

Mendocino County Line

Lee Ann Womack

Counted the stars on the 4th of July
Wishing they were rockets bursting into the sky
Talking about redemption and leaving things behind
As the sun sank west of the Mendocino County Line

As fierce as Monday morning feeling washed away
Our orchestrated paradise couldn't make you stay
You dance with the horses through the sands of time
As the sun sinks west of the Mendocino County Line

I have these pictures and I keep these photographs
To remind me of a time
These pictures and these photographs
Let me know I'm doin' fine
I used to make you happy once upon a time
But the sun sank west of the Mendocino County Line

The two of us together felt nothin' but right
Feeling you near immortal every Friday night
Lost in our convictions left stained with wine
As the sun sank west of the Mendocino County Line

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I don't talk to you too much these days
I just thank the lord pictures don't fade
I spent time with an angel just passing through
Now all that's left is this image of you

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Once upon a time
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