Learning To Love Again

Mat Kearney

Your poker face ain't fooling nobody, nobody here
We've all felt the flame and shed those same tears
Driving home to a one man hell, still counting years, still counting years
Hey brother we're all learning to love again
'Cause that was the real you running through the fields of gold wide open
Standing in places no picture contains
That was the real you, windows down, we could smell the mint fields crying
Sing with the radio to song we can't name
That was the real you saying, "Maybe I'm not too young to be a cowboy."
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again
Making up your bed that day on a foreign floor between foreign walls
Thinking 'bout the words you'd say to a phone that never calls
Feel the weight of your father's ring and all those dreams, and all those dreams
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again
'Cause that was the real you running through the fields of gold wide open

Standing in places no picture contains
That was the real you, windows down, we could smell the mint fields crying
Sing with the radio to song we can't name
That was the real you saying, "Maybe I'm not to young too be a cowboy."
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again
I know you like I know my reflection
Walking on the water 'cross an ocean of desire
Everyone I know is looking for protection
Trying to pull your hometown 'cross a telephone wire
'Cause that was the real you standing there in the shape of your body
Fear don' know no love when we're all the same
That was the real you looking back across the water
Tears falling like rain, drops rippling against the shame
That was the real you singing hallelujah, looking down a barrel
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/