

Feet Back on the Ground

Brett Kissel

I drop by to check on momma
For a minute
I could hear her hummin'
Through the screen door in the kitchen
She was puttin' the final touches on a
Homemade apple pie
And just like always, I was
Right on time

A little game of guess who
And I got a hug and "How is my baby?"
I said
You know me momma, I've been hittin' it hard
And runnin' like crazy
But I don't wanna bore you with that
Same old nothin's new
I'd rather just pull up this chair and get
Caught up on you

Ain't it funny how it all comes back around?
I remember when I couldn't wait
To get out of her hair and ditch this town
I was 18, time to move on
Now it's any reason to come back home
That's what it's all about
Yeah, just slowin' down
And get my feet back on the ground

That minute turned into an hour
Before I knew it
I got my fill on pie and how everybody's doin'
I used to look for every reason in the world
To hit that door, and she said
You want another cup of coffee, and I said
Yeah I'll have one more

Ain't it funny how it all comes back around?
I remember when I couldn't wait
To get out of her hair and ditch this town
I was 18, time to move on

Now it's any reason to come back home
That's what it's all about
Yeah, just slowin' down
And get my feet back on the ground

Ain't it funny how it all comes back around?
I remember when I couldn't wait
To get out of her hair and ditch this town
Now I, can't go too many days without
Checkin' in, just touchin' base
That's what it's all about
Yeah, just slowin' down

I drop by to check on momma
For a minute

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>