

Duct Tape Heart

Jackson Dean

I've been to broken
I've been to pain
I rode the blues from Baton Rouge clear up to Maine
But I keep on rolling, when my hold-it-all-together falls apart
I just stick another strip on my duct-tape heart

I've called some baby
I've called some gone
I've had some "do me right"s turn into "done me wrong"s
Well, like my favorite broken pool cue, my favorite broken bar
I just stick another strip on my duct-tape heart

It's an open-all-night town
That could use a little coat of paint
It's another whiskey down
And a "Hey, baby. What's your name?"
It's a temporary fix
Ain't gotta take me very far
Just another little strip on my duct-tape heart

She was sweet Virginia, tobacco gold
Thought I saw forever in that cherry-red and smoke
Well, she took the matches, left the ashes. Now, I'm right back at the start
She ripped every little strip of my duct-tape heart

It's an open-all-night town
That could use a little coat of paint
It's another whiskey down
And a "Hey, baby. What's your name?"
It's a temporary fix
Ain't gotta take me very far
Just another little strip on my duct-tape heart

Wish I could find me some love that's real
That long-haul kind that always shines and never peels
Until I find my one and only, I'll pass lonely in the dark
And just slap a little strip on my duct-tape heart

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That could use a little coat of paint
It's another whiskey down
And a "Hey, baby. What's your name?"
It's a temporary fix
Ain't gotta take me very far
Just another little strip on my duct-tape heart

Another little strip
Another little strip