

Odds

Mat Kearney

They said, "Why you moved to Nashville? Why you leaving home?
Why you chasing big dreams? Why you making songs?
No one's gonna show up, you'll be all alone"
But everybody showed up, now they sing along

If I'da listened to the odds, odds, odds
Woulda never made it through, through, through
Every time they told me stop, stop, stop
It was the last thing I would do, do, do
Instead I left it up to God, God, God
And I watched the mountain move, move, move
If I'da listened to the odds, odds, odds
I woulda never met you

I was from the West coast, you were Tennessee
The way your summer dress swayed in the summer breeze
I know all my friends say you were out my league
Now every day I wake up with you next to me

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If I'da listened to the odds, never made it far
I found the Northern Star out of broken hearts
Like runaway cars on the boulevard
Maybe all the scars made us who we are

And time it kept stalling for fate to come calling
You start at rock bottom until you're free-falling
If I'd made a U-turn instead of pushing through
I woulda never, woulda never met you

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