Leather Jacket (Jack Novak & Stravy Remix)

Arkells

Hundreds of stories before I showed up

They'd tell them to me and pull photos up

They're all connected like a pair of handcuffs

No one seemed effected that everyone had f***ed

But there was a softness, some kind of understanding

Those 2am decisions are always shaking landings

No one ever knew what could be demanded

Maybe its the cards, the cards she was handedYou called me up from a pay phone

I said hang tight, I can drive you home

I pulled on up and with a southern accent

I offered you my dad's leather jacketI met her at a party, she'd come straight from work

Complained that the regular were all a bunch of jerks

She always looked tired but she dazzled as a drunk

She even pulled of that stupid haircut

She said 'I don't need a sponsor or the best lover

some man that sees me as some fixer-upper'.

The last few years I've been running for cover

trying to sleep so I can visit my mother'You called me up from a pay phone

I said hang tight, I can drive you home

I pulled on up and with a southern accent

I offered you my dad's leather jacket

When times were tough in the worst years

We never knew how to interfere

Now you're back and just unpacking

Those bruised up takers you keep attractingIn September when it goes off, like some goddamn alarm clock.

And it hits her like a third shot, conversations she just stares off

There's no longer a voice calling, when she goes out, saying

'I'll be up waiting for you'You Called me up from a payphone

I said hang tight, I can drive you home

I pulled on up and with a southern accent

I offered you my dad's leather jacketWhen times were tough in the worst years

We never knew how to interfere

And now you're back and just unpacking

Those bruised up takers you keep attracting

You called me up from a payphone

And I said who the fuck uses a payphone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/