

# 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