

# Prayin' In A Deer Stand

Luke Bryan

I think I read somewhere in the Good Book, says He's everywhere  
Up in this tree with the wind and the leaves, yeah, it all seems so clear  
When your phone's in the truck, and you're camo'd up, and your mind's  
just running free  
It might look like hunting, but it's way more than that to me

I do my prayin' in a deer stand  
On my back-forty church  
Thinkin' about life on a cold sunrise  
Yeah, that's my heaven on earth  
Me and God in a cornfield  
Gotta think He understands  
I might miss a Sunday from time to time  
But I get there when I can  
We're all good in these woods  
'Cause here I am, prayin' in a deer stand

Some find it on a pier where they used to fish with their old man  
Some feel it when the choir sings and that light hits that stained glass  
We're all down here searching for an answer or a sign  
The way those clouds are moving in, I think He's hearing me just fine

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My boots back on the ground, my head back right  
You got your ways of getting through, I got mine

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