

Story of a Quarryman

Joe Bonamassa

Gonna buy me a bucket and a hammer of nails
Board up the windows and head for the trails
And that's what I get for sticking my chin out
Well a kick in the teeth and a mind full of doubt

I brought this on for my own hands
The precious disgrace from my own hands
If I could freeze time in my own hands
Story of a quarryman

Left my home with the shirt on my back
Built my empire on a dry haystack
To break it down a one by one
And back in Cali and tired and alone

I brought this on by my own hands
The precious disgrace from my own hand
If I could freeze time in my own hands
Story of a quarryman

Traces of life blowing in the sand
The cornerstone of my piece of dry land
So hand me that hop and some of that wine
I'll drink you away by the end of this line

I brought this on by my own hands
The precious disgrace from my own hands
If I could freeze time in my own hands
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