

# 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 thing  
s?  
Did you notice how I serve my tea?

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