

The Jayhawks, Red Firecracker

(Louris, Olson) Gunflint Music BMI

His jaw crawd and tobacco driped
Down his chin
His face settled on the neon lights
Reflected in
His face settled on the neon lights
Reflected in

Chorus:
Red firecracker, don't explode
There is a picture in his mind passed down
And it feels like going home

Calculates all the cash he makes
At happy hour
Two bullet-holes took the best
Suit he owned
Two bullet-holes took the best
Suit he owned

(Chorus)

Quick sand all around the man
Bad history
I suppose, there is a better way
To calm him down