

# Way Down Here

Jace Everett

Yeah

The bottom of the barrel, it looks just like the top  
I been turning this thing over in my mind and I can't stop  
On the long slow trip to the middle  
Where there's nothing much to see  
I popped my cork and lit a cigarette  
Singing "poor, poor, pitiful me"  
But don't nobody wanna hear it  
And baby, I agree  
Yeah, I'm way down here where don't nobody ever wanna be

Now when I look back on Memphis  
The money's all I see  
I've heard we had some good times  
That don't ring no bells for me  
And your kin folk down in Dallas  
(Goddamn, I never did like that town)  
And the police down in crowder  
Captain Who's It's What's His Clown  
Guess everybody saw it coming  
Maybe 'cept for you and me  
How we wound up down where don't nobody ever wanna be

I chew with the teeth god gave me  
And I spit with an angels tongue  
When the first one fell, drug me to hell  
I said, damned, now ain't this fun  
I guess I never was good at lonely  
So I came round to call for tea  
Way down here where don't nobody ever wanna be  
Alright

Well

Tommy won't be around forever  
And I always did like his style  
It's a be bop beat with a poetic streak  
And a carnie barkin' satchmo smile  
You do what you do till it's over  
Then you do what you can to get by  
Baby, I don't know how low I go  
With this cockroach dream to survive  
So I'm doubling down on nothing  
Some hands you gotta see to believe  
Way down here where don't nobody ever wanna be

I don't wanna hear about all gods blessings  
From sea to shining sea  
From some pew jumping man with a Jim Jones plan  
Promising to set me free  
I bought a bouquet of fresh dead flowers  
And a bottle of Beaujolais  
I'll get drunk between your thighs then close my eyes  
Pretending that I don't pray  
That you'll love me, while you have me  
And when I leave, don't follow me  
Way down here where don't nobody ever wanna be