

# We're All in This Together

Old Crow Medicine Show

Well my friends, I see your face so clearly  
Little bit tired, little worn through the years  
You sound nervous, you seem alone  
I hardly recognize your voice on the telephone

In between I remember  
Just before bound-up, broken-down  
We drive out to the edge of the highway  
Follow that lonesome dead-end roadside south

We're all in this thing together  
Walkin' the line between faith and fear  
This life don't last forever  
When you cry I taste the salt in your tears

Well my friend, let's put this thing together  
And walk the path with worn out feet of trial  
'Cause if you wanted we can go home forever  
Give up your jaded ways, spell your name to God

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All the hour there's a picture in a mirror  
Fancy shoes to grace our feet  
All there is is a slow road to freedom  
Heaven above and the devil beneath

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