

Joe Bonamassa "Dirt In My Pocket"

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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

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