Jack on Fire

The Gun Club

I am like Jack, I am from southern land
I'm holding your happiness in my hand
The sun behind me is a sexual red
And all your bounty-hunting ghosts are deadI am like Jack and I tell you this
I will be your lover and exorcist
In the stillness of the mosquito sunset
You will make love to me to your very bestHey, hey, I'm a Jack on fire
Hey, hey, your lips kiss Jack on fireWay back in the Indian days
Nothing could drive the heat away
Drive the search and murder of lost enemies
Drive deep into what is never seenAnd like Jack, there is a heat to the fight
Like a moth detects a heat to the light
And like Jack, I will covet everything that is you
Because, the heat in you will temporarily doHey, hey, I'm a Jack on fire
Hey, hey, your lips kiss Jack on fireWhen you fall in love with me
We can dig a hole by the willow tree
Then, I will fuck you until you die
Bury you and kiss this town goodbyeIt will be unhappy, it will be sad
But, it will be understood that I am bad!
So don't you go and lie to me
'Cause everyday is Judgment Day with me

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