

# Jack's Mannequin, Miss California

I call on Jesus but he didn't check his phone today  
Oh, there's my summer girl  
I've been wanting her  
But I hear she's got a boyfriend  
Thought I could leave her for a season  
But it just got cold  
And it's a lonely hour in my cell phone tower,  
Broken down transmission

But I'm going to take you  
To my boxcar on the beach  
And I'm going to hang the sun above your bed  
And soak your hair in bleach

You'll be missed Miss California  
You'll be kissed by only me  
When they can't find you  
You'll turn into a mystery  
But you're no mystery to me  
Miss California

I call Jesus  
But he heard I hurt his little girl  
Oh, with my reckless stare  
I've been so unfair  
Misplacing my affections  
She had a reason not to take me back into her care  
Oh, I'm just a stray dog now  
I can't beg or bow  
Just give me some direction

I'm going to take you  
To the mansion where I hide  
And I'm going to paint a diamond on your hand  
You will be my bride

You'll be missed Miss California  
You'll be kissed by only me  
When they can't find you  
You'll turn into a mystery  
But you're no mystery to me