

Jessie

Neal McCoy

It must Fate or Divine intervention,
When he broke down that day,
In front of a run down building in Baton Rouge.
He pushed his car across the bridge,
When he noticed her at the door,
An' she said: "Mister, there's a 'phone here you can use."
An' her hair was brown an' her eyes were bluer than blue,
An' she smiled at him and then and there, he knew.

The search was over;
He fin'lly found her.
From that moment, life would never be the same.
Since he found the one and Jessie was her name.

She stole his heart when she took his hand,
He sat down by her side.
He always knew this day would change his life.
There was just one choice to make,
As he picked up the 'phone,
An' searched for the words to break it to his wife.
An' she cried an' said: "I knew this day would come."
By the tear in his voice, she knew he'd found the one.

The search was over;
He fin'lly found her.
From that moment, life would never be the same.
Since he found the one and Jessie was her name.

It was no accident his car broke down across the bridge,
Where he fell in love with little Jessie at the County Orphanage.

The search was over;
They fin'lly found her.
From that moment, life would never be the same, no.
Since they found the one and Jessie is her name.
They're bringin' their daughter home:
Jessie is her name.