

Closer To The Truth And Further From The Sky

Butch Walker

Ribbons are 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.
She 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
Serve 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.
And the road just winds through the canyon like,
A big black snake heading for salvation and I'm getting closer to the truth
And further from the sky.

Roadside venue with that paper their menu's
In a town that forgot it's 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.

And the static sings the speakers like
A thousand Hymns of inspiration.
And the road just winds through the canyon like,
A big black snake heading for salvation and I'm getting closer to the truth
And further from the sky.

Whoaaaaaa....oh....Whoaaaaaa....

Well he tells me at the bar that he's on his last leg
That he used to have it all in his hands.
And the girls don't think much of him these days.
Which is 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,
YEA WE'RE ALL SO LATE.

Cause the static sings the speakers like
A thousand Hymns of inspiration.
And the road just winds through the canyon like,
A big black snake heading for salvation and I'm getting closer to the truth
And further from the sky.

Whoaaaaaa.....oh.....Whoaaaaaa.....
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