

# Chains

Abigail Washburn

Carried on a fire  
Like a spark in black smoke  
To a place where no one spoke his name

Burning black  
Expectations  
Could a destination make his name

Running out of time standing still  
Something's gotta change or nothing will  
You gotta leave your home rattle all your bones  
And shake off of your chains  
All of your chains... 4x

New to an old town  
But a town that knew him  
She could stare right through his youthful face

Morning came  
A cool collector  
And the more and more she took she took the less he gave

Running out of time standing still  
Something's gotta change or nothing will  
You gotta leave your home rattle all your bones  
And shake off of your chains  
All of your chains... 4x