

Junkyard

Zac Brown Band

I have lived in a junkyard
Where the weeds eat up the rain
If you get anything there even out of place
You know there's hell to pay And he said "you're as sick as you are lovely
And in need of a hand"
He tells me "you are never worthy"
But I was just a child you see
That's my reality He had a sick little girl
Dirty and hard
With a breast plate made of metal
She drives all day in her rusty Buick
Her feet don't reach the pedals
He got a jar of flies
His father's disguise
Where his heart should be
Her mouth is sewn together
She screams with those eyes
She screams with those eyes
She screams with those eyes She's as sick as she is lovely
And in need of my hand, yeah he uses his hands
He tells her "you are never worthy"
She was all alone you see
That was her reality Yeah!
Well I should have been sleeping
Should have been dreaming
But I wake up to broken glass
There'll be one more
Empty desk in my homeroom class
I got an old bone pocket knife
Tight in my right hand
To save my poor mother from the junkyard man He's as sick as he is lovely
And in need of a hand
He will know he's not worthy
When he dies alone you'll see
And that's his reality
I'm not sick, I am lovely
Hatred is the curse of man And I will not feel unworthy
'Cause I have washed my hands you see

That's my reality, yeah

Songwriters

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