

## An Ordinary Son

### Black Country Communion

Hold my head up high  
Now I see you, drying off your eyes  
Four seasons, temper all my pain  
And I have been sheltered ... I accept the blame  
For the Tumbling Dice  
I put my ego aside  
With fire and anger  
I've shadowboxed you all my life  
Bring it on yourself, bring it on me  
Wrapped up in a box cause there's nothing left for free  
Gonna dig a hole, gonna fall in the dirt  
Gonna redeem myself and rise upon the earth  
And I feel, like the time has come  
All ever wanted, was to be an ordinary son  
Know the wounds run deep  
But I take solace, knowing that hill is not so steep  
Pale white Cigarette, barn full of hay  
But I knew I shouldn't have been down there anyway  
Gone is the shadow that was cast over  
And I Just wanna live in tranquility  
And I believe that we will  
Overcome  
All the courageous  
And all the forgiveness  
Walk with me  
Walk with me  
So thank you for tending our survival  
Cause I know I took that bread from our table