



L A K E R M U S I C

Pretty Jackals

The pretty jackals smell the blood
Revel in the fire and flood
Drag us face down through the mud
Tragedy as show

Grin the words that might be true
Grim the unrelenting view
Balance gone, the world askew
Staggered by the blows

He loved the poor and he healed the
lame
They crucified him all the same
Washed their hands of all the blame
Got set to cast a stone

A bright and sharp delivery
A smile through all the misery
News as black as black can be
In short repeated shocks

He loved the poor and he healed the
lame
Crucified him all the same
Washed their hands of all the blame
Got set to cast a stone

The TV in the hotel room
Blue light in the borrowed gloom
Entertained ensconced entombed
With a pretty face that talks

**Words and music: David Francey
Aurora, Ontario, August 9th 2008**