

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 occured 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