

Junkyard

Zac Brown Band

I have lived in a junkyard, where the weeds eat up the
rain
If you get anything there, even out of place
You know there's hell to pay
And he says, "You're as sick, as you are lovely, and in
need of a hand"
He tells me, you are never worthy
But I was just a child you see... that's my reality
He had a sick little girl, dirty and harmed
With a breast plate made of metal
Drives all day in a rusty Buick, feet don't reach the
petals
Got a jar of flies, a fathers disguise, where his heart
should be, mouth is sown together
She screams with those eyes!
And he says, "She's as sick, as she is lovely and in
need of my hand"
He tells her, you are never worthy
She was all alone you see... That's her reality... yeahShoulda been sleepin, shoulda been
dreaming, but I wake
up to broken glass
There'll be one more, empty desk, in my homeroom class
I got an old bone pocket knife, tight in my right hand
To save my poor mother, from the junk yard man!
And I say, "he's as sick as he is lovely, and in need
of a hand"
And he will know he's not worthy
Cause he will die alone you see, that's his reality
I'm not sick, I am lovely, and hatred is the curse of
man!
And I will not feel unworthy
Cause I've washed my hands you see, that's my reality

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