

# Junkyard (feat. Angie Aparo) [Live]

## Zac Brown Band

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

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