

God, Your Mama, And Me (feat. Backstreet Boys)

Florida Georgia Line

That Sunday morning choir calling, church doors open wide
That hallelujah, shoot right through ya, make you feel alive
That key under the mat, you know right where it's at
It's waiting with the porch light on
Don't bother calling, no need for knocking, just come on home
Come on home, my love is Never gonna run dry, never gonna come up empty
Now until the day I die, unconditionally
You know I'm always gonna be here for ya
No one's ever gonna love you more than
God, your mama, and me
God, your mama, and me
Unconditionally, God, your mama, and me
Loud as shotgun, angels singing with the radio
Praying with you every mile down any dead end road
You can tell me every secret that you been keeping
I'll hold it, lock and key
Up with you all night, holding you all night, I never leave
You better believe my love is Never gonna run dry, never gonna come up empty
Now until the day I die, unconditionally
You know I'm always gonna be here for ya
No one's ever gonna love you more than
God, your mama, and me
God, your mama, and me
Unconditionally, God, your mama, and me You better believe it, you better believe it
Every step you take, I'll be as sure as your shadow
Every move you make, you know I'm part of you wherever you go
Baby, you know my love is
Never gonna run dry, never gonna come up empty
Now until the day I die, unconditionally
You know I'm always gonna be here for ya
No one's ever gonna love you more than
God, your mama, and me
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>