

Abigail Washburn "Chains"

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Carried on a fire
Like a spark in black smoke
To a place where no one spoke his name

Burning black
Expectations
Could a destination make his name

Running out of time standing still
Something's gotta change or nothing will
You gotta leave your home rattle all your bones
And shake off of your chains
All of your chains... 4x

New to an old town
But a town that knew him
She could stare right through his youthful face

Morning came
A cool collector
And the more and more she took she took the less he
gave

Running out of time standing still
Something's gotta change or nothing will
You gotta leave your home rattle all your bones
And shake off of your chains
All of your chains... 4x

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