

# The Little I Know

Dave Barnes

The little I know, thought I'd live in California  
Maybe not to settle down, for a season anyway  
The little I know, thought some time beside the ocean  
Might help what I was hoping for, the things too hard to say

Now it's like the angels singing  
It's as gentle as the rain  
I hear they come in generations  
When she calls my name

The little I know, swore I'd be a preacher  
Sermons in a southern town  
Where the leaves don't ever change  
But dreams don't stay the same

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