

Brantley Gilbert "Indian's Angel"

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Grew up one state North of Kentucky
A Family far from rollin' in the money
7 brothers and sisters to feed and love
Granddaddy said she kept her eyes on the sky,
Watching all the little birds fly
Staring at heaven like her lost home
None of her dreams held fame and fortune
She wanted a husband and children that loved her

Spreading' her wings her feet left ground In Indian
Driving down south just to marry my daddy
Leaving the life she'd known and loved behind
She never cussed or drank, kept on the table
Hell, I kept her on her knees in prayer
She's a God sent blessing wiling and able
As Indiana's angel

Baby back home your daddy's dying
'Bout then the kind of perfect timing,
Walked in with liquor on my breath
I sit and watch all of her tears glisten
She said, "Son you'll learn to listen,
A man stands taller from his knees"
Now I'll never forget how much that hurt
She said, "Son one day I'll be gone you wont have to
hear these words"

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