

# Static X, Dirthouse

All right  
My dirthouse  
Watch it happen from the box  
Mind wanders  
Dirty dirty word  
My dirthouse  
This is where it all comes down  
Look into my eye  
Ya feel my skin, its dirt  
Drive me wild  
Remember when you blew my mind?  
Cut through me  
Living in the dirt  
These dogs are curled up in a little ball  
These dogs are freezing their asses off  
Go, go , go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I wanna call this my home  
Go, go, go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I've got some pain of my own  
Go, go , go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I wanna call this my home  
Go, go, go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I've got some pain of my own  
Open the box  
See whats inside  
You make the call  
Sick of it all, again  
Open the box  
See whats inside  
You make the call  
Sick of it all, again  
Tear me down  
Pushing on my every nerve  
Scares me  
I hope I don't get burnt  
Look closer  
Look into my dirty mind  
Feeling sick inside  
My blood has turned to fucking dirt  
Go, go , go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I wanna call this my home  
Go, go, go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I've got some pain of my own  
Go, go , go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I wanna call this my home  
Go, go, go  
Go, go , go  
Pick up the pieces  
I've got some pain of my own