

Hozier, Jackie And Wilson

So tired trying to see from behind the red in my eyes,
No better version of me I could pretend to be tonight.
So deep in this swill with the most familiar of swine
For reasons wretched and divine.

She blows outta nowhere, roman candle of the wild
Laughing away through my feeble disguise
No other version of me I would rather be tonight.
And, Lord, she found me just in time

'Cause with my mid-youth crisis all said and done
I need to be youthfully felt 'cause, God, I never felt young

She's gonna save me,
Call me "baby"
Run her hands through my hair
She'll know me crazy,
Soothe me daily
Better yet she wouldn't care
We'll steal her Lexus,
Be detectives,
Ride 'round picking up clues
We'll name our children
Jackie and Wilson,
Raise 'em on rhythm and blues.

Lord, it'd be great to find a place we could escape sometime
Me and my Isis growing black irises in the sunshine
Every version of me dead and buried in the yard outside.
Sit back and watch the world go by.

Happy to lie back watch it burn and rust
We tried the world, good God, it wasn't for us.

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Cut clean from the dream at night let my mind reset
Looking up from a cigarette, and she's already left
I start digging up the yard for what's left of me and our little vignette
For whatever poor soul is coming next

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