Standing Here

Colter Wall

I'm just standing here
Looking out my window
Wondering if it's ever gonna rain

I'm just standing here
Listening to the wind blow
Beating on my walls and on my brain

And I'm just crying here
Crying for my country
Somewhere we got lost along the way

And I'm not preaching here
But, Lord, ain't it funny?
The whole worlds talkin' but no one's saying a thing

I'm just hiding out
From all them music people
I'm sure they'd all claim to be my friends
But I'm not lying now
They'd sell me for a nickle
In my future or my pasture, they ain't welcome in

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