

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