

2 Rocking Chairs

Jon Bellion

I built them with my own two hands
I carved your name in one
And my name in the other
I built them with my own two hands
They're over there
Two rocking chairs

Leaves fall
Rains dries
Snow melts
Fame dies
Four words, simply
Grow old with me

And when the day comes
When we can't walk no more
We'll have two seats on my front porch
I'll still call you young girl
So young girl, rock with me

I built them with my own two hands
I carved your name in one
And my name in the other
I built them with my own two hands
They're over there
Two rocking chairs

No watch
No time
Just life
In your eyes
Four words, simply
Grow old with me

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When we can't walk no more
We'll have two seats on my front porch
I'll still call you young girl
So young girl, rock with me

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