The Trench

Chuck Ragan

Looked into the sky, walked another mile.
Watching snowfall take its time to the ground,
To bury this town.Yeah, one step at a time walking on the line.
Laid in the dirt of the pigs,
The saints and the clowns know 'em all too well.Yeah, we already made our bed to lay our head to rest.
And we drove every nail in that old coffin for the trench.Looked into the sky, walked another mile.
Cutting losses till my arm's dead tired.
Nothing to admire.Yeah, one step at a time walking on the line.
Cut through the thick and thin on the way to hell,
Know it all to well.Yeah, we already made our bed to lay our head to rest.
And we drove every nail of that old coffin for the trench.
Yeah, we already made our bed to lay our head to rest.
And we drove every nail of that old coffin for the trench.

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