

# Oh My God

## Jars of Clay

Oh my God, look around this place  
Your fingers reach around the bone  
You set the break and set the tone  
Flights of grace, and future falls  
In present pain  
All fools say, "Oh my God"

Oh my God, Why are we so afraid?  
We make it worse when we don't bleed  
There is no cure for our disease  
Turn a phrase, and rise again  
Or fake your death and only tell your closest friend  
Oh my God.

Oh my God, can I complain?  
You take away my firm belief and graft my soul upon your grief  
Weddings, boats and alibis  
All drift away, and a mother cries

Liars and fools; sons and failures  
Thieves will always say  
Lost and found; ailing wanderers  
Healers always say  
Whores and angels; men with problems  
Leavers always say  
Broken hearted; separated  
Orphans always say  
War creators; racial haters  
Preachers always say  
Distant fathers; fallen warriors  
Givers always say  
Pilgrim saints; lonely widows  
Users always say  
Fearful mothers; watchful doubters  
Saviors always say

Sometimes I cannot forgive  
And these days, mercy cuts so deep  
If the world was how it should be, maybe I could get some sleep  
While I lay, I dream we're better,  
Scales were gone and faces light  
When we wake, we hate our brother  
We still move to hurt each other  
Sometimes I can close my eyes,  
And all the fear that keeps me silent falls below my heavy breathing,  
What makes me so badly bent?  
We all have a chance to murder  
We all feel the need for wonder  
We still want to be reminded that the pain is worth the thunder

Sometimes when I lose my grip, I wonder what to make of heaven  
All the times I thought to reach up  
All the times I had to give  
Babies underneath their beds  
Hospitals that cannot treat all the wounds that money causes,  
All the comforts of cathedrals  
All the cries of thirsty children - this is our inheritance

All the rage of watching mothers - this is our greatest offense

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