

# Jack's Mannequin, Hammer And Strings (A Lullaby)

These hammers and strings  
Been following me around  
From a box filled garage  
To the dark punk rock clubs  
Of 1000 American towns  
And my friend calls me up  
She says, "how have you been?"  
I say, "dear I've been well,  
Yeah the money's coming  
But I miss you like hell.  
I still hear you in this  
Old piano, oh yeah."  
She says, "Andy, I know  
That we don't talk as much  
But I still hear your ghost  
In these old punk rock clubs  
Come on, write me a song  
Give me something to trust  
Just promise you won't let it be  
Just the keys that you touch."  
Give me something to believe in,  
A breath from the breathing  
So write it down,  
I don't think that I'll close my eyes  
'Cause lately I'm not dreaming  
So what's the point in sleeping?  
It's just that at night,  
I've got nowhere to hide  
So I write you a lullaby  
A lullaby  
These hammers and strings  
Been following me around  
Behind passenger vans  
Through the snow, dirt, and sands  
Of 1000 American towns  
And my friend calls me up  
With her heart heavy still  
She says, "Andy, the doctors  
Prescribed me the pills.  
But I know I'm not crazy.  
I just lost my will.  
So why am I, why am I  
Taking them still?"  
I need something to believe in  
A breath from the breathing  
So write it down,  
I don't think that I'll close my eyes  
'Cause lately I'm not dreaming  
So what's the point in sleeping?  
It's just that at night,  
I've got nowhere to hide  
To the sleepless, this is my reply:  
I will write you a lullaby,  
A lullaby.  
Give me something to believe in,  
So write it down,  
I don't think that I'll close my eyes  
'Cause lately I'm not dreaming  
So what's the point in sleeping?  
It's just that at night,  
I've got nowhere to hide  
To the sleepless, this is my reply:  
I'll write you a lullaby  
A lullaby, a lullaby, a lullaby

