

Universal Sound

Tyler Childers

Up in Pocahontas in the Cranberry Glades
Ain't got bars, nor the charge to call her anyways
My mind's a mile a minute
And my thoughts they bark like hounds
I focus on my breathing and the universal sound

I think about my darlin' girl sleepin' all alone
I pray the stars will shoot her all the wishes she can hold
On the day that I return I aim to lay her down
But right now I am focused on the universal sound

I think about tobacco juice and mason jars of shine
I think about the vices I've let take me over time
I recall when I's a baby, I didn't need nothin' around
But a little bitty rattler and the universal sound

I'd close my eyes
It was all so clear
It was all right then
It was all right here

I focus on my breathin' and the universal sound
I let it take me over from the toenails to the crown
Of the body that I'm in till they put me in the ground
And I return to the chorus of the universal sound

I've been up on the mountain
And I've seen his wondrous grace
I've sat there on a barstool and I've looked him in the face
He seemed a little haggard, but it did not slow him down
He was hummin' to the neon of the universal sound