

# Jack of All Trades

## Soul Asylum

If I could be anything I wanted  
I don't know but, oh  
I'd be stuck here with myself  
Be an Average Joe But if I could be like a Jack of all trades  
Yes, I'd have it made Glass blower, flamethrower  
Grass mower, firefighter  
I'm tryin' to loosen up  
Or make it tighter But a Jack of all trades master, I'm not dead  
You're tired in bed  
But a Jack of all trades, there's stuff that gets made  
Wait for your lucky day See my trade and now it's gone  
Brings the dam to the bone  
He's shuddering, he stalls  
He hid the bottle of call Ching chase, rat race, lay down  
And out of place and down the hall  
Problem called, na, na  
Problem called, na, na, na Yes, I'll try anything sometimes, I just can't say no  
And I'm tryin' to dig with my hands  
I've learned to work with my mind  
So much to lose and so much left to find  
So much to take, so much to leave behind Ya, walk down thoughts are free  
You don't think of the dead, you think of dignity  
Picked you up by the side of your head, you were half dead  
Say your prayers and put you to to bed At the end of the day stands a Jack of all trades  
And the fool he has made  
It's a Jack of all trades and the fool he has made  
Of himself and his friend But you'd do it again, yes, he'd do it again  
He's a Jack

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