

Jackson Square

Mason Jennings

dustcloud comin' off an old dirt road
it leads up here, to this little graveyard
seven mats in a perfect row
under each slab is a police car
just because you say it doesn't make it true
you can say that i'm guilty man i just don't care
you can burn my body black
just don't make me go back to jackson square
i met you on decatur street
with your little bare feet and your violin
i was walkin' by with my guitar in my hand
you smiled at me and i jumped right in
before i knew it you were all i knew
every moment together was an answered prayer
after awhile we had some money saved up
and we rented a room over jackson square
and one day everything changed
your eyes got strange you didn't seem yourself
you go to tell a story and you'd start out fine
halfway through it you'd be somewhere else
and i started having the strangest dream
i held a string and looked up in the air
and you were glowing with the strangest light
drifting out of sight over jackson square
life is something that you can't control
when you try to hold onto it it makes you let go
things are live like they were before
i can hear her crying through the bathroom door
she says she hears spirits all around the room
and they're telling her things that make her feel scared
i have no idea what to do
we were both in over heads on jackson square
i woke up with the weight on my chest
people were screaming on the street below
i reached for you i was alone in the bed
wind was blowing through an open window
and suddenly i was very old in a little boat absolutely nowhere
staring at the sight of the universe
and your tiny body down on jackson square
and don't tell me that there ain't no end
there damn well is and it waits in the wings
i see ya kneeling that center stage
in your tiny cage made of angel wings
but i'm here every night
loading my gun and trying not to go there

anyone who says that life is clear
has never seen a mirror or been to jackson squareyeah
yeah
yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>