

# Universal Sound

Tyler Childers

Up in Pocahontas in the Cranberry Glades  
Ain't got bars, nor the charge to call her anyways  
My mind's a mile a minute  
And my thoughts they bark like hounds  
I focus on my breathing and the universal sound

I think about my darlin' girl sleepin' all alone  
I pray the stars will shoot her all the wishes she can hold  
On the day that I return I aim to lay her down  
But right now I am focused on the universal sound

I think about tobacco juice and mason jars of shine  
I think about the vices I've let take me over time  
I recall when I's a baby, I didn't need nothin' around  
But a little bitty rattler and the universal sound

I'd close my eyes  
It was all so clear  
It was all right then  
It was all right here

I focus on my breathin' and the universal sound  
I let it take me over from the toenails to the crown  
Of the body that I'm in till they put me in the ground  
And I return to the chorus of the universal sound

I've been up on the mountain  
And I've seen his wondrous grace  
I've sat there on a barstool and I've looked him in the face  
He seemed a little haggard, but it did not slow him down  
He was hummin' to the neon of the universal sound