

Like a Song

Jace Everett

Well I'm a holed up in this attic room
Waiting on a good god's word
Everybody in town jumpin' up layin' down
Tell me brother what you heard
It's been six days since we rolled into town
They been treating me like some kind of king
But now the other shoes dropped
And the keystone cops are hear to me make me squeal or sing

There was faith
There was hope
There was just enough rope to hang on
I was lost in the crowd
And when I turned around you was gone
With the words you said
Sticking in my head like a song
I try to sing along

Pistol Pete pulls out his piece
And he waves it around the room
Then he kills some time 'til he spills the wine
Talking about the bride and the groom
Jingle johnny tries to chill the scene
But poor JJ he got the shakes
Pulls the blinds kills the lights
As the ground beneath him aches

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There was hope
There was just enough rope to hang on
I was lost in the crowd
And when I turned around you was gone
With the words you said
Sticking in my head like a song
I try to sing along

So I slide out around three am
Jesse messin' with my head
And when I roll back down to the crime scene
They try and tell me you ain't dead
Pistol pete he's livin' large
And grinnin' ear to ear
But jingle johnny slips right by me
As I finally taste the fear

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There was hope
There was just enough rope to hang on
I was lost in the crowd
And when I turned around you was gone
With the words you said
Sticking in my head like a song
I try to sing along