

# Badlees, Tore Down Flat In Jackson

Badlees

Unfortunate Result Of Spare Time

Tore Down Flat In Jackson

filthy and anonymous in jackson, a dozen keys to nowhere in his hand  
black madonna, won't you change his luck and find him fifty grand?

'cause he's tore down, months from nowhere,

with the day-to-day out of his hands

one key fit the door to her apartment, another fit the business he let die

a stray dog whines as the august rains turn naked ground to mud

and he's tore down, feelin' nothin' but the third-rate spirits in his blood

he's livin' for a ticket on the whiskey train

the saddest thing's to see him venerate that ball and chain

roadhouse corn done cut his strings to somewhere,

paper rich done met a ball of fire

black dog cloud done filled his head and drained him like a vampire

now he's tore down flat in jackson with a daily gig in the backdrop choir

he's livin' for a ticket on the whiskey train

the saddest thing's to see him venerate that ball and chain

a thick late august field of pigweed dances,

a tv from the fillin' station's heard

he's holdin' up the wall, the moment says it all without a word

well, he's tore down, world stopped movin'

when 'halfway to the label claimed it cured

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