

Shinedown, Dirthouse

House is empty, windows are broken.
Flames are shootin' out my mind.
Trains rollin' down a B railed path.
Night air is cold, looks pitch black.
Hands on...
Hands on the clock, now reach twelve.
Hands on...

I'm unsettled, and stained as hell.

Dirthouse appears and shape and fall,
reminds me of the place I was born.
Dirthouse appeals to all that's wrong.
Lyin' on the backboards,
thinking of a song for me.

Dogs in the yard, barkin' at a stranger.
Hand and knee.
I don't believe it's that easy to walk on in.
Situation I've been in for so long.
So long have I been runnin' away, so long.

In this house I was meant to stay.

Dirthouse appears and shape and fall,
reminds me of the place I was born.
Dirthouse appeals to all that's wrong.
Lyin' on the backboards,
thinking of a song for me, yeah.

Deep in the heart of a memory
lies a connection if you can see.
Sun comes out, breathes on your back.
Hands unleashed, oh the attack.
Hands on...
Hands on the clock, now reach twelve.
Hands on...

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