

## Tore Down Flat In Jackson

The Badlees

Filthy and anonymous in Jackson, a dozen keys to nowhere in his  
hand  
Black madonna, won't you change his luck and find him fifty grand?  
'Cause he's tore down, months from nowhere, with the day-to-day  
out of his hands  
One key fit the door to their apartment, another fit the business  
he let die  
A stray dog whines as the August rains turn naked ground to mud  
  
And he's tore down, feelin' nothin' but the third-rate  
spirits in his blood  
He's livin' for a ticket on the whiskey train  
The saddest thing's to see him venerate that ball and chain  
Roadhouse corn done cut his strings to somewhere, paper rich do  
ne met a ball of fire  
Black dog cloud done filled his head and drained him like a vampire  
Now he's tore down flat in Jackson with a daily gig in the back  
drop choir  
He's livin' for a ticket on the whiskey train  
The saddest thing's to see him venerate that ball and chain  
A thick late August field of pigweed dances, a T.V. from the fillin'  
station's heard  
He's holdin' up the wall, the moment says it all without a word  
  
Well, he's tore down, world stopped movin' when 'halfway to the  
label' claimed it cured