

Hawksley Workman, No More Named Johnny

No More Named Johnny
No more named Johnny
Ive been broken too much before
The girls are on display in the window
And the boys are in the freezer room
Ive been crushed by too many Johnnys
And I never want to hear that name
Theres a fist full of flowers in the window
That you gave me when I got off the plane
Youve been chasing me
Falling down those spring fed wells
Before farewells
Oh those fond farewells
Oh they get us every time
No more named Johnny
Ive been standing in the rain since June
I wound up my watch till I broke the springs
Now Ill never have the time for you
Youre a cold and lonely Johnny
Do you ever drive an ice cream truck
Off the highway to a clear cut track
To that dirty place where we got stuck?
You can be sure Ill never whisper that word