

## Train to Jackson

Jeffrey Foucault

Dead before the sun could rise  
I stole the silver off my lover's eyes  
Rolled out on the dark demise  
Of midnight's breaking day  
Born full grown and raised up wild  
All mortal bones and passions piled  
Upon my head the blessed child  
The father of the man

I cut my hair and caught a train to Jackson  
I took a name and found the range  
Where a voice will make no sound  
I met a man he told me "Son,  
I can see you're on the run,  
If you tell me where you're going  
I'll tell you where you're bound"

They put me off outside of town  
A cold black rain was falling down  
I lay my head on the red clay ground  
And slept for a thousand years  
I woke into a fever dream  
Where silence talked and money screamed  
And nothing was but only seemed  
And no one seemed to care

I cut my teeth on the bread of pure temptation  
I tried it all and I learned to fall  
Like I would never hit the ground  
I met a ghost who looked like me  
I asked him, "Is it plain to see

Or is it hidden?"  
But he never made a sound

I was a lion in the circus ring  
A scarecrow dressed up like a king  
Innocent of anything  
Like love and going blind  
So I set all my clothes on fire  
Sold my soul to any buyer  
Wrapped my heart in concertina wire  
And showed it for a song

I cut and run I ran until I stumbled  
I struck out alone a rolling stone  
Forty days came up and down  
I chased the river to the source  
I met a girl on a pale horse  
She pressed her fingers up against my lips  
And I fell down dead and gone