

Jackson

Craig Finn

Jackson was an actor
At least he was when he was well
Stephanie was good to me
But not so much to herselfWe were holed up in a hotel room
From August to November
It was Jackson, me, and Stephanie
And the rest I don't rememberStephanie appeared to me
In the back half of the theater
We met up with Jackson
On the strand a few days laterPooled our funds and made a run
We were foolproof when it counted
It was Jackson, me, and Stephanie
And it didn't seem all that crowdedNow, why you asking about Jackson
It was a long time ago
And nothing really happened
Why you asking about JacksonJackson just got restless
Couldn't take the lack of action
He was sorta like a shark
Just had to keep on swimmingThe sailors kept on coming off
The boats down at the harbor
It was difficult to stop
It was easy to get startedStephanie came on strong
But suddenly went weak
She seemed a little speedy
And her tongue worked at her teethThe sirens came behind us
It was a bit before we heard it
It was Jackson, me, and Stephanie
And for a while it felt just perfectNow, why you asking about Jackson
It was a long time ago, nothing really happenedSomeone said he ended up in Denver
Someone said he went to Kansas City
Someone said he went off the deep end
Some said he was living there alreadyOne day Jackson
Just didn't show up to the party
One day Jackson
Just didn't show up to the partyStephanie was long on looks
And short on mental health
Said, "Depression is an ocean
And it's prone to tides and swells"Anxiety's persistent, it's an ambitious politician
It keeps knocking at your door

Until you come and let it in, I think that Jackson let it in
I think that Jackson let it in

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