

Doe, Jane

Shakey Graves

Ive become a cold case
Bruised and black
Laying on a table with my eyes rolled back
A husband for dear Doe, Jane

I used to fit in your arms like a book in a shelf
Now i sit on the floor telling jokes to myself

I hope I dont become a good boy slow and strong
Minding my manners and tagging along
A pet for my dear Doe, Jane
I used to nip at the heels and bay at the moon
Now I sit and stay like the good dogs do

So lets strap on our jaws and head back to the home land
Where we sit and stare like its our god chosen gift