Just Like Love

Rod Picott

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Sweet young mama with a baby in her arms;
And the whole night sky in her eyes

There's no love bigger than the hand you hold;

But every little bluebird flies;
Oh, every little bluebird flies

Now, ain't that just like love?
Ain't that just like love?
Ain't that just like love.

Mocking bird dancing on a long black wire;
Hearing everything you see,
Tapping out your secrets with his [hollowed bones]
Watching all God's children play,

Now ain't that just like love?
Ain't that just like love?
Ain't that just like love.

Well the sky opened up and a song came down;
Yes a song called rain'n' cold

Worry and sorrow, gonna follow you around,
Until your bones are old,
Oh gonna cry 'till your bones are old
Oh, 'cause all God's children cry,
Oh, cry till your bones are old

Lyrics Submitted by Katelyn

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