

# Junkyard

## Zac Brown Band

I have lived in a junkyard, where the weeds eat up the  
rain  
If you get anything there, even out of place  
You know there's hell to pay  
And he says, "You're as sick, as you are lovely, and in  
need of a hand"  
He tells me, you are never worthy  
But I was just a child you see... that's my reality  
He had a sick little girl, dirty and harmed  
With a breast plate made of metal  
Drives all day in a rusty Buick, feet don't reach the  
petals  
Got a jar of flies, a fathers disguise, where his heart  
should be, mouth is sown together  
She screams with those eyes!  
And he says, "She's as sick, as she is lovely and in  
need of my hand"  
He tells her, you are never worthy  
She was all alone you see... That's her reality... yeahShoulda been sleepin, shoulda been  
dreaming, but I wake  
up to broken glass  
There'll be one more, empty desk, in my homeroom class  
I got an old bone pocket knife, tight in my right hand  
To save my poor mother, from the junk yard man!  
And I say, "he's as sick as he is lovely, and in need  
of a hand"  
And he will know he's not worthy  
Cause he will die alone you see, that's his reality  
I'm not sick, I am lovely, and hatred is the curse of  
man!  
And I will not feel unworthy  
Cause I've washed my hands you see, that's my reality  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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