

Xavier Rudd, Jack

Jack would stand one
Foot in front of the
Other foot and then
Lick his lips again
The train came past about
Three o'clock or so

His mother told him so
All the kids should know
His hand was sore from
All the gravel rash
Would he get it back
It looked just like the tracks
He must not take his shoes off yet
His mother told him this

Would there be hope someday
Or would his spark slowly fade
This the boy who would smile
When his heart was in pain
And his simple mind

Would be settled in grace
When he knelt down and spoke
To his father in his grave

The boys would hide
Behind the tea tree
The ugly tea tree
The fucking tea tree
They'd all jump out and
Jack would smile at them
And then they'd smirk at him
And kick stones at him
The first punch came from
The big fat one
Then all the other ones
He wondered what he'd done
He'd end up in the little frog pond
Beside the railway line

And then one day the
Big fat one

Was drowning in the pond
And crying for his mum
And jack came down
And he pulled him out again
And then he put his hands
Over his simple head
And all the frogs went
La de da de da
La de da de da