

Jukebox Johnny

Diane Birch

Face all over town, hey, look, it's me
In real-time but it's ancient history
Go slow, lady with the searching fingers
You got enough for a sleepless night

Sliced her up with a rock 'n' roll razor blade
Hid it well in your Savile Row tailor-made
Lines to amaze, deep pocket gazes
Packing the rain underneath the stars
Claws in my conscience
Swiping the ache away
How many mentions
Riding the carousel, until the morning bell

I'll be staying up all night
Playing Jukebox Johnny, tryna get a life
Hey, it's alright
I can taste more honey when I twist the knife real slow

Flies gather on a sob story on repeat
She's wearing the same Victorian funeral look she wore last week
Go figure out what you're looking for
So many locks on a single door

Time for the blazes, rip out the pages
You got three minutes on the radio

Claws in my conscience
Pissing the time away
Wild moon rotations
Play me another song where somethin' about love ain't goin' wrong

'Cause I've been staying up all night
Playing Jukebox Johnny, tryna get a life
Hey, it's alright
I can taste more honey when I twist the knife real slow

I'm up all night
Playing Jukebox Johnny, tryna get a life
Hey, it's alright
I can taste more, taste more honey when I twist the knife real slow

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