

# 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