

# The Prayer

Aaron Watson

My mountain is a mole hill  
My throne's a busted chair  
This crown has turn to rust  
And it's all tangled in my hair  
This high horse that I ride on  
Is gonna buckle at the knee  
Upon my castle made of sand  
I cannot be the king of me

There's the man in white  
His words are painted red  
There's power in his blood  
And only truth in what he said  
There's the man in black  
With a needle in his vein  
Lyin' flat upon his back  
This is the prayer that he once prayed

He said, "My mountain is a mole hill  
My throne's a busted chair  
This crown has turn to rust  
And it's all tangled in my hair  
This high horse that I ride on  
Is gonna buckle at the knee  
On my castle made of sand  
I cannot be the king of me"

And this harem in my heart is filled  
With hot metal and fool's gold  
Watch your statue turns to dirt  
All that's left in the end is your soul  
God save your soul

So he said, "Shout out of control  
With all your heart and soul  
Though this cold world  
May tear you apart  
Let the whole world know"

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Lord I'm just a man  
I cannot be the King of me