

Ginger Foutley, All This Time

All this time it was you
I didn't think that it could be true
You were right there from the start
And what might be the strangest part
Is while I sure enjoyed the view
Of seeing everything brand new
It's still you
All this time I was home
I didn't know just how far I'd roam
Winter brings all this snow
Blinding, it covers everything you know
But when the sun comes shining through
And the sky returns to blue
I will rush to take my cue and find you.