

Jonesy Boy

Cass McCombs

Cats hissing in the dark
Turned-over garbage cans around the park
The dangling, brittle scab on your knee
Oh, you're pretty cocksure, son
You're like a Villonian singing nun
Pray you wash your hair out in the sink

Armed with a mandolin
A snotted rag and a Delphic hymn
Shaking off the dew before it sticks
Oh, give us a melody
Before they send us back to the sea
Replace these wooden legs for ones that kick

Oh, Jonesy
Oh, Jonesy Boy
Oh, Jonesy
Oh, Jonesy Boy

I can't remember before
There ever was war
My boyhood home is now a jail
They paved over the ol' creek
To make a road for the lumbering teak
And shipped off my family by rail

Oh, I hope you stay a boy
At least to bring some old men joy
Even just to watch you tune your strings
They're blowing the shofar now
Off to stick another sow
The soil is hungry again for offerings

Oh, Jonesy
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