

All These Things

Lori McKenna

I could be the smile that you find in your morning bed
I could be the clay in your hands
You could be the laugh that I get in the kitchen chair
Making up the day's grand plans
I could be the bird leading you to your blue sky
You could be the breath in the wings
You could be the love
That I thought I'd never find
Baby we could be all these things

I could be a prayer when you need one
You could be the day
That's unseasonably warm
In the middle of the coldest winter

You could be the street light on a crooked road
I could be the easy way home
You could be a blanket
Backseat vintage car
In a field of wildflowers overgrown
You could be the voice from a truck stop's phone booth
Promising your grandmother's ring

I could be the love that you thought
That you'd never find Baby we could be
All these things
I could be your Sunday revival
You could be my lost soul survivor
When I'm running out of hope
On a day that's turned its back on me

We could be the light
Shining bright in baby's eyes
We could be as bold as the sun
We could be as strong
As love that would never die
As if there'll never be another one
I could be the bird leading you to your blue sky
You could be the breath in the wings
I could be the love
That you thought that'd you'd never find
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