

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