

## 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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Nobody warned me how the years slip away