

That Girl From Brownsville Texas

[Jim White](#)

I say "God, if you ain't smiling on me, then you ain't no friend of mine." It's late at night and this motel room's
Drunk, I been listening to the lonesome wind crying. My best friend once said, "Jim, what you cling to, that's
the thing
That you had best forget. For ain't no rose bed ever gonna bloom in an untended field of regrets." Guess I been
busy
Killing time counting bullet holes in state line signs. I led a life of lonely drifting trying to rise above the
buzzards
In my mind. You get dizzy chasing 'round the tail of what you need to leave behind. Oh sweet Jesus, won't you
help me?
'Cause all I'm trying to do is plant them seeds of love with that girl from Brownsville, Texas. Midnight radio, a
crackly
White gospel station kicking out the sounds of some half-assed revival. Me, I never much cared for the feelings
you get
Quoting scriptures from out of the Bible. For as the crow flies I know only one cure for a permanent tear in your
eye. You
Gotta crank like hell that rope on old sorrow's well 'til the day that the bucket comes up dry.
[CHORUS]
Now dreams are just
Prayers without the put on airs... and though my history of dreams is a scandal of back-assward schemes and
romantic
Disasters where Lord, you dealt me more cards than I could handle. Still from the lips of this half-hearted sinner
comes
The pledge of a half-baked saint. 'Cause Lord I might finally be willing to become the religious fool you always
wanted me
To be... if in return we could just tell that girl I'm the man you and me both know that I ain't.
[CHORUS]

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