

# Inheritance

Jon Foreman

I remember when we first started  
Those Tennessee summer nights  
From your little Brentwood apartment  
With 10 cent wings for the drive  
We fell in love long distance  
Back in the payphone times  
We didn't have nothing to offer each other  
Except for the rest of our lives

And our home was our story  
Yeah our home was our story alone

Your heart is a work of art  
I wanna be rich in memories not money  
Our love is our inheritance honey  
We've come so far  
I wanna be rich in memories not money  
Our love is our inheritance  
Our inheritance honey

I was working up a conversation  
But I didn't know how to start  
Cause I didn't think you had the patience  
And I didn't think you had the heart  
I was looking for salvation in the desert convent stars  
And our dead-end communication was only driving us a part

Yeah so what are the chances that we survive  
Even fall in love a second time  
Honey you and I we got the storyline of a lifetime

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Our inheritance honey

Yeah our inheritance honey

And our home is our story  
Yeah our world's always rearranging  
Everytime we go on tour  
We grew up as slow as we wanted too honey  
But we're not the kids that we were

I can still remember that first sunrise  
Holding you near me for the first time

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