

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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