

Firewater, Hold On, Slow John

All the locks are broken
Everything's been stolen
Hold on, Slow John
All she left you was a slogan

Now your heart is breaking
Lonesome and forsaken
Hold on, Slow John
There's always a chance
For the taking
Hey now, two is a crowd
Plus that's what you get
For dogging around

Nothing I can say to you
Will return her grace to you
Nothing I can do for you now
Remember when you couldn't wait
To get out of the starting gate
Well, that all seems like history now

Trucks along the highway
No one's going your way
Inside a crippled car
Celebrate stars
You wonder if anyone's noticed
You're gone
So hold on, Slow John
There's no getting used
To the taste of a gun

Looking for the silver lining
Where's the fucking happy ending
Words reverberate and then decay
There's no need to say you're sorry
Cause you know that she ain't sorry
She just shut the door and walked away