

Shooter Jennings

"The Song Is Still Slippin' Away"

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With a bag, a bottle, and this old guitar
In the back of some bus, on the road
I'm living the high life with nothing to show
But a love that's letting me go

Chorus:

And your heroes turn out to be assholes,
And the light that your chasin'
In the tunnel, is a train
The singer's in key, the guitar's in tune,
But the song is still slippin' away

The lights of the city paint a stage in the night
And there's two hearts are breakin' time
Wild horses are cursed with their freedom in mind
And the hunger left burning inside

Chorus:

And your heroes turn out to be assholes,
And the light in the tunnel
That your chasin', is a train
The singer's in key, the guitar's in tune,
But the song is still slippin' away

And slowly nothing else matters
as the black and the white, become gray...

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