

# Jockey Full of Bourbon

Joe Bonamassa

Edna million in a drop dead suit  
Dutch pink on a downtown train  
Two dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot  
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain  
Sixteen men on a dead man's chest  
I been drinking from the broken cup  
Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest  
I'm full of bourbon and i can't stand up  
Hey little bird , fly away home  
Your house is on fire , your children alone  
Hey little bird , you fly away home  
Your house is on fire , your children alone  
Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head  
I'm stepping on the devil's tail  
Across the stripes of a full moon's head  
All through the bar's of a Cuban jail  
Bloody finger's on a purple knife  
Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass  
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife  
Admire the view from the top of the mast  
Hey little bird , fly away home  
Your house is on fire , your children alone  
Hey little bird , fly away home  
Your house is on fire , your children alone  
Yellow sheets on a Hong Kong bed  
Stazybo horn and a slingerland ride  
To the carnival is what she said  
A couple hundred dollars makes it dark inside  
Edna million in a drop dead suit  
Dutch pink on a downtown train  
Two dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot  
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain  
Hey little bird , fly away home  
Your house is on fire , your children alone  
Hey little bird , fly away home  
Your house is on fire , Children Alone  
Hey little bird , fly away home  
Your house is on fire , children alone  
Hey little bird , fly away home  
Your house is on fire , your children alone

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