

# Shooter Jennings, The Song Is Still Slipping Away

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  
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  
The lights of the city paint a stage in the night  
For two hearts breaking in time  
Wild horses are cursed with their freedom in mind  
And a hunger left burning inside