

Miracle

Drew Holcomb & The Neighbors

Red door, blue jeans
Lights up in the backyard
Fireflies, dance outside
Chasing down the twilight

It's a miracle
It's a miracle, hey

Radio, open windows
Brothers on a Friday night

It's a miracle

There are no worries
Just the sweet, sweet smells of wine
Visions of Sunday
Put castles in the sky

But Sunday came and went
I still miss that scent
Of my imagination
The memories, visions and dreams

Gah, gah, gah, gah
Gah, gah, gah, gah
Gah, gah, gah, gah
Gah, gah, gah, gah

It's a miracle
It's a miracle
It's a miracle
It's a miracle, hey