Chapter 2

Vince Gill

Pull out the same and I'm sitting out of this one
The bloated pet, wringing out his own tongue
Stealing tracks that we would have followed out of here
You're stealing fractions from a whole that disappearsAnd the talk everybody wants a coup
But you start it, someone else and I'll recoup
Sell the stream, the source is turning into mud
And tell the valleys, nothings turning far enoughBetween the wreck there's heaven sent
Between the choice I'd rather have
And at the end a chapter goes
And now the finish is the startBetween the wreck there's heaven sent
Between the choice I'd rather have
And at the end a chapter goes
And now the finish is the startThe fire spits everybody's talking low
We won't go away, not until your body's cold
If one by one the pillars fall away
The floor floats like a rayBetween the wreck there's heaven sent
Between the choice I'd rather have
And at the end a chapter goes
And now the finish is the startBetween the wreck there's heaven sent
Between the choice I'd rather have
And at the end a chapter goes
And now the finish is the startWhy is the finish now the start?
Why is the finish now the start?Roll the timing back for herBetween the wreck there's heaven sent
(Back for her)
Between the choice I'd rather have
(Back for her)
And at the end a chapter goes
(Back for her)
And now the, and now the, and now the finish is the start

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