

# Jackson

## Elle King

Momma's dead and gone  
Papa ain't there  
Momma's dead and gone  
And Papa don't care  
Brother buried his head  
Pocket full of shotgun shells  
It's just a merry man  
Stuck in that whiskey well  
What's left of my backbone  
Is building this broken home  
Building it up  
Just to leave me  
Said he could change me  
How could you blame me  
Not breaking the law  
To break free  
So please  
Take Jackson out of me  
Sister lays her head  
She's just a little queen  
She don't do many things  
But she sure can sing  
Your hopeless soul  
Begging for more time  
Grab a dive and get old  
Too bad you ain't the killing kind  
What's left of my backbone  
Is building this broken home  
Building it up  
Just to leave me  
Said he could change me  
How could you blame me  
Not breaking the law  
To break free  
So please  
Take Jackson out of me  
For this country wears me down  
There's nothing left for me in this town  
These dreams are made  
Before I went  
For I won't waste no more time  
Yeah!  
What's left of my backbone

Is building this broken home  
Building it up  
Just to leave me  
Said he could change me  
How could you blame me  
Not breaking the law  
To break free  
So please  
Take Jackson out of me  
Take Jackson out of me  
Take Jackson out of me

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