

Still

Tim McGraw

There's a place I like to go
Where I can hear the cotton grow
When that train whistle blows
A dozen miles down the road
All I really have to do is just be still

There's the place I love to be
Mamma daddy my sister & me
First time I ever saw the beach back to 1983
All I really have to do is just be still

When this world gets crazy
And tries to break me
And I had all I can stand
I can close my eyes no matter where I am
And just be still

There's a place that I can see
Where my babies next to me
Close enough to feel the heat
All wound up beneath the sheets
All I have to do is just be still

When this world gets crazy
And tries to break me
And I had all I can stand
I can close my eyes
No matter where I am
And just be still

There's a place I need to go
Where the stain glass windows flow
Every part of me is known
Thank god I can go there
Thank god I can go there still
Thank god I can go there still