

Benjy Davis Project

"Heaven Never Seemed So Small"

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Well this evenings nearly over. I am laying on my bed.
Summer sun is turning goldier, I said. And before I
close my eyes to get some sleep I try to think of the
days gone by. It's no surprise

that, "Glory Glory child ain't no saint but I ain't proud of
that yea I ain't proud (Glory Glory). And Glory Glory
child ain't no saint but I ain't proud.

Well my life is far from over. At least that's what I can
hope. I keep picking 3 leaf clovers I know. And before I
close my eyes for my last sleep I hope to look at my life
gone by. Will I smile?

and say, "Glory Glory child ain't no saint but I ain't
proud of that yea I ain't proud. And Glory Glory child
ain't no saint but I ain't proud.

Life is much more (life is much more) that what you've
done before.

And "Glory Glory child ain't no saint but I ain't proud of
that yea I ain't proud. And Glory Glory child ain't no
saint but I ain't proud. Glory Glory.

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