

## Pink Skies

Zach Bryan

The kids are in town for a funeral  
So pack the car and dry your eyes  
I know they got plenty of young blood left in 'em  
And plenty nights under pink skies  
You taught 'em to enjoy

So clean the house  
Clear the drawers  
Mop the floors  
Stand tall  
Like no one's ever been here  
Before or at all  
And don't you mention all the inches  
That are scraped on the doorframe  
We all know you tiptoed up to 4'1 back in '08

If you could see 'em now  
You'd be proud  
But you'd think they's yuppies  
Your funeral was beautiful  
I bet God heard you coming

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And the grass all smells the same as the day you broke your arm swing  
ing  
On that kid out on the river  
You bailed him out  
Never said a thing about Jesus or the way he's living

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