Uh-oh

Fair To Midland

i went right back home
you would have done the same
and never washed your hands
if you knew they'd dig up dirt again
it took a drought
to wash her outso i was the sun
that slapped the rain
until we all knew she'd go down the drainthey're the jacks of all trades
the fruits of our labors were laid out to rot
they danced and sang to the song of amazing grace
i told you so
uh-ohi got a runnin' start and
during my second wind
stirred up all the dust
with an iron fist and her hair brush
it was the prettiest picture you ever saw
the prettiest picture not on the walli heard a voice
covered my eyes
wore a big smile when we dropped like fliesthey're the jacks of all trades
the fruits of our labors were laid out to rot
they danced and sang to the song of amazing gracei told you soi went right back home
you would've done the same
don't dare wash your hands
we both know they'll dig up dirt again
i got a runnin' start
and during my second wind had a fit
like the bitter son of abrahamhold your breath
did you see the light?
or did your cold shoulder leave us in the ice?they're the jacks of all trades
the fruits of our labors were laid out to rot
they danced and sang to the song of amazing grace
i told you souh-oh

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