

Changing Hands

Parker Millsap

Well I don't drink much whiskey, I don't drink much wine
But I might have a cigarette in the event that I'm not feelin'
just fine
Usually only 'bout half the time

I wish I had a front porch, I'd sit there all day long
You might call me lazy but I think you've got me all wrong
The porch is where I'd write my songs

I dream about the kind of love that you and I can't see
It hides between the blue and green and down between your finger and ring
It makes clouds cry and rivers sing

Sinners in the water, singin' angel band
Washes in the river then it's into someone else's glands
It never goes away, it just changes hands