

Just Like Yesterday

Kasey Chambers

Under labels of dirty sounds and heroes
there's your name written in stone.
And I can hear steel guitars playing
and it sounds like someone that I've known.

I've no shoes under me to stand on,
but my feet feel concrete on the ground.
And thanks to you, my father understands me.
Boy, you sure know how to turn the world around.

And me, I'm from a small town.
But I've been spending most my time away
and I still hear you every time the wind blows
and it sounds just like yesterday.

And there's no wall of steel wrapped around me.
There's no hand that holds me when I fall.
And all my years of hearing you reminds me,
the feeling that it's not the worst of all.

And now sometimes, you're the last thing I think of
cause I try not to think much anymore.
And thanks to you, I sometimes understand me
but I wonder what the understanding's for.

And me, I'm from a small town.
But I've been spending most my time away
and I still hear you every time the wind blows
and it sounds just like yesterday.
I still hear you everytime the wind blows...
it sounds just like yesterday (yesterday).