

Jackie And Wilson

Words & Music by Andrew Hozier-Byrne





♩ = 82 (♩ = $\overline{\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}}$)






1. So tired try'n' to see from be-hind the red in my eyes,





no bet-ter ver-sion of me I could pre-tend to be to-night.






Soul deep in the swill with the most fa - mi - liar of swine, _ for

rea - sons wretch - ed and di - vine.

2. She blows out - ta no - where, a ro - man can -
 3. Lord it'd be great to find a place we could es -

- dle of _ the wild, _ laugh - ing her way _ through my fee -
 - cape some - time, me and my I - sis grow - ing black



-ble dis - guise. _
i - ri - ses in the sun-shine.

No oth - er ver - sion of me I would ra - ther be _
Ev - 'ry ver - sion of me dead and bu - ried in the



_ to - night,
yard out-side,

and Lord, she found me just in time.
we'd sit back and watch the world go by.

'Cause with my
Hap - py _



mid youth cri - sis _ all said and done, I need to be
_ to lie back, watch it burn and rust,



N.C.

youth - ful - ly felt, 'cause, God I nev - er felt young.
we tried the world, good God it was - n't for us.



She's gon - na save me, call me ba - by, run her hands through my hair, _



she'll know me cra - zy, soothe me dai - ly, but bet - ter yet she would-n't care. _



We'll steal a Lex - us, be de - tec - tives, ride 'round pick - ing up clues, _



Fine

we'll name our child - ren Jack - ie and Wil - son, raise 'em on rhy - thm and blues. _

N.C.

B \flat m D \flat Fm G \flat Fm G \flat D \flat

(Ooh.)

B \flat m D \flat Fm G \flat Fm G \flat D \flat




(Ooh.)

B \flat m D \flat Fm G \flat Fm G \flat D \flat






(Ooh.)

B \flat m C \flat C D \flat

(Ooh.)









4. Cut clean from the dream that night let my mind re - set,










N.C.

look - ing up from a ci - ga - rette and she's al - read - y left.

I start dig - ging up the yard for what's left of me in our lit - tle vig - nette, for what -

D.S. al Fine

-ev - er poor soul is com - ing next.