

This Time

Alan Jackson

Theres an old hardwood tree starin through the glass at me
Its been there since eighty-
five, sometimes I think it reads my mind
I guess its true, you cant keep it from shinnin through

Theres no denyin that Ive been hidin from this thing thats chas
in me
Yeah, Ive been runnin, no good at shunnin all these scars from
yesterday
There comes a time you gotta give it up, spin that wheel and tr
y your luck
Never know what you will find, it might be love this time

(instrumental)

I knew it from that very first smile I could taste it like a hu
ngry child
Not at all like all the rest, you know they say that last is be
st
Like a rainbow on a cloudy day, just to shout it takes my breat
h away

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This time, this time, oh, this time, this time
This time