

4/4 Time

Colter Wall

Leanin' on a T-post
My eyes up on the sky
When I'm meant
To be splicing broken wire
The meadowlark is singing
Her old familiar tune
Her melody surpasses
That of mine

And how could I try now to sing a song
When the good Lord's smallest creature
Can croon it out so strong?
And I shouldn't be comparing
His handiwork with mine
But I hope the Lord don't mind 4/4 time

Later on that evening
Just banging down the road
Sun beds down to kiss
The plains goodnight
The air takes on a coolness
The west wind starts to blow
It's pushing up the rainclouds into sight

And how could I try now to tell a tale
When the sky tells three each morning
And evening without fail?
And I shouldn't be comparing
His handiwork with mine
But I hope the Lord don't mind 4/4 time
Yes, I hope the Lord don't mind 4/4 time