

Micah P. Hinson, Jackeyed

Jackeyed all day long
as I sit and I sing the same old song
It's hard to think you care
when it's hard to find you almost anywhere
Will i know you better in a year?
just keep hope that it will be better in a year

It's the waste of precious days and
it's finding truth in your own ways.
It's the heart that struggles and chokes down all the thing it will never know.
It's hard, sometimes,
I know, just keep hope that
it will all pass in a year.
Just keep hope that it will be better in a year.

It's the waste of precious days and
it's finding truth in your own ways.
It's the heart that struggles and chokes down all the thing it will never know.
And will I know you better in a year?