

Years Slip Away

Axe

I'm a whisky tenor from a small southern town
Spent a couple years up and a lot more years down
I played every beer joint from New York to LA
But nobody warned me how the years slip away

I played the streets in the city when times got too hard
Thinking, "How did I get here and survive that fall?"
I feel useless and used up, just a little bit small
And I stare with confusion at gold records on my wall

I played my music and magic filled the air
Joy and laughter were any easy thing to share
But now I'm sittin' here with so much left to say
But nobody warned me how the years slip away

I played my music and magic filled the air
And joy and laughter were any easy thing to share
Now I'm sittin' here with so much more to say
But nobody warned me how the years slip away

I played for my brothers as they went off to war
And over their bodies when they could give no more
I sang songs of their triumphs, their heartaches and fears
And I wrapped my songs around them like a flag drenched in tears

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