

# Still

Tim McGraw

There's a place I like to go  
Where I can hear the cotton grow  
When that train whistles blow  
A dozen miles down the road  
All I really have to do  
Is just be still There's the place I love to be  
Momma, Daddy, my sister and me  
First time I ever saw the beach  
Back to 1983  
All I really have to do  
Is just be still When this road gets crazy and tries to break me  
And I've had all I can stand  
I can close my eyes no matter where I am  
And just be still There's a place that I can see  
Where my baby's next to me  
Close enough to feel the heat  
All wound up beneath the sheets All I have to do  
Is just be still When this road gets crazy and tries to break me  
And I've had all I can stand  
I can close my eyes no matter where I am  
And just be still There's a place I need to go  
Where the stained glass windows glow  
Every part of me is known  
Thank God I can go there  
Thank God I can go there still Still  
Oh, thank God I can go there still

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