

I'm Never Letting You Go

Ron Pope

Three hundred seventeen miles from flagstaff, losing what's left of my mind.

Live like a junky, gypsy trade when chasing a ghost I can't find.

The desert is burning and hope, man she whispers at night like a trembling flame.

And I am afraid of the demon inside me the monster that runs through my veins.

Oh, oh oh... I'm never letting you go [x2]

The tracks that I ride on were laid down before me by men who became something else,

Nashville and Memphis they ground them to ashes and cast them as angels from hell.

And I'm not afraid of the day that I'll die, and I can't say that I've ever been,

Just thoughts of the woman that I leave behind that made me repent for my sins.

Oh, oh oh... I'm never letting you go [x4]

Oh, oh oh... I'm never letting you go [x4]