

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 drains my life
Gone is the stranger from a forgotten time
Fly me out of the window sill
No, it ain't about my life and it ain't about my will
Warring superstitions, joy and inhibitions
I've been around a long time, I can't lie to myself
Dirt in my pocket, dirt on my shoes
Makes a grown man wicked, it's an easy man's blues
Dirt on my conscience, dirt over you
Leaves a good man walking, it's a blind man's blues
Lost in a daze as I find myself
Looking for new ways to find a way out
'Cause and 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, dirt on my shoes
Makes a grown man wicked, it's an 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 an easy man's blues, yeah
Hey, dirt in my pocket now

Songwriters

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Published by
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