

# I'm Trying To Find It

Pat Green

There's a road that goes to an old friends house  
Where we grew up, where we hung out  
I've Been on this highway for three hours now  
And I'm trying to find it  
And I remember an old pinball arcade  
Where Where I lived out all my yesterdays  
And I'm sure it's torn down and gone away  
But I'm trying to find it  
And there's a feeling that I left behind  
I felt it once running down my spine  
The fear of God the joy of life  
And I'm trying to find it

There's a spot on earth a man can go  
To find himself and free his soul  
A place somewhere between hell and heaven  
Where no one hurts and all's forgiven  
A door that leads to light and grace  
But the keys are in the darkest place  
Though it feels like I've been there before  
Though I don't know what I'm looking for  
And I'm trying to find it

There's an attic in my old mans house  
Full of history I need to know about  
Of a life I've lived too long without  
And I'm trying to find it

And I know you're up there in your room  
And I want so bad to heal the wound  
But I've hurt you in so many ways  
And I don't know why you choose to stay  
And I know it's me that let it die  
And there's a fire that's gone when I look in your eyes  
An innocence that you once had  
A piece of you I miss so bad  
And I'm trying to find it

Well It's three AM and I'm on my knees  
She cries and her eyes looked down on me  
As I searched for the book  
She loves to hear her daddy read  
And I'm trying to find it  
There's a road that goes to an old friends house  
Where we grew up where we hung out  
I've been on this highway for three hours now