

Maybe

Faron Young

Standin' in the field lookin' at a small dark cloud above my head

And the cloud is blockin' out the sun and fillin' up my mind with things I've read

Everything is bright as summer in my little tiny world of space
All except the one small memory that my mind just won't erase

Maybe she'll be needin' her some time to do some thinkin'

Maybe she'll be wantin' to be free

And maybe on a cold and rainy day in the winter

Maybe she'll be comin' back to me

It's not like a normal land to let this thing keep hangin' in my brain

I have given it the time it needs the hill so it won't come back again

But every time I come back to this little spot that we called our place

The small dark cloud comes back to block the sun that is shinin' on my face

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