

Thanksgiving In Texas

Barb Barton

Thanksgiving in Texas (Barb Barton) F#

Honey Iâ€™m gonna be gone a few days
I canâ€™t seem to run away anymore,
thereâ€™s a hole I canâ€™t fill, seems like nothing will
Iâ€™m done fighting in this cold, lonely war

The turkey can wait a month or two
Til they drain the drink from my blood
So keep the fire going and just keep on knowing
that this time wonâ€™t be anything like before

and so she goes.....

My god she took three months to tell me this
what was she scared of I donâ€™t really know
But what mattered to me was the change in the sea
I guess finally she the right road...

Itâ€™s Thanksgiving in Texas, itâ€™s Thanksgiving in me
The bottle is broken, the ship is set free
And itâ€™s sailing, itâ€™s sailing
Oh itâ€™s Thanksgiving in Texas itâ€™s Thanksgiving in me

She said thereâ€™s a group that meets Mondays at 5
and Wednesdayâ€™s a quarter til 8
We finish up supper and we both go the meeting
You know itâ€™s funny, seems like we just met

We talked about her life and we talked about mine
in a language that was new to her lips
And guarding my hopefulness, wish her the best
But I canâ€™t keep that smile from my face....

Itâ€™s Thanksgiving in Texas, itâ€™s Thanksgiving in me
The bottle is broken, the ship is set free
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Lyrics submitted by Barb Barton.

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