

Holes

Cody Johnson

There's a picture frame hangin' at the end of the hall
Pile of dust on the floor where my fist met the drywall
That's my MO, leavin' something broke everywhere I go
Holes There's a rusty old truck door sittin' in a field
That I filled full of buckshot every time i got
Mad at something over nothing didn't matter at all
Holes In my life, down in my bones
From my heart, to my soul
There's a lonely space on the big brass bed where we first made love
And she laid head on my shoulder before I told it was over
Holes There's a million conversations with my old man
'Bout who he was, and who I am
That I never had, I just wouldn't listen
I just kept digging myself down in 'em holes in my life Down in my bones
From my heart, to my soul
Holes Well I woke up today, put the shovel down
Stepped out of my haze, took a look around
Saw a ray of light shining through the clouds
So I climbed out
And I let it shine
Down in my bones
From my heart, right through my soul
Through all my holes
Through all these holes

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