

Down Around My Place

Joe Bonamassa

The radio is busted, down around my place
Every tool is rusted, down around my place
Creeks and rivers dried up, down around my place
My woman's tears are cried up, down around my place

And before there came a flood
Some lost all, even blood
Now the sun and wind have come and left no trace
Down around my place
Down around my place

These hunting grounds were hallowed, down around my place
Exhausted fields lay fallow, down around my place
Kingdoms come and crumble, down around my place
My prayers are merely mumbles, down around my place

And I put my faith in you
Did you make that error too?
Bound to fail that he might show his grace
Down around my place

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They said you wouldn't believe
What a paradise this was
'Til every Adam and Eve, Tom, Dick and Harry
Started fighting for what he loved

So, we fortified the ramparts
And we built the mighty towers
But it was plain to see, we never were free
From the tyranny of the hour

The family graves keep winkin', down around my place
At every thought I'm thinkin', down around my place
While the young ones crowd the table, down around my place
Bitchin' about no cable, down around my place

And my grandpa says,