

Bring it on baby, what you getting into  
Is living on pain the thing that's getting to you  
Write my name, pin it up with my picture  
And say it's the only thing 'cause I'm not around to be around

I'm beaten and battered, hell if my dreams get shattered then  
Pain gives me the right to be unkind

Bring it on baby, what's with sudden devotion  
I trade a river of tears for just a little emotion  
You can curse my name, pin it up with my picture  
And say it's the last time that I'll be around to be around

Oh well I'm torn and I'm tattered  
So the thoughts in my head they get scattered  
Oh well pain gives me the right to be unkind  
And it set's me here

Right back to the heart of it  
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it  
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, (when I'm alone, dig)

So Bring it on baby, what you getting into  
Well I swear at once it was the little things that mattered  
But it all seems true to you  
Say the hell with my name and say the hell with my picture  
Yeah but swear for the one time you need me around to be around  
Well I'm around right now

And here I'll stand like it matters  
Only once gets through and then gets scattered by the rain  
But pain gives me the right to be unkind  
And it sets me here

Right back to the heart of it  
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it  
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, (when I'm alone, dig)

Right back to the heart of it  
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it  
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, (when I'm alone, dig)

Right back to the heart of it  
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it  
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, (when I'm alone, dig)