

# Little White Church

Kira Isabella

I remember that day when you moved to town  
There was somethin' about the way  
Your hair fell in your face

You asked me if I could show you around  
The moment almost slipped away  
Than I found the words to say

Meet me at the little white church  
When the bells start ringing  
On Sunday morning  
I'll be in the back row  
With a wildflower in my hair

And if we hit off we can talk about  
You taking me out next friday night  
But first  
Meet me at the little white church

I spent the whole week wondering what to wear  
I needed more than my Sunday best  
So I bought me a brand new dress

I still dream about your rebel smile  
The way your eyes cuts through the air  
And how you promised me right there

You would meet me at the little white church  
When the bells start ringing  
On Sunday morning  
I'll be in the back row  
With a wildflower in my hair

Since we hit off we can talk about  
You meeting my daddy next friday night  
But first  
Meet me at the little white church

(yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

It still feels like the very first time every time  
Baby when you're looking at me  
You can't blame a girl for dreaming  
And I'm dreaming one day  
You'll get down on one knee

And say  
Meet me at the little white church  
In the middle of the summer  
On a Saturday night  
Start walking my way  
With you're momma's veil in your hair

Cause you're the girl  
That I've been dreaming about  
And I don't have a lot to give you  
But I swear we're gonna make it work

Oh, but first  
I'm gonna meet you  
At the little white church  
Meet me at the little white church  
I'll meet you at the little white church  
I'll meet you at the little white church