

Strung Out

"Jack Knife"

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Somebody tell me how to get to Saint Maria.
She has something gonna save my soul.
She gives it to me, she don't care what I done wrong.
As the sun begins to set I know that can't make it on my
own.

No longer grounded I retreat to my demise.
I'm running strong with these lovesick eyes.
And the voodoo that you bring is chasing me through
my dreams.
You got me lookin' over my shoulder all day long.

This ain't a love song,
this is a car crash and they're playin' my song.

So don't come looking for me.
I ain't the one you want and I won't be around
to see how you get along when you don't get what you
want.
Little child your eyes broke all your pretty things inside.

She got something gonna save my soul.
She's got black angels to carry me away, so take me
away...

So don't come looking for me.
I ain't the one you want and I won't be around
to see how you get along when you don't get what you
want.
Little child your eyes broke all your pretty things inside.
Inside.
Inside.
Inside.

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