

The Song Is Still Slipping Away

Shooter Jennings

1, 2, 3

1, 2, 3 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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