

## Anyhow

Amy Ray

That ol Copperhead, he's hung for sure  
With half of its being in the jaw of my cur  
The other half waving its head in the dirt  
With just enough venom to do some hurt  
I can't save it now, so I watch it die  
And I thank the Lord for better times  
Little Box Turtle on the side of the road  
Half of its shell is gone and broke  
The other half got where it was going  
It made just enough road to keep it hoping  
I can't save it now, so I watch it die  
And I thank the Lord for better times  
Maybe we'll write  
Maybe we'll call  
Maybe we'll fall in love again  
I can't save it now, so I watch it die  
And I thank the Lord for every time  
Half of my life is gone for sure  
The other half-God willing occurs  
With just enough left to hope and hurt  
And just enough sense to know  
There are some things that I can't save now  
But I thank the Lord anyhow