

Corinthians (Proctor's)

Zach Bryan

Jet trails cut across a Winthrop County sky
That's why I reckon Sunday is a good day to die
There's a beautiful black Gelding, and he's waiting there for me
Pissed off and raising neck hairs out in chute number three

Last night they were pulling pints of pesky Pendleton
Snuck away from the fire, slept there with the grass and wind
I looked up at heaven, saw how small I really was
I wanna build a house and burn it down just because

And you're smirking like an asshole
With a cheek full of tobacco
In the back of some Bronco
In a town you've never been

Nothing fun happens after you turn twenty-five
If I make it out at all, I pray you're right here by my side
And if I'm going down, then I'm going down true
If I got anyone to thank then it'll always be you

What the hell am I doing?
Who the hell am I?
How I miss the scripture
Oh, Sunday's the day to die

And granddad sure was punchy
But loved Jesus to his core
I wanna die today, so I can learn to live for more

Nothing fun happens after you turn twenty-five
If I make it out at all, I pray you're right here by my side
And if I'm going down then I'm going down true
If I got anyone to thank then it'll only be you
If I got anyone to thank then it'll always be you

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