

Krig

"J.D.'s Junk City"

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J.D.'s Junk City out on FM 103
Is thirty some-odd acres worth of stuff that you don't
need.
He's got old wood barns and trailers full of memories
on the wall;
If America's abandoned it, old J.D.'s got it all.

He's got guitars, guns, and Cadillacs, violins, and
clarinets,
A hundred-thousand old LP's, some 8-tracks and
cassettes.
Old J.D.'s a poet, but that might be hard to prove;
He wishes he could write a song, and the neighbors
wish he'd move.
He says...

CHORUS:

"Come on in and take a look inside a junkman's heart
Where one man's heap of garbage is another's work of
art,
Then look out into a place where hearts have turned to
stone,
And tell me which side of the fence the junkyard's
really on."

Now he'll sell you a jukebox from a beer joint in Fort
Worth,
Or a forty year-old postcard from any place on Earth,
An antique German beer stein, or an angel figurine,
But don't ask about the TV; someone shot out the
screen.

He says, "my country's goin' to Hell right before my
eyes;
The cities that I travel, I no longer recognize...
The same Starbucks and Wal-Marts, from chain to retail
chain...
Fifteen songs on the radio, and they all sound the
same."

REPEAT CHORUS

"So I haul another load in here when all my ramblin's
done,
Play some guitar and some pinball, man, I have myself
some fun.
I'm always in some kind of trouble with the county
clerk;
They laugh at me at Dairy Queen, but that's just my line
of work."

Refrigerators, records players, old tin signs galore,
Mechanical bulls from Gilley's, and a t-shirt Willie wore,
And this light, from common angles, may not shine as
bright for some
As it does along his fence line, and to him is Kingdom
Come.
He says...

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