

God in Everything

Jess Williamson

The boys back home all worship Dylan and Townes
And they're at Justine's 'cause it's after hours
They'll drink from your peaches, they come into your house
So tired from the workday, babe, I just need to lay down

Well, I see god in everything from my window to the breeze
In his bedroom by the candlelight when I'm down on my knees
When I look in the mirror, I kinda look like you
When I'm saying my prayers, I still bleed with the moon
Guess I'm going my own way too

There's never any shortage of the women in boots
With their long hair in tassels, Lord, they got nothing to lose
Did you see or appreciate the wisdom in me?
Was I something for you to play with, did I say the wrong things?
Did you notice how I serve my tea?

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