

House Of Pain

The White Buffalo

It's a little past supper time
I'm still out on the porch steps
Sittin on my behind, waiting for you
Wondering if everything is all right
Momma said come in boy don't waste your time
I said I've got time be home soon
I was five years old and talkin to myself
Where were you? Where'd ya go?
Daddy can't you tell?
I'm not tryin to fake it
And I ain't the one to blame
No there's no one home
In my house of pain
And I didn't write these pages and
My scripts been rearranged
No there's no one home
In my house of pain
No There's no one home
In my house of pain.
Wasn't I worth the time
A boy needs a daddy like a dance to mime
And all the time, I looked up to you
I paced my room a million times
And all I ever got was one big lie
The same old lie
How could you?
I was eighteen, still talking to myself
Where were you? Where'd you go?
Daddy can't ya tell?
I'm not tryin to fake it
And I ain't the one to blame
No there's no one home
In my house of pain
I didn't write these pages
And my script's been rearranged
No there's no one home
In my house of pain
No there's no one home
In my house of pain

I was eighteen, still talking to myself
Where were you? Where'd you go?
Daddy can't ya tell?
I'm not tryin to fake it
And I ain't the one to blame
No there's no one home
In my house of pain
So I didn't write these pages
And my script's been rearranged
No there's no one home
In my house of pain
no there's no one home
In my house of pain
No there's no one home in my house of pain

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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