

Waverly

Brandon Heath

There by the water side
I kissed the neighbor girl and made her cry
So I grabbed a rope there hanging from a tree
And swung myself right in

Damp in the summer night
I hid behind the tracks of our old train
I held on every breath until it came
And screamed into the sky

Life in the Country
Sweet memory
The simple kid far from the city
Is still the best of me

Way on down the dusty road
Spinning Red and white is a barber sign
Where old man Junis he would spit and shine
For a nickel to his name

Life in the Country
Sweet memory
The simple kid far from the city
Is still the best of me

Bright cast the wooden wall
Around the church where Sunday bells would ring
The second pew is where I learned to sing
Jesus loves me still

Life in the Country
Sweet memory
The simple kid far from the city
Is still the best of me