

Jackson

Elle King

Mama's dead and gone, and Papa ain't there.
Mama's dead and gone, and Papa don't care.
Brother berried his 'a pocket full of shotgun shells.
He's just a merry man, stuck in that whiskey well. What's left of my backbone is building this broken home,
building it up just to leave.
'City will chain me, how could you blame me.
I'm breaking the law to break free.
So please... take Jackson outa me. Sister lays her head
"Witch is just a lizard queen" (not sure about this line...)
She's known too many beds,
but she sure can sing. Your hopeless soul
beg you for more time
rather die than get old
to bad your not the killing kind. What's left of my backbone is building this broken home,
building it up just to leave.
'City will chain me, how could you blame me.
I'm breaking the law to break free.
So please... take Jackson outa me. Well this country weighs me down.
There's nothing left for me in this town.
These dreams I've made before I wake,
well, I won't waste more time. What's left of my backbone is building this broken home,
building it up just to leave.
'City will chain me, how could you blame me.
I'm breaking the law to break free.
So please... take Jackson outa me.
Take Jackson outa me.
Take Jackson outa me.

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