

# Badless, The, Tore Down Flat In Jackson

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The 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 their 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 t.v. 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