

# Still Life

**Bryan White**

Out on the porch swing like some old painting  
He seems like he don't move at all  
And somewhere a bell rings and he's just remembering  
The last time that she ever called  
He picks up the phone and he says to the dial tone "It's still life without you and I still hold on  
What it feels like you can't go by that  
It's still life, still life without you" The chances were given to get on with livin'  
The truth is that he never tried  
And no one ever sees him, most folks don't even  
Remember which one of 'em died  
But he still denies it, he closes his eyes and It's still life without you and I still hold on  
What it feels like you can't go by that  
It's still life, still life without you  
Oh, still life, still life without you

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