

# Firewater, Hold On, Slow John

All the locks are broken  
Everything's been stolen  
Hold on, Slow John  
All she left you was a slogan

Now your heart is breaking  
Lonesome and forsaken  
Hold on, Slow John  
There's always a chance  
For the taking  
Hey now, two is a crowd  
Plus that's what you get  
For dogging around

Nothing I can say to you  
Will return her grace to you  
Nothing I can do for you now  
Remember when you couldn't wait  
To get out of the starting gate  
Well, that all seems like history now

Trucks along the highway  
No one's going your way  
Inside a crippled car  
Celebrate stars  
You wonder if anyone's noticed  
You're gone  
So hold on, Slow John  
There's no getting used  
To the taste of a gun

Looking for the silver lining  
Where's the fucking happy ending  
Words reverberate and then decay  
There's no need to say you're sorry  
Cause you know that she ain't sorry  
She just shut the door and walked away