

T. Graham Brown

"Unkind"

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bring it on baby, what you getting into?
is living on pain the thing that's getting to you?
write my name and pin it up with my picture
and say it's the only thing 'cause I'm not around to be
around

I'm beating and battered
hell well if my dreams get shattered then
pain gives me the right to be unkind

bring it on baby what's with sudden devotion?
I'd trade a river of tears for just a little emotion
you can curse my name and pin it up with my picture
and say it's the last time that I'll be around to be
around

oh well I'm torn and I'm tattered
yeah the thoughts in my head they get scattered oh
well
pain gives me the right to be unkind
(and it set's me here)

right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone
(dig)

bring it on baby what you getting into?
well I swear once it was the little things that mattered
but it all seems true to you

say the hell with my name and say the hell with my
picture
yeah but swear, for the one time you need me around
to be around
well I'm around right now
and here I'm standing like it matters
Only once gets through then gets shattered by the rain
pain gives me the right to be unkind
and it sets me here

right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone

right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone

right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy yeah, Jones Crazy yeah
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone,
when I'm alone
when I'm alone..

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