

# The Song Is Still Slipping Away

Shooter Jennings

1, 2, 3

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With a bag, a bottle and this old guitar  
In the back of some bus on the road  
I'm living the high life with nothing to show  
But a love that's letting me go  
Your heroes turn out to be assholes  
The light that you're chasing in the tunnel is a train  
The singer's in key, the guitars in tune  
But the song is still slipping away  
And the lights of the city paint a stage in the night  
For two hearts breaking in time  
And wild horses are cursed with their freedom in mind  
And a hunger left burning inside  
Your heroes turn out to be assholes  
And the light in the tunnel that you're chasing is a train  
The singer's in key, the guitars in tune  
But the song is still slipping away  
Then slowly nothing else matters  
As the white and the black become gray

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