

She was a west coast ray of sunshine
Soap opera watching queen
She loved old clocks, drank her wine from a box
Had a thousand little figurines

Taught me how to put my makeup on
Give my hair the perfect tease
I remember her telling me girl don't go wearing
Your heart out on your sleeve

And it mattered to her that I grew up good
With some self respect like any woman should
Proud of my roots but chasing great big dreams
No there ain't a day that goes by now that
I ain't trying to make my grandma proud
What matters the most from all those years I had her
Was I knew I mattered

She had a thing for June & Johnny
A knack for sneakin' Marlboro Reds
She perfected the perfect cinnamon toast
I still taste that buttered white bread

She had grace and grit and the patience of job
And when life went off the tracks
She gave and she gave and she never complained
Didn't matter if she got it back

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Everytime I sing ring of fire
I can see her smile
Everytime I see a butterfly
It's like I'm sitting with her for a little while

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