Jamie

Drew Holcomb

Jamie lives in a warehouse on the corner of 14th and Green
Cooks after midnight, sleeping in twilight, doesn't remember his dreams
He lives and looks like a poet, critiquing the world on a string
His blood runs on cocaine and alcohol, he'll try anything

And he don't want anyone to know
And he don't want anyone to see

You lie and cheat to break the beat baby
Heart on your sleeve you wanna meet maybe
Someday you'll find what you're looking for
Someday you'll be begging at your own front door

You're running, you're gunning for the gates of Eden
Head full of knowledge and a heart for freedom
Someday Jamie you'll fall on your face
Someday boy you're gonna break those chains

Jamie's being ironic on a Sunday afternoon
The cynics and stoics boy they're coming, coming after you
He talks about death and dying, gotta get out of this town
Maybe go to South America and disappear in the crowd

And he don't want anyone to know
And he don't want anyone to see

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Jamie's family loves him, waiting for his return
A pocket full of second guesses, when will he ever learn

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