

It Takes Time

Drake White

There's a man in the mountains of east Tennessee
With three generations of makin' that gentleman's drink
He pours in his soul and then the corn from his land
And he let's that old clock do what only what it can

We were kids when I met her
And I quit that small town
A handful of years later oh just look at her now
Just like that whiskey she grew strong and smooth
And ole father time he knew just what to do

It takes time, you can't rush right through this life
Time, no a crop don't grow overnight
Time you gotta put the work in to get it right
Woah, Lord it just takes time

A bird dropped a seed and it bloomed in the woods
It took to 200 years to fall from where it stood
It took the hands of a maker and the sweat from his brow
To make that tree this guitar that I'm playing now
It takes time you can't rush your way right through this life
Time, No a crop don't grow overnight
You gotta put the work in to get it right

Oh it just takes time
Yea time time time

To make that tree this guitar that I'm playing now
It takes time you can't rush your way right through this life
Time, No a crop don't grow overnight
Time, You gotta put the work in to get it right

Ohhhh it just takes time
Ohhhh it just takes time
Ohhhh it just takes time
Yaaa time, time, time, time