

Like Jesus Does

Eric Church

I'm a long-gone Waylon song on vinyl,
I'm a back row sinner at a tent revival,
But she believes in me like she believes her Bible,
And loves me like Jesus does.

I'm a lead foot leaning on a souped-up Chevy,
I'm a good old boy, drinking whiskey and rye on the levee,
But she carries me when my sins make me heavy,
And loves me like Jesus does.

All the crazy in my dreams,
Both my broken wings,
Every single piece of everything I am,
Yeah, she knows the man I ain't,
She forgives me when I can't,
The devil, man, no, he don't stand a chance,
'Cause she loves me like Jesus does.

I always thought she'd give up on me one day,
Wash her hands of me, leave me staring down some runway,
But I thank God each night, and twice on Sunday,
That she loves me like Jesus does.

All the crazy in my dreams,
And both my broken wings,
Every single piece of who I am,
Yeah, she knows the man I ain't,
She forgives me when I can't,
And the devil, man, no, he don't have a prayer,
'Cause she loves me like Jesus does.

Yes, she knows the man I ain't,
She forgives me when I can't,
That devil, man, he don't stand a chance
She loves me like Jesus does.

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