

Deeper Than the Holler

Randy Travis

Well I've heard those city singers singin' 'bout how they can love,
Deeper than the oceans, higher than the stars above.
Well, I come from the country, and I know I ain't seen it all.
But I heard that ocean's salty, and the stars, they sometimes fall.
And that would not do justice to the way I feel for you.
So I had to sing this song about all the things I knew.

My love is deeper than the holler.
Stronger than the river.
Higher than the pine trees growin' tall upon the hill.
My love is purer than the snowflakes,
That fall in late December.
And honest as a Robin on a springtime window sill.
And longer than the song of a whippoorwill.

From the back roads to the Broadway shows with a million miles between,
There's at least a million love songs that people love to sing.
And every one is different, and every one's the same.
And this is just another way of sayin' the same thing.

My love is deeper than the holler.
Stronger than the river.
Higher than the pine trees growin' tall upon the hill.
My love is purer than the snowflakes,
That fall in late December.
And honest as a Robin on a spring-time window sill.
And longer than the song of a whippoorwill.

My love is deeper than the holler.
Stronger than the river.
Higher than the pine trees growin' tall upon the hill.
My love is purer than the snowflakes,
That fall in late December.
And honest as a Robin on a spring-time window sill.
And longer than the song of a whippoorwill.
A Whippoorwill