

Unloved

Jann Arden & Jackson Browne

There will be no consolation prize
This time the bone is broken clean
No baptism, no reprise
And no sweet taste of victory All the stars have fallen from the sky
And everything else in between
Satellites have closed their eyes
The moon has gone to sleep Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved Here I am inside a hotel
Choking on a million words I said
Cigarettes have burned a hole
And dreams are drunk and penniless
Here I am inside my father's arms
All jagged-bone and whiskey-dry
Whisper to me sweetly now
And tell me I will never die Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved Here I am an empty hallway
Broken window, rainy night
I am nineteen sixty-two
And I am ready for a fight People crying hallelujah
While the bullet leaves the gun
People falling, falling, falling
And I don't know where they're falling from
Are they Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved
Hoping that the kindness
Will lead us past the blindness
And not another living soul
Will ever have to feel Unloved, unloved
Unloved, unloved Unloved, unloved
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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