

My Dad Is Dead "On Holy Ground"

Visit "[On Holy Ground](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This room is full of the smell of blood on my hands.
The player strikes the last move out of his mind.
This game should not have ended with blood on my hands.
The gavel swings and pounds him back to the crime.

Don't ask me. Cause I ain't never been to prison.
Just ask your honor to sort it out.
Don't ask me. Cause I ain't never learned that lesson.
Too busy standing on holy ground.

I smell disaster coming down on my head.
A two week countdown to the end of the line.
Don't bet on this one 'cause you can't beat the spread.
The rope is calling as I start to unwind.

Don't ask me. Cause I ain't never been to prison.
Just ask your honor to sort it out.
Don't ask me. Cause I ain't never learned that lesson.
Too busy standing my holy ground.

This place could fill your dreams.
This place could kill your dreams.

Let's skip the details about this blood on my hands.
The rope is calling me.

Don't ask me. Cause I ain't never been to prison.
Just ask your honor to sort it out.
Don't ask me. Cause I ain't never learned that lesson.
Don't ask me nothing cause I've got nothing to hide.

Visit [My Dad Is Dead](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.