

Jockey Full of Bourbon

Joe Bonamassa

Edna million in a drop dead suit
Dutch pink on a downtown train
Two dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain
Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
I been drinking from the broken cup
Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest
I'm full of bourbon and I can't stand up

Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children alone
Hey little bird, you fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children alone

Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head
I'm stepping on the devil's tail
Across the stripes of a full moon's head
All through the bar's of a Cuban jail
Bloody finger's on a purple knife
Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife
Admire the view from the top of the mast

Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children alone
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children alone

Yellow sheets on a Hong Kong bed
Stazybo horn and a slingerland ride
To the carnival is what she said
A couple hundred dollars makes it dark inside
Edna million in a drop dead suit
Dutch pink on a downtown train
Two dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain

Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children alone
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, Children Alone

Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, children alone
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children alone