

Shinedown, Dirhouse

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

Dirhouse appears and shape and fall
Reminds me of the place, I was born
Dirhouse 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

Dirhouse appears and shape and fall
Reminds me of the place, I was born
Dirhouse 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 breaths on your back
Hands unleashed, Oh the attack
Hands on
Hands on the clock, now reach twelve
Hands on

I'm unsettled, and stained as hell

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Thinking of a song
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Thinking of a song for me, Yeah