

Sandpaper

Zach Bryan

Shape you take when you lay like that
Reminds me of a love I've never had
If loving's wrong, what's a boy to do?
I ain't scared of death, I'm scared of losing you

You ain't outta my league, you're outta this planet
But, dammnit, if you ain't drilled into my skull

Take a trip uptown to clear you out of my mind
You're like sandpaper
The more I try, you bind

Winter was a drag, but spring was a friend
I'll love you till the summer comes back again
And they've been trying to smooth me out
For twenty-seven seasons now
For twenty-seven seasons

When I close my eyes, I think of times
I could smell and hear that northern thunder
Every pine has its time
To outgrow the rains of days of younger
I'll be still at the cuttin' mill
Just make me a roof you can hide under

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