

My First Taste Of Texas

Ed Bruce

My first taste of Texas had blue eyes and golden hair
Beneath the Tennessee silver moon, we found a feeling we could share
And days made no difference, I'd been around and she was young
But my first taste of Texas still lingers in my heart and on my tongue

Her gentle heart was broken
In a way that a tender lady shouldn't have to know
And mine was somewhere in between
Something I should hold on to or let go

Her talking blue eyes told me
The story of the love she failed to find
And without conversation
I suppose the lines on my face told her mine

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'Cause we're not done, we've only just begun
Begun to love, now the two of us are one
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