

Dirt in My Pocket

Joe Bonamassa

So here's my situation, for all the world to see
Gone is my innocence, all that's left is me
Rising up, just to tear me down
I can be your perfect stranger, but just not now

Insomnia, it drains my life
Gone is the stranger from a forgotten time
Fly me out of the windowsill
No it ain't about my life, and it ain't about my will

Warring superstitions, Joy and inhibitions
I've been around along time, I can't lie to myself

Dirt in my Pocket, Dirt on my Shoes
Makes a grown man win again, it's an easy man's Blues
Dirt on my Conscience, Dirt over you
Leaves a good man walking, Leads a blind man Blues

Lost in a Daze as I find myself
Looking for new ways, to find a way out
Causin' an effect, makes me drown a desire
Tempted by my fate, of a virgin fire

Warring superstitions, Joy and inhibitions
I've Been Around a Long time, I can't lie to myself

Dirt in my Pocket's, Dirt on my Shoes
Makes a grown man win again
It's a easy man's Blues
Dirt on my Conscience, Dirt over you
Leaves a good man walking, it's a blind man's Blues
Dirt on my Conscience, Dirt over you
Makes a good man walking, it's a easy man's Blues yeah
Hey, Dirt in my Pocket Now
HMMMMMM mmmmmmm