

## The Badlees

### "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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