

Shooter Jennings

"The Long Road Ahead"

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Mother may bell's in a a quiet hell. I hear a gun and a
heart and sley
Bells.I'd say things have changed quite a bit, since I
was young and mother
Didn't give a shhh. I can't be saved it's too late, but with
a little help
I might concentrate, long enough to start believing just
to make sure your
Still breathing. (chorus) no time for the broken hearted,
got to finish
Just what we started. The only promise to the pour
departed, is that they
Wind up dead. Just as sure as holy violence, we starve
our songs in
Silence, were all looking for a little guidance down the
long road there's
A cold breeze through city streets, blows leaves like
dreams neath busy
Somewhere in an easy chair. Somebody's momma
crying, cause baby ain't
There. My baby's so lazy like to Lay around... Drive me
crazy.

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