

# Learning to Love Again

Mat Kearney

Your poker face ain't fooling nobody, nobody here  
We've all felt the flame and she'd those same tears  
Driving home to a one man hell, still counting years, still counting years  
Hey brother we're all learning to love again  
'Cause that was the real you running through the fields of gold wide open  
Standing in places no picture contains  
That was the real you, windows down, we could smell the mint fields crying  
Sing with the radio to song we can't name  
That was the real  
You saying, "Maybe I'm not too young to be a cowboy."  
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again  
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again  
Making up your bed that day on a foreign floor between foreign walls  
Thinking 'bout the words you'd say to a phone that never calls  
Feel the weight of your father's ring and all those dreams, and all those dreams  
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again  
'Cause that was the real you running through the fields of gold wide open  
Standing in places no picture contains  
That was the real you, windows down, we could smell the mint fields crying  
Sing with the radio to song we can't name  
That was the real you saying, "Maybe I'm not too young to be a cowboy."  
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again  
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again  
I know you like I know my reflection  
Walking on the water 'cross an ocean of desire  
Everyone I know is looking for protection  
Trying to pull your hometown 'cross a telephone wire  
'Cause that was the real you standing there in the shape of your body  
Fear don't know no love when we're all the same  
That was the real you looking back across the water  
Tears falling like rain, drops rippling against the shame  
That was the real you singing hallelujah, looking down a barrel  
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again  
Hey brother, we're all learning to love again