

Joe Bonamassa, Jockey Full of Bourbon

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