

# Shadows (feat. Joshua Hedley)

## Yelowolf

Memories of shadow's haunt me,  
From the years when I was young,  
Things that used to terrify me,  
Are the things, That I've become, There's a dark moon in the clouds,  
Misty fog in the swamp,  
Crickets chirping outside my window; the water it thumps,  
In the bathroom sink down the hall,  
The lights flicker sometimes,  
The wind is howling-  
The dogs are growling way deep in the pines,  
A passing car on the distant road, The only thing running  
Nightmares in my sleep, The Sandman is coming  
I see the ghost in the red cloak,  
The shadows are taking shape,  
The sound of a faint voice, lost and full of hate,  
Dry leaves crumble under the feet of the Reaper,  
The limbs tap on my window, like the nails of a creature,  
Tales of goblins and fairies,  
A sacrifice on the prairie,  
A murderer that escaped, I'm disillusioned and weary,  
Lightning strikes on the hill,  
Illuminating the cabin,  
The old man on the porch, evil and quietly laughing,  
surrounded by demons,  
I'm an angel and they all want me,  
And to this day,  
Memories of shadow's haunt me,  
From the years when I was young,  
Things that used to terrify me,  
Are the things, That I've become, Cigarette butts, and oil stains on the dying grass,  
The smell of the liquor, rising up from the broken glass  
The crowds of black leather, The heat from the engines,  
Motorcycles and Goons, Bearded men and loud women,  
The crackling paint, The old shack with the swinging light,  
The Heroin needles passing, Open in plain sight,  
Ozzy and Black Sabbath, The vinyl is skipping,  
From the fight in the kitchen,  
Blood screaming and kicking,  
Smoke fills up the sky, Gasoline on the trash heap,  
The mattress is burning, I hear it popping and snapping,  
The rain soaked teddy bear, so heavy I can't lift it,  
The flask for the moonshine, I watch as they all sip it,

The Halloween pumpkin candle lit with a Pentagram,  
The Grandfather Clock, with a broken minute hand,  
Surrounded by thieves, killers,  
Thugs and some junkies,  
And to this day,  
Memories of shadow's haunt me,  
From the years when I was young,  
Things that used to terrify me,  
Are the things, That I've become, I throw on my leather jacket, a collection of biker patches,  
One of them says savage, The other one Black Sabbath,  
Heavily tatted, barely any skin left,  
Whiskey bent after twelve,  
I'm always playing with death,  
Bullet shells in my yard, Loaded gun on the shelf,  
Run the roads like a wolf, through the whole Bible Belt,  
Rattlesnake skin boots, Toes up on the chopper,  
Fifty Harleys behind me, They all ready to slaughter,  
Drunk in front of my sons,  
Drunk in front of my daughter,  
Spit, cuss, and I yell,  
It's like a one-sided quarter,  
'Cause I'm only heads up. no matter which way you flip it,  
No brake lights in my life, I'm either rich or evicted,  
Committed to my convictions,  
Committed crimes with the quitters,  
Connected to my religion, The religion of sinners,  
Send a prayer to god,  
Exhaling smoke off the Meth pipe,  
Like puddles reflecting the ripples echo to next life,  
So here I am standing just like the ashes that fell from the fire,  
A seed that fell off that poisonous and forgotten flower,  
Became my own nightmare,  
But now I think it's charming,  
Especially when, Memories of shadow's haunt me,  
From the years when I was young,  
Things that used to terrify me,  
Are the things, That I've become

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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