

Deacon Ain't Dead Yet

Jared Hart

You're afraid to trust the seasons
And you're blinded by the treasons
Will you wait, oh will you wait
While the vultures pick your bones?
Or will you finally send them home
To the place they now belong? Shoplifter and her mister
I get the feeling that you more than miss her
Shoplifter and her mister
I'm sure she's hoping you don't
You're not sick and tired
You're tired of taking shit
You've got time on your side
You better make it quick you know
It's a long damn road to Nashville Got the world in a spyglass
Still fly your flags at half mast
Will you wait, oh will you wait
'Til you're the last sad soul in sight?
Will you push them all aside?
Until you know you won't survive Shoplifter and her mister
I get the feeling that you more than miss her
Shoplifter and her mister
I'm sure she's hoping you don't
You're not sick and tired
You're tired of taking shit
You've got time on your side
You better make it quick you know
It's a long damn road to Nashville I got the feeling that we're dealing with broken men
I get the feeling that she's kneeling in wet cement Shoplifter and her mister
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