

Lori McKenna

"Not In This Life"

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It's cold for early June but the sun is rising fast.
There's a dew up on the quiet hill
Where he lays in the grass.
Staring up at Heaven's gates
To see if he can see in Jesus' eyes.

The woman that he thinks of is still lying fast asleep.
As he asks for resolution and prays his soul to keep.
A man of God in love can't touch,
A man of God, temptation, sunrise.

But it doesn't mean I don't love you.
It doesn't mean I don't care.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't love to
Run my fingers through your hair.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't
Make sweet love to you so right.
It just means not in this life.

This has always been the path for him,
Since the age of nine or ten.
And if only he remembered now
The things he knew back then.
It seemed God had a plan for him
A clear and decisive role.

But he never would have seen her
If she hadn't come to pray.
If she didn't need forgiveness
He'd still be a holy man today.
If she wasn't so damn beautiful,
If her eyes didn't bleed into his soul.

But it doesn't mean I don't love you.
It doesn't mean I don't care.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't love to
Run my fingers through your hair.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't
Make sweet love to you so right.
It just means not in this life.

Dear God, I am sorry for my sins.

Dear God, I'm for the situation I'm in.

He'll analyze the burning,
Measure the tremble in his chest.
Falls behind on duties,
And he's sleeping less and less.
He doesn't pay attention in church,
He doesn't answer to his name when people call.

He's got himself this apple
And it's looking so damn good.
Oh, but just because he can bite it -
It doesn't mean he should.
He lets her know his feelings,
Eden is burning and he doesn't care at all.

But it doesn't mean I don't love you.
It doesn't mean I don't care.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't love to
Run my fingers through your hair.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't
Make sweet love to you so right.
Oh, It just means not in this life.

I'm sorry for my sins,
I'm sorry for my sins,
I'm sorry for my sins,
I'm sorry for my sins,
I'm sorry for my sins,
I'm sorry for my sins,
I am sorry for my sins.

Yeah, I am sorry for my sins...

But it doesn't mean I don't love you.
It doesn't mean I don't care.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't love to
Run my fingers through your hair.
It doesn't mean I wouldn't
Make sweet love to you so right.

It just means not in this...
Just means not in this life,
Just means not in this life...

I am sorry for my,
I am sorry for my,
I am sorry for my sins...

