

# Old Dominion

## Enon

Hey you, come on over here

You've just been chosen

Break through, let go of your fear

Don't be so frozen

You look so lonely

You lost and only

Your pulls and vices

Now what kind of dog would shake his business at a  
tree?

He didn't have to piss the cop; you know he did have to  
pee

He wags it in the air and says I wish that I could stay

Then he points you in a direction and goes the other  
way.

Let's speak with more tense

White sheets and roaches

Contained in silence

Climbing on the fencing

Going over there

What kind of woman would make her fortress out of

straw,

Filled with fancy decorations and a matching open bar?

She grabs you by the hand and begs you won't you come

and stay

Then she lays the fuse and lights it blows it all away

Black suits are motives

Black soot and votives

Fresh meat for market

Flies and all the insects

Going over there

Retire to another room

And replace the sound

The lost and found

And often knew that you would do

It's a broken star though you won't get far

Hey you, come on over here.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>

