

# Emily Harper

## Mark Wills

Emily sat right next to me  
Five days a week in the same bus seat  
For a girl she was pretty coolShe wore an old ball cap, hated lace  
Played a mean shortstop and second base  
Never missed a day of Sunday schoolAnd I never told a soul back then  
But Emily Harper was my best friendWe carved our names on an old oak limb  
On the bank of the creek where we used to swim  
A farmer's son and a preacher's only daughterWe ran barefoot through the garden gate  
All afternoon, we'd laugh and play  
'Til the sun went down on me and Emily HarperAbout the time I turned sixteen  
I noticed Emily's eyes were green  
And how they shined when I made her laughI liked it when her hair was down  
I hated other guys around  
I played it cool but I had it badLord, her daddy had a fit  
When he caught me stealing my first kissWe carved a heart on that old oak limb  
On the bank of the creek where we used to swim  
A farmer's son and a preacher's only daughterWe used to sneak off in my daddy's car  
Sit on the hood and count the stars  
'Til the sun came up on me and Emily HarperIt all seems just like yesterday  
We grew up but some things never changeWe still hold hands by that old oak limb  
On the bank of the creek where we used to swim  
A farmer's son and a preacher's only daughterShe sure did make a lovely bride  
We vowed to grow old side by side  
'Til the sun goes down on me and Emily Harper  
Emily Harper, me and Emily Harper

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