

Bedside clock, 3:14
Lonely house, dead in street
Headlight shadows on the wall
All the old fears come to call
Mind is racing heart to sleep
Tears soaking in the sheets
Alcohol and stubborn pride
Don't fill the emptiness inside

How long will this keep going on
'Til you break and just can't take it anymore?
How low do you have to go
Before your knees finally hit the floor?
What do you think you're saving Jesus for?

She'd laugh and say that ain't for me
Faith is only for the weak
Every time her mama prayed
She rolled her eyes and walk away
But now she's face to face with fear
The doctor's words bring her to tears
As her world comes crashing down she wonders
Who to turn to now?

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