

# Zach Bryan, Pink Skies

The kids are in town for a funeral  
So pack the car and dry your eyes  
I know they got plenty of young blood left in em  
And plenty nights under pink skies  
You taught em to enjoy

So clean the house  
Clear the drawers  
Mop the floors  
Stand tall  
Like no ones ever been here  
Before or at all  
And don't you mention all the inches  
That are scraped on the door frame  
We all know you tip toed up to 4'1 back in '08

If you could see em now  
You'd be proud  
But you'd think they's yuppies  
Your funeral was beautiful  
I bet god heard you coming

The kids are in town for a funeral  
And the grass all smells the same as the day you broke your arm swinging  
I'm that kid out on the river  
You bailed him out  
Never said a thing about Jesus or the way he's living

If you could see em now  
You'd be proud  
But you'd think they's yuppies  
Your funeral was beautiful  
I bet god heard you coming

If you could see em now  
You'd be proud  
But you'd think they's yuppies  
Your funeral was beautiful  
I bet god heard you coming

The kids are in town for a funeral  
So pack the car and dry your eyes  
I know they got plenty young blood left in em  
And plenty nights under pink skies  
You taught em to enjoy