

Julia

Colony House

I hear many beautiful songs but the chords that I strum cannot carry them
Notes falling in the wind
I see many beautiful works turn to ashes and dirt
And I bury them
Deeper than a memory
I dream many wonderful things but I never can seem to remember them
Except for the girl I could never forget
Julia Julia Julia Julia
Not a girl in the whole wide world as beautiful as Julia Julia
Julia Julia Julia
Nothing better in the whole wide world than to be loved by Julia
Her hand in the palm of my hand makes me feel like I am who I say I am
I hold it closer than a memory
Her voice is the sound that I hear when I start to disappear into the noise again
I hear her calling in the wind
Her eyes like a Tennessee sunrise color in the clouds I'm living in
Once you have seen it you never forget
Julia Julia Julia Julia
Not a girl in the whole wide world as beautiful as Julia Julia
Julia Julia Julia
Nothing better in the whole wide world than to be loved by Julia
Oh Julia Oh Julia
Not a girl in the whole wide world as beautiful
Oh Julia
Nothing better in the whole wide world than to be loved by Julia
No nothing better in the whole wide world than to be loved by Julia
No not a girl in the whole wide world as beautiful as Julia