

An Ordinary Son

Black Country Communion

Hold my head up high
Now I see you, drying off your eyes
Four seasons, temper all my pain
And I have been sheltered ... I accept the blame
For the Tumbling Dice
I put my ego aside
With fire and anger
I've shadowboxed you all my life
Bring it on yourself, bring it on me
Wrapped up in a box cause there's nothing left for free
Gonna dig a hole, gonna fall in the dirt
Gonna redeem myself and rise upon the earth
And I feel, like the time has come
All ever wanted, was to be an ordinary son
Know the wounds run deep
But I take solace, knowing that hill is not so steep
Pale white Cigarette, barn full of hay
But I knew I shouldn't have been down there anyway
Gone is the shadow that was cast over
And I Just wanna live in tranquility
And I believe that we will
Overcome
All the courageous
And all the forgiveness
Walk with me
Walk with me
So thank you for tending our survival
Cause I know I took that bread from our table