

Jackson

Houndmouth

There's no sense in knowing
When the bullets will bite ya
I must have had some good fortune
And drank with a messiah
But cheers to the atmosphere
From which I fell
It's big, wide, and vast here
Strange as all hell

A city and its towers
Climb up and grow outward, babe
All while we wait for the midnight hour
That's when the stardust
Struck before the lights went out
One more night in Jackson
And one more kiss right now

They say the soul is a-searching
For one just like itself
But when the whole wide world burns out
There won't be anyone else
So take it off in the sunshine
And put it on when it's storming
Take it off in the nighttime
And put it back on in the morning

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Whoever's in charge here
Is just so damn rich
Eccentric and foolish
But just so damn rich
They carry fancy belongings
And have a look on their face
Like everything is disposable
And easily replaced

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