Learning to Love Again

Mat Kearney

Your poker face ain't fooling nobody, nobody here We've all felt the flame and shed those same tears Driving home to a one man hell Still counting years, still counting years Hey brother, we're all learning to love again'Cause that was the real you Running through the fields of gold wide open Standing in places, no picture contains That was the real you, windows down We could smell the mint fields crying Singin' with the radio to a song we can't nameThat was the real you Saying maybe I'm not to young to be a cowboy Hey brother, we're all learning to love again Hey brother, we're all learning to love again Making up your bed that day On a foreign floor between foreign walls Thinking 'bout the words you'd say To a phone that never callsFeel the weight of your fathers ring And all those dreams and all those dreams Singin', hey brother, we're all learning to love again'Cause that was the real you Running through the fields of gold wide open Standing in places no picture contains That was the real you, windows down We could smell the mint fields crying Singin' with the radio to song we can't nameThat was the real you Saying maybe I'm not to young to be a cowboy Hey brother, we're all learning to love again Hey brother, we're all learning to love again I know you like I know my reflection Walking on the water cross and ocean of desire Everyone I know is looking for protection Trying to pull your hometown across a telephone wire'Cause that was the real you Standing there in the shape of your body Fear down know no love when we're all the same That was the real you Looking back across the water Tears falling like rain drops rippling against the shameThat was the real you Singin' Hallelujah looking down a barrel Hey brother, we're all learning to love again Hey brother, we're all learning to love again Hey brother, we're all learning to love again Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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