Shipwrecked in the Eighties

Kris Kristofferson

Well you fight like the devil to just keep your head above water
Chained to whatever you got that you can't throw away
And you're shootin' through space on this river of life that you're ridin'
And it's whirling and sucking you deeper on down every day
So you turn to your trusty old partner to share some old feelings
And you find to your shock that your faithful companion is gone
And the truth slowly dawns that you're lost and alone in deep water
And you don't even know how much longer there is to go on
[harmonica]
Like an old Holy Bible you clung to through so many seasons
With the rules of survival in words you could still understand
When they prove something wrong you believed in so long you go crazy
And you're so close to folding the cards that you hold in your hand
Singing Holy Toledo I can't see the light anymore
All those horizon that I used to guide me are gone
And the darkness is driving me farther away from the shore
Throw me a rhyme or a reason to try to go on

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