

Jennifer Nettles, She

She laughs when she thinks her whole life could fit in her car.

And she could drive it wherever she wanted.

But she knows that she will never get that far.

This suffering's hers and she will flaunt it right in their face in that place where they condemn her so

You know she always smiles at the mirror that way.

It's there to remind her of the hurt.

And in her mind is a mixture of the sacred and profane.

And sometimes she wonders if the two are not the same

And deep inside that Babylon she's building like she just can't stop.

She'll go on climbing even though she knows Heaven's not at the top.

And she'll let her mind wonder for what seems like forty years, and never find the Promised land, e

She takes everything she hears to her heart and gives it a room.

And most times it sends her reeling.

Her heart is pregnant with the graves of stillborn love.

Cause she imbues every word with meaning.

Now she will search for her Messiah in the comfort of her bed.

To try to learn to take all the blame.

You know she tried to look up his number when he left her that time before, but God didn't tell her h