

## Dirt in My Pocket

Joe Bonamassa

So here's my situation, for all the world to see  
Gone is my innocence, all that's left is me  
Rising up, just to tear me down  
I can be your perfect stranger, but just not now

Insomnia, it drains my life  
Gone is the stranger from a forgotten time  
Fly me out of the windowsill  
No it ain't about my life, and it ain't about my will

Warring superstitions, Joy and inhibitions  
I've been around along time, I can't lie to myself

Dirt in my Pocket, Dirt on my Shoes  
Makes a grown man win again, it's an easy man's Blues  
Dirt on my Conscience, Dirt over you  
Leaves a good man walking, Leads a blind man Blues

Lost in a Daze as I find myself  
Looking for new ways, to find a way out  
Causin' an effect, makes me drown a desire  
Tempted by my fate, of a virgin fire

Warring superstitions, Joy and inhibitions  
I've Been Around a Long time, I can't lie to myself

Dirt in my Pocket's, Dirt on my Shoes  
Makes a grown man win again  
It's a easy man's Blues  
Dirt on my Conscience, Dirt over you  
Leaves a good man walking, it's a blind man's Blues  
Dirt on my Conscience, Dirt over you  
Makes a good man walking, it's a easy man's Blues yeah  
Hey, Dirt in my Pocket Now  
HMMMMMM mmmmmmm