

Butch Walker, Closer To The Truth And Further From The Sky

Ribbons went flying out the window
As we drove down the interstate
Sex was something so brand new
It was hard as hell to wait

She made faces at the goddamn rednecks
And said "Look at you boy, you must worship Satan"
Just because I had the same long hair
As the Jesus in all their paintings

Every church just made me scared
Of words like servant and faith and congregation
In a world with so many answers left
Why do I need so many explanations
To get closer to the truth and further from the sky

And the static sings the speakers
Like a thousand hymns of inspiration
The road just winds through the canyon
Like a big black snake headed for salvation
And I'm getting closer to the truth and further from the sky

A roadside venue with paper menus
In a town that forgot its own name
We were hungry for anything that had a pulse
As we freed ourselves from the rain
There's a disgruntled metalhead playing guitar
For a pop singer up on the screen
With his guitar held high and his head held low
He just wants a chance to be seen

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Well he tells me at the bar
That he's on his last leg
That he used to have it all in his hands
That the girls don't think much of him these days
It's just hard for him to understand
Cause he's a little bit older and a little bit thin
But he's still got his heart in a sling
And we paid for the drinks and the bartender drinks
And it couldn't be more late, yeah we're all so late

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