

Gord Bamford

"All About Her"

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I used to wonder what they meant
By walking the floor
Now there's grooves under my boots
And I don't wonder anymore
All those simple country songs
Have so much meaning since I lost her
They go right through my heart
Not in one ear and out the other
Like when my Daddy spun that vinyl
Of Hank Snow and Charlie Pride
It always caught Momma's attention
And she'd just break right down and cry
But I'd just listen to the pickin'
'Cause that's the only part I liked
I didn't understand the words
Now they're all about her

We went out walkin' after midnight
Now I do it alone
It seems like one day she was with me
And the next day she was gone
There's a high lonesome sound
And the melody is whistling
I remember from my childhood
When I didn't know what I was missing

Like when my Daddy spun that vinyl
Of Kitty Wells and Loretta Lynn
It always caught Momma's attention
And she'd just break right down again
But I'd just listen to the pickin'
The only part that pulled me in
I didn't understand the words
Now they're all about her

Here's to pick-up trucks and good dogs
And heartaches
I'm gonna listen to what gets me through
If that's what it takes

So now when I spin my records
Of George Strait and Tim McGraw

I close my eyes and let that lyric
Catch me when I fall
I still listen to the pickin'
Yes I do but that's not all
Now that I understand the words
And they're all about her

They're all about her

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