

Alan Jackson - This Time

Tom: A

Theres an old hardwood tree starin through the glass at me
 Its been there since eighty-five, sometimes I think it reads
 my mind

I guess its true, you cant keep it from shinnin through
 Theres no denyin that Ive been hidin from this thing thats
 chasin me

Yeah, Ive been runnin, no good at shunnin all these scars from
 yesterday

There comes a time you gotta give it up, spin that wheel and
 try your luck

Never know what you will find, it might be love this time

[Instrumental Interlude]

I knew it from that very first smile I could taste it like a
 hungry child

Not at all like all the rest, you know they say that last is

best
 Like a rainbow on a cloudy day, just to shout it takes my
 breath away

And theres no denyin that Ive been hidin from this thing thats
 chasin me

Yeah, Ive been runnin, no good at shunnin all these scars from
 yesterday

There comes a time you gotta give it up, spin that wheel and
 try your luck

Never know what you will find, it might be love this time

Ive been hidin from this thing thats chasin me

Yeah, Ive been runnin, no good at shunnin all these scars from
 yesterday

There comes a time you gotta give it up, spin that wheel and
 try your luck

Never know what you will find, it might be love this time
 This time, this time, oh, this time, this time

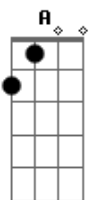
This time

This Time

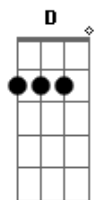
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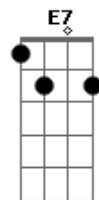
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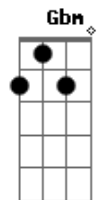
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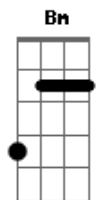
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