

The Little I Know

Dave Barnes

The little I know, thought I'd live in California
Maybe not to settle down, for a season anyway
The little I know, thought some time beside the ocean
Might help what I was hoping for, the things too hard to say

Now it's like the angels singing
It's as gentle as the rain
I hear they come in generations
When she calls my name

The little I know, swore I'd be a preacher
Sermons in a southern town
Where the leaves don't ever change
But dreams don't stay the same

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