

Brian Jonestown Massacre, Arkansas Revisited

I'm going back to Arkansas
I gotta kill my ma and pa

I'm gonna kill ma and dad,
because they made my life so sad

I run so fast, all night and day
they haunt my soul in evil ways

I don't care what the law might do
I hope your folks are good to you

I stole my neighbor's pick-up truck,
and took his daughter for good luck

I spent all my doe on a gun
liquored up to have some fun

I drink all night, and i feel real fine,
as I'm roaring past that old state line

Driving up all night and day,
just to show him on his way
(Here it comes)

I'm bailing down the streets of town
I'd love to burn the fucker down

Down the road, along the way,
I drove right past my brother, hey

I'm running up the lawn each night,
and they can't see me, there's no light

Kick down the door, then I say
'brace yourself for judgement day'

Going back to Arkansas
Burying my ma and pa

and then I'm going far away,
but where I'm going, I won't say,

cause I don't know, just where I'll run
I guess I follow the yellow sun,

or maybe north of Mexico
for I ain't saying where I'll go

I had to kill my mom and dad,
because they beat me up real bad

my daddy beat me everyday,
and what I'd done, he wouldn't say

A lether strap across my back
and punched my eyes all blue and black

So, I killed my ma and pa
I killed them both in Arkansas

made the papers so damn mad
cause I killed my ma and dad

and now I'm running night and day
where I'm going, I won't say

just me and the girl and the stolen truck