

Bryan White, Still Life

Out on the porch swing
Like some old painting
He seems like he don't move at all
And somewhere a bell rings
And he's just remembering
The last time that she ever called
He picks up the phone
And he says to the dial tone

Chorus:
It's still life without you
And I still hold on
What it feels like
You can't go by that
It's still life...still life without you

The chances were given
To get on with livin'
The truth is that he never tried
And no one ever sees him
Most folks don't even
Remember which one of 'em died
But he still denies it...
He closes his eyes and...

REPEAT CHORUS

Oh, still life...still life without you

Out on the porch swing
Like some old painting
He seems like he don't move at all