

Bloodshot

Jack's Mannequin

She walks to the mailbox each morning at nine
Everyday she begins
She's always one day behind
At least when it comes to the mail
She sits on the balcony paying her bills
Her letters just hashing her cigarettes onto the sill
Every breath a little more pale

And the hill's still left to climb
It's just so high
And I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high
And I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on...

Sits in his basement from midnight 'till four
Painting pictures that nobody sees
From his days in the war
The canvas is painted bright red, red
He heats up the shower
He paces the hall
He'll scrub for an hour or more
But he wont get it all
The paint in his fingernail beds

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The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high
And I'm so tired
Come on look up at the bloodshot sky
The clouds are all on fire
The clouds are all on fire
The clouds are all on

We wait in valleys
While the clouds come in
We see no shadows
'Cause the shadow's all there is
And we climb
And we climb

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