

Holes

Cody Johnson

There's a picture frame hangin' at the end of the hall
Pile of dust on the floor where my fist met the drywall
That's my MO, leavin' something broke everywhere I go
HolesThere's a rusty old truck door sittin' in a field
That I filled full of buckshot every time i got
Mad at something over nothing didn't matter at all
HolesIn my life, down in my bones
From my heart, to my soul
There's a lonely space on the big brass bed where we first made love
And she laid head on my shoulder before I told it was over
HolesThere's a million conversations with my old man
'Bout who he was, and who I am
That I never had, I just wouldn't listen
I just kept digging myself down in 'em holes in my lifeDown in my bones
From my heart, to my soul
HolesWell I woke up today, put the shovel down
Stepped out of my haze, took a look around
Saw a ray of light shining through the clouds
So I climbed out
And I let it shine
Down in my bones
From my heart, right through my soul
Through all my holes
Through all these holes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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