

Something To Love

Jason Isbell

I hope you find something to love
Something to do when you feel like giving up
A song to sing or a tale to tell
Something to love, it'll serve you well

I was born in a tiny southern town
I grew up with all my family around
We made music on the porch on Sunday nights
Old man with an old guitar smoking Winston Lights

Old women harmonizing with the wind
Singing softly to the savior like a friend
They taught me how to make the chords and sing the words
I'm still singing like that great speckled bird

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Tonight we're lying on a blanket in the yard
The wind is cold the sky is dark and the ground is hard
But your momma loves to count the stars at night
So if I get a little chill that's alright

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You were born on a hot late summer day
We turned you loose and tried to stay out of your way
Don't quite recognize the world you call home
Just find what makes you happy girl and do it 'til you're gone

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