

# Holes In The Floor Of Heaven

Steve Wariner

One day shy of eight years old, my grandma passed away  
i was a broken hearted little boy, blowing out that birthday cake  
how i cried when the sky let go, with a cold and lonesome rain,  
mamma smiled, said don't be sad child, grandma's watching you today

cause theres holes in the floor of heaven  
and her tears are pouring down,  
that's how you know she's watching,  
wishing she could be here now,  
and sometimes if your lonely,  
just remember she can see,  
there's holes in the floor of heaven,  
and she's watching over you and me,

seasons come, and seasons go, nothing stays the same  
i grew up, fell in love, met a girl who took my name  
year by year, we made a life, in this sleepy little town  
i thought we'd grow old together, Lord, i sure do miss her now

But there's holes in the floor of heaven,  
and her tears are pouring down,  
that's how i know she's watching,  
wishing she could be here now,  
and sometimes when i'm lonely,  
i remember she can see,  
there's holes in the floor of heaven,  
and she's, watching over you and me,

well my little girl is twenty three, I walk her down the aisle  
it's a shame her mom can't be here now, to see her lovely smile  
they throw the rice, i catch her eye, as the rain starts coming down  
she takes my hand, says daddy don't be sad,  
cause i know mamma's watching now

And there's holes in the floor of heaven,  
and her tears are pouring down,  
that's how you know she's watching,  
wishing she could be here now,  
and sometimes when i'm lonely,  
i remember she can see,  
yes, there's holes in the floor of heaven,  
and she's, watching over you and me

watching over you and me  
watching over you and me