

Holy Roller

Zach Bryan

I ain't never been a holy roller
But I found God in your eyes

The greens and browns remind me
Of a mountainside
All the days that are to come
And all the bad things that I've done

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We can stop for gas on our last trip out of town
All these songs about nothing
And straight-face bluffing's got me down
Cause old dogs bark way too loud
And talk shit on the weekend crowd

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Coming down and coming up
There's a place for good love on the river's edge, darling
I know home's not far from here
From sundown to sun up
There's a place for good rest in the warm months, honey
I found God in your eyes, dear

You're grinning like a vandal
After swiggin' on a handle of Tito's
Lord, I didn't plan this
I'm just going as far as the wind blows
Coastlines to the flatlands
Get your rich hands out of our plans

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