

# 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