

Room to Grow

Adrienne Young

She's a buckskin baby made of silk and steel
Daughter of her Mother's heart
Well, dyed in the wool
Future farmer of a brand new start
She could've been a supermodel or a rich man's queen
Livin up on easy street
But the call of the wild
and the solid earth beneath her feetSeemed to complete her
Let her see into her soul
To pastures greener
Where there's room enough to growBack to where the red fern knows
The sweetness of the mountain rose
And the land she laughs at all this wood and wire
We all outgrow the skin we're in
But we can weave, we will mend
Stitch by stitch, row by row
We're making sure there's room enough to growLeaves were blowing on the pumpkins fattening in the field
She saw a 'we got apples' sign
Turned down a road never knowing what she might find
He was sittin on his tractor when she caught his eye
He gave a wave and walked her way
He was all breath and britches hair the color of the sun on hayThrough winter's hunger
Spring and summer overflow
With love free to wander
where there's room enough to growWell, it's back to where the red fern knows
The sweetness of the mountain rose
And the land she laughs at all this wood and wire
We all outgrow the skin we're in
But we can weave, we will mend
Stitch by stitch, row by row
Making sure there's room enough to growOhhhh ohhhhhhBack to where the red fern knows
The sweetness of the mountain rose
And the land she laughs at all this wood and wire
We all outgrow the skin we're in
But we can weave, we will mend
Stitch by stitch, row by row
Making sure there's room enough to grow

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