

Jack's Mannequin, Miss California

I call on Jesus but he didn't check his phone today
Oh, there's my summer girl
I've been wanting her
But I hear she's got a boyfriend
Thought I could leave her for a season
But it just got cold
And it's a lonely hour in my cell phone tower,
Broken down transmission

But I'm going to take you
To my boxcar on the beach
And I'm going to hang the sun above your bed
And soak your hair in bleach

You'll be missed Miss California
You'll be kissed by only me
When they can't find you
You'll turn into a mystery
But you're no mystery to me
Miss California

I call Jesus
But he heard I hurt his little girl
Oh, with my reckless stare
I've been so unfair
Misplacing my affections
She had a reason not to take me back into her care
Oh, I'm just a stray dog now
I can't beg or bow
Just give me some direction

I'm going to take you
To the mansion where I hide
And I'm going to paint a diamond on your hand
You will be my bride

You'll be missed Miss California
You'll be kissed by only me
When they can't find you
You'll turn into a mystery
But you're no mystery to me