

"Skies Over Texas"
Maxfield Camp
USA

God painted Skies over Texas
To Shine on through a reverence
My hearts been searching
For And breaking to be found

As the stars under heaven
Lay on me a blanket
I will rest my head
Heavy on the ground

Thoughts of good times with my friends
Old nights when they end
Shoulda stopped before they began
Man I wish we would of learned how

From Broadway to 6th street
Blood lost in whiskey
No girls gonna miss me
The one I loves happy now

When Gods moves the heart mends
He brings forth forgiveness
For all them quite demons
Hand of God is mighty loud

He took the weight I can't lift
Caged up in my chest
Laying here I sure miss
having you around

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