

Good Ol' Days

Miranda Lambert

Oh southern breeze
Knock me to my knees
I believe you're the only one who can

The religious and the rest
They've all tried their best
Well I guess somethings you just don't understand

Oh Lord when will the road run out
I'm on the roll but I'm in doubt
And I don't know why
But still I second guess my place
What I stand to lose for winning
To find the truth I'm willing
Start back at the beginning of the good ol' days
The good ol' days

Oh southern pine
Reaching for a sky
I'm convinced that I can fly beneath your shade

And it's all overdue
Spendin' time just me and you
Mmm, the pulpit and pew where I was saved

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Yeah

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