

The Old Iron Hills

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

What's the cost to pay the piper?
Every note don't come for free
Too busy dancing with the devil
Now it's time to pay the fee

Every good intention laid to waste
I've lost control
Out to make memories, not burn myself alive
Fire breathing caught my eye
I can't stop thinking about it
Until it's time to cross that line

Back to the days where we still say grace
And a man's words all he has
Way down south where they know my name
Homecoming
Headed back to the old iron hills
To the heart of dixieland
I'll heal my wounds back in Birmingham

Keep staring that gift horse in the mouth
He's smiling back at me
For everything I take for granted
There's one thing left for me

Spent my life chasing my dreams
Now that I've caught them
Was it as good as I thought it'd be?