The End

Ryan Adams

I don't know the sound of my father's voice
I don't even know how he says my name
But it plays out like a song on a jukebox in a bar
In the back of my head till it's weary and mushy
And in the cotton fields out by the house where I was born
The leaves burn like effigies of my kin
The trains run like snakes through Penacostal pine
Filled up with cotton and fine slow gin
Oh Jacksonville, how you burn in my soul
How you hold all my dreams captive
Jacksonville, how you play with my mind
Oh my heart goes back, suffocating on the pines
In Jacksonville
The End, The End, The End

All the cars are lined up on a Saturday night
With the sky full of nothing but moon
And I lose my reflection in the bottles of wine
Till the morning comes down and I ain't nothing but you
Now the diner in the morning for a plate of eggs
The waitress tries to give me change I say, "Nah, it's cool. Ju
st keep it"
I read up my news, I start thinking about her
And I wonder if anybody here besides me has got any decent secr
ets
Oh Jacksonville, how you burn in my soul
How you hold all my dreams captive
Jackson-hell, how you play with my mind
Oh my heart goes back, suffocating on the pines
In Jacksonville
The End, The End, The End

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