

Shindig "Dirthouse"

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House is empty windows are broke out
Flames are shootin' out my mind
Trains rollin' down a derailed path
Night air is cold, looks pitch black
Hands on
Hands on the clock, now reached twelve
Hands on

I'm unsettled, and scared as hell

Dirthouse appears and shape and form
Reminds me of the place, I was born
Dirthouse appeals to all that's wrong
Lyn' on the backboards
Thinking of a song for me

Dogs in the yard, Barkin' at a stranger
Hand and knee
I don't believe it's that easy to walk on in
Situation I've been in for so long
So long have I been runnin' away, So long

In this house I was meant to stay

Dirthouse appears and shape and form
Reminds me of the place, I was born
Dirthouse appeals to all that's wrong
Lyn' on the backboards
Thinking of a song for me, Yeah

Deep in the heart of a memory
Lies a connection few can see
Sun comes out breathes on your back
Hands unleashed, Oh the attack
Hands on
Hands on the clock, that's now reached twelve
Hands on

I'm unsettled, and scared as hell

Dirthouse appears and shape and form

Reminds me of the place, I was born
Dirthouse appeals to all that's wrong
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