

## Jessie Baylin "Tennessee Gem"

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What a fine southern man  
Down in Tennessee  
A good old boy  
Eyes in which I dream  
And he's awkward as a teen  
Beautiful, drawer that I can hang on to

Chorus:

I find a comfort in his sound  
He wouldn't preach  
Unless he found something he believed would last  
That he believed could the hands of time  
I'm trying to find a way to make him mine

What a gem, a treasure chest  
Out diggin' deep  
A gentleman, He'd bring me peace  
And I'm floating in his sea  
So beautiful, I could just sail away

Chorus:

I find a comfort in his sound  
He wouldn't preach  
Unless he found something that he believe would last  
That he believed could hold the hands of time  
I'm trying to find a way to make him mine

Uh  
He sines right through me  
Uh uh uh  
This love, it's running deep

Chorus:

I find a comfort in his sound  
He wouldn't preach  
Unless he found something he believed would last  
That he believed could the hands of time  
I'm trying to find a way to make him mine

Uh uh uh  
I'm trying to find a way to make him mine

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