

# 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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