

The Long Road Ahead

Shooter Jennings

Mother may bell's in a a quiet hell.
I hear a gun and a heart and slay bells.
I'd say things have changed quite a bit,
Since I was young and mother didn't give a shhh.
I can't be saved it's too late,
But with a little help I might concentrate,
Long enough to start believing just to make sure your still breathing.

No time for the broken hearted,
Got to finish just what we started.
The only promise to the poor departed,
Is that they wind up dead.
Just as sure as holy violence,
We starve our songs in silence,
Were all looking for a little guidance
Down the long road ahead

There's a cold breeze through city streets,
Blows leaves like dreams neath busy
somewhere in an easy chair.
Somebody's momma crying, cause baby ain't there.
My baby's so lazy like to lay around... Drive me crazy

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