

One Of Those Things

Jon Wolfe

It might be sunset red across the sky
Paintin' up blue like neon lights
Or the sound of a newborn baby cryin'
One of those summer Sundays, dinner on the ground
A long slow rain in the middle of a drought
Morning songbirds
And her

She's one of those things
That fill up your heart
Light up the dark
Every move is like a work of art
She's one of those things
A miracle, a mystery
The kind that keep on savin' me
And make a heart just sing
She's one of those things
She's one of those things

The moon pullin' up waves and sand
A way too close and a real slow dance
The silver streak behind a shooting star
The smell of roses when you make the time
The radio up on a road that winds
I love you without a word
And her

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