine  
Filled up with cotton and fine slow gin

Oh, Jacksonville, how you burn in my soul  
How you hold all my dreams captive  
Jacksonville, how you play with my mind  
Oh, my heart goes back, suffocating on the pines  
In Jacksonville

The end, the end, the end

All the cars are lined up on a Saturday night  
With the sky full of nothing but moon  
And I lose my reflection in the bottles of wine  
Till the morning comes down and I ain't nothing but you

Now the diner in the morning for a plate of eggs  
The waitress tries to give me change I say, "Nah, it's  
cool, just keep it"  
I read up my news, I start thinking about her  
And I wonder if anybody here besides me has got any  
decent secrets

Oh, Jacksonville, how you burn in my soul  
How you hold all my dreams captive  
Jackson hell, how you play with my mind  
Oh, my heart goes back, suffocating on the pines  
In Jacksonville

The end, the end, the end

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