

# Alan Jackson, This Time

Theres an old hardwood tree starin through the glass at me  
Its been there since eighty-five, sometimes I think it reads my mind  
I guess its true, you cant keep it from shinnin through  
Theres no denyin that Ive been hidin from this thing thats chasin me  
Yeah, Ive been runnin, no good at shunnin all these scars from yesterday  
There comes a time you gotta give it up, spin that wheel and try your luck  
Never know what you will find, it might be love this time

[Instrumental Interlude]

I knew it from that very first smile I could taste it like a hungry child  
Not at all like all the rest, you know they say that last is best  
Like a rainbow on a cloudy day, just to shout it takes my breath away  
And theres no denyin that Ive been hidin from this thing thats chasin me  
Yeah, Ive been runnin, no good at shunnin all these scars from yesterday  
There comes a time you gotta give it up, spin that wheel and try your luck  
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Ive been hidin from this thing thats chasin me  
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There comes a time you gotta give it up, spin that wheel and try your luck  
Never know what you will find, it might be love this time  
This time, this time, oh, this time, this time  
This time