

Jack On Fire

Blanche

I'm like jack, I'm from southern land
I'm holding your happiness in my hand
The sun behind me is a sexual red
And all your bounty-hunting ghosts are dead

I am like jack, and I tell you this
I will be your lover and exorcist
In the stillness of the mosquito sunset
You will make love to me to your very best

(Hey hey)

Yes I'm like jack on fire (hey hey)
Your lips kiss jack on fire

At New Orleans at the Mardi Gra
I was dancing in a costume made of straw
Some creole boys was lying dead
And I used his blood to paint the costume red
Black and white on an abandoned brain
A few nerves and head and a ball of string
The marshes are sinking in a bright red sky
And you will make love to me tonight

(Hey hey)

Yes, I'm like Jack on fire (hey hey)
Your lips kiss Jack on fire

And when you fall in love with me
We can dig a hole by the willow tree
Then I will fuck you till you die
Bury you and kiss this whole town goodbye

It'll be unhappy, it will be sad
But it'll be understood that I am bad
Hey woman don't go and lie to me
Because every day is judgment day to me
(Hey hey)

Yes I'm like Jack on fire (hey hey)
Your lips kiss Jack on fire
Sleep with a jack on fire
And you feel like a jack on fire
And you kneel with a jack on fire
Well you pray with a jack on fire

(No oh)
(You are nothing)
(You will feel like a)
(Jack on fire)
(Jack on fire)