

Kristofferson

Tim McGraw

I just walked in and you were gone
To your mama's I suppose
It looks like you won't be back, so I thought you'd ought to know
I found that note you left today
It only took you half a page
I'm gonna grab my old guitar, take a pencil from the jar, fill in the empty space
I'm gonna tell you how I feel,
straight-up genuine and real
Open a bottle of ninety-proof and write a song for you
Like Kristofferson would do
In each line you're gonna hear "it's my fault" and "I miss you"
I know it won't be in time, it may not even rhyme
But all it has to be is true
I'm gonna tell you how I feel, straight-up genuine and real
Open a bottle of ninety-proof and write a song for you
Like Kristofferson would do
I'm gonna tell you how I feel, straight-up genuine and real
Open a bottle of ninety-proof and write a song for you
Like Kristofferson would do
I'm gonna drink this bottle of ninety-proof and sing this song for you
Like Kristofferson would do

Songwriters

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