

Ryan Biracree

"Fathers In The Dust"

Visit "[Fathers In The Dust](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The wind is blowin hard outside
There's somethin at the door
Black cats swingin from balconies
Someone's dyin on the floor

An' we're searching for our fathers in the dust
Get a hold get a hold get a hold on
Flyin over mountains
Wave bye bye to the hurricane eye
The black ocean surround the fire

Once I loved a woman
So the story goes
'Don't follow leaders' he said
And still the wind it blows

Wishin for the grassland
And sittin on a hill
A piece of peace
I wish to see
Look out the window sill

An' we're searching for our fathers in the dust
Get a hold get a hold get a hold on
Flyin over mountains
Wave bye bye to the hurricane eye
The black ocean surround the fire

Silver starry burnout
With the fire in the plains
And th' often blueish melody
Of angel still remains

Smilin past the dreamful
Of worlds and fourteen scene
To dream it up
To blow it down
Find beauty at the stream

Let her inÂ...Â...
Let her inÂ...Â...
Smallest in these little rhymes

Let her inÂ...Â...
Let her inÂ...Â...
Â....let her sin

An' we're searching for our fathers in the dust
Get a hold get a hold get a hold on
Flyin over mountains
Wave bye bye to the hurricane eye
The black ocean surround the fire

The sins of our fathers
Make room for our own past
I can't provide
I can't reside
In footsteps made of sand
Can they let me past their shadows
Cowboys on the range
All the roads looked the same before
Am I still in the cage?

An' we're searching for our fathers in the dust
Get a hold get a hold get a hold on
Flyin over mountains
Wave bye bye to the hurricane eye
The black ocean surround the fire

Visit [Ryan Biracree](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.