

Good Ol' Days

Miranda Lambert

Oh southern breeze
Knock me to my knees
I believe you're the only one who can
The religious and the rest
They've all tried their best
Well I guess somethings you just don't understand
Oh Lord when will the road run out?
I'm on the road but I'm in doubt
and I don't know why still I second guess my pace
If I stand to lose from winning
To find the truth I'm willing
To start back at the beginning of the good ol' days
The good ol' days
Oh southern pines
Reaching for the sky
I'm convinced that I can fly
Beneath your shade
Oh and it's all overdue
Spending time just me and you
Mmm the pulpit and pew where I was saved
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