

Slobberbone

"16 Days"

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For sixteen days, I've stayed in this bedroom
And this Indian Summer, It's made me sick
I don't use the phone, I don't write no letters
All I can do is lay here and sweat

And this wretched house, It falls down around me
The air has turned foul, the walls have turned brown
And they rot in the glow of a single light bulb
Once there was paint, now there's just dust

And I don't know why I'm kept a prisoner here
But there's no fear in these eyes
And I don't know why no one talks to me
But it's so clear when you try

She had grace, and a natural beauty
She was a girl raised on a farm
A constant source of disappointment
To both of her folks, and they don't know why

'Cause she had a love for a life she suspected
Lay somewhere else, beyond these crops
But she couldn't speak, and they wouldn't listen
So her dreams lay fallow and hope turned to dust

And I don't know why I'm kept a prisoner here
But there's no fear in these eyes
And I don't know why no one talks to me
But it's so clear when you try

We sit in the yard, on broken-down loungers
Tryin' to grill food on a rusted out grill
Drinkin' a beer and burnin' our fingers
Watching the dog pee on the car

And the trees all look sick now and the grass has
turned brown
And the bird bath's broken, and the fence fallen down
And the gate, it hangs crooked on rusted out hinges
And the heat never leaves when the sun sinks down

And once we had meaning, but now, we're just hollow
Once we felt pain, but now we're just numb
Once there were words, but now there's just glances
And once we were smart but now we're just dumb
just dumb

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