

Pam Tillis, Draggin' My Chains

My eyes may be hollow
My face may be pale
I may just be a shadow of my former self
But tonight the ghost of heartaches past
Is steppin' into town
Gonna haunt the places where we used to hang around

Draggin' my chains
Draggin' my chains
I'm movin' in slow motion but it's motion just the same
Pulling the weight of yesterday's pain
I may not be free yet, but
I'm draggin' my chains

Some chains are made of gold
Some chains are made of steel
Just 'cause you can't see these chains
Don't mean they're not real
Until I find the weakest line in your memory
I'll be a prisoner of love tryin' to break free

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