

Chris Smither "So Long"

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To see me now you would never think to wonder,
How near we were to sinkin' under,
For so long,
But now I'm gone,
So long.

The truth be told, I think my soul was stuck in amber,
Like a chip for weary gamblers,
For so long.
But now I'm gone,
So long.

CHORUS

See me, I'm a sailor now,
Sail on, sail on,
Dark skies seem paler now,
I'm gone, so long

The steady hand that every beggar holds his bowl in,
Was what we took for steady rollin'
For so long,
But now I'm gone,
So long.

CHORUS

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