

Happenstance

Maria Taylor

Don't unpack my bags anymore.
There's always a suitcase full
On the bedroom floor.
I'm not the marrying kind
'cause i often change my mind.
So I'm draped in white
Blankets with dreams of springtime.

On this cold night in alabama,
On this cold night in alabama.

Happenstance, show me where to go
Through kudzu vines and powdered snow.
There's always one
That you'll miss the most.
So I'm all tucked in,
Thinking of the west coast

On this cold night in alabama,
On this cold night in alabama,
On this cold night in alabama,
On this cold night in alabama.