

# 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 dead I 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 best Hey, hey, I'm a Jack on fire  
Hey, hey, your lips kiss Jack on fire Way 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 seen And 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 do Hey, hey, I'm a Jack on fire  
Hey, hey, your lips kiss Jack on fire When 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 goodbye It 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

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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