

Baptized

Elvie Shane

Paradise ain't streets of gold
It's piney hills and winding roads
And anywhere I get to go with you
On southern summer Sunday nights
With stars slow dancing in your eyes
It's tempting, trying, tantalizing proof

If this ain't heaven on earth
Not sure what heaven is worth
I damn sure ain't in a hurry to get there
If there ain't moments like this
Lost in the rush of your kiss
Found in the touch of your skin
Out somewhere
Down that same wild creek road
Where sins get set afloat
Washed by the want in your eyes
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There ain't a soul for miles around
Out here we lay those halos down
This holler feels like higher ground
It's holy how you hold me now

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