

Webb Pierce

"Fall In Place"

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Way down deep, in a land forgotten
Just like clockwork, the sun beats down
But you can't hide from the eye of Heaven
'Cause there's no mercy on this ground

Sweet Magnolias have their day
Holy ground in soft embrace
Like the portraits in her parlor
She still wears her best Sunday face

She is oak and grace
Behind the iron lace
Tarnished silver in a case
A Morning Glory in the shade

She sits in the twilight
And waits for change to fall in place

She's heard all those bedtime stories
How old King Cotton lost his crown
But daddy owned all the dragons
Before his castle tumbled down

She is oak and grace
Behind the iron lace
Tarnished silver in a case
A Morning Glory in the shade

She sits in the twilight
And waits for change to fall in place

(Instrumental)

Trusting daughter of blind tradition
Never seen a shell game in her life
But now there's kudzu in the arbor
And those dragons are loose in the night

But she is oak and grace
Behind the iron lace
Tarnished silver in a case

A Morning Glory in the shade

She is oak and grace
Behind the iron lace
Tarnished silver in a case
A Morning Glory in the shade
In the shade

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