

# Butch Walker, Closer To The Truth And Further From The Sky

Ribbons went 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  
And 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 servant 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  
The road just winds through the canyon  
Like a big black snake headed for salvation  
And I'm getting closer to the truth and further from the sky

A roadside venue with paper menus  
In a town that forgot its 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

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Well he tells me at the bar  
That he's on his last leg  
That he used to have it all in his hands  
That the girls don't think much of him these days  
It's just 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, yeah we're all so late

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