

# Jackie Greene, Supersede

Cookie cried for three days, until she couldnt cry no more  
she ate the fridge, jumped the bridge and wound up bloated on the shore  
The children they all pointed at another painted score  
and somebody asked: can I take a picture?

Well the heat down here is brutal, its hard to do whats right  
the locals shout that you wont burn out if you dont ever shine too bright  
and I wish I was in your back pocket or in your bed tonight  
I wish that i was loud so you could hear me

but oh, no  
what else must I be?  
its all inside my head I guess but it just reminds me  
that I need you, honey I need you  
there aint nobody who could supersede you  
were not such strangers, so honey I need you right now

Now all the streets are paved with petals, the parade is coming through  
it kind of feels like royalty cause everyones in blue  
and yellow flowers falling, from a window too  
falling to the feet of such a coward

The mayor is kissing babies, hes almost way too kind  
were filled to the brim with honest men, theyre just way too hard to find  
so stare into his Public Eyes and watch his clock unwind  
then find him old and drowning in the deep end

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You see, I long for a hickory morning with a waltz and trumpet flare  
im doing my best to recover from what time cannot repair  
and im sick of all this solitude and pre-rehearsed despair  
my eyes are a hundred miles away from sleeping

Well I wish youd write a letter, or telephone to me  
this place is dark and there aint a spark of who I used to be  
so the sick hearts of the unloved tell the brave souls of the sea:  
were all closed up, why dont you come back when were open.

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Theres a cracked and pale mirror, hanging on my wall  
the church bell rings and the choir sings and I can hear it from the hall  
Now you might not believe it, but there was no fire at all  
we just danced for seven days wishing for water

Maria tells the fortunes, they line around the bend  
a dollar for your problems, and five to know the end  
They come from miles around; like a pack of howling men  
I wonder what she does with all that money

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Simple sidewalk painter, says his life is such a bore  
spends his time with a jug of wine and a palette on the floor  
he screams: Heaven! Take my eyes, cause I cant paint no more.  
Honey, sometimes I feel just like his colors

Im gonna go down to the ocean, I want to fill my boots with sand  
so the next time that you see me, Ill be a much more grounded man  
So go and do whatever it is you do and Ill do what I can  
and when we meet again you can try to know me

oh hey,  
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they call me pessimistic, but it ocured to me  
that babies are all born crying and dying is never free  
But I still cant shake that feeling, that Somebodys watching me....  
I just thought that I would tell you