

Crying in the Wilderness

Amy Ray

Wrote you a thousand words
But they only added up to nothing
So I'm calling them back
While I beg to the honor among thieves to hold me
Do you have to be the rolling train
(that rolls through my sleep)
Do you have to be wounded bird
(that won't let me be)
Do you have to be the only voice I hear
Crying in the Wilderness
Crying in the Wilderness
Wrote you a thousand songs
But not one of them was for singing
Cause I just get all wrong
I guess I really just should have been listening
Do you have to be the rolling train
(that rolls through my sleep)
Do you have to be wounded bird
(that won't let me be)
Do you have to be the only voice I hear
Crying in the Wilderness
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Was that really me back when I was just a simpleton
I stepped to it or I blew it was all confusing then
A petty officer of failure just a lackey for the jailer
A hermit and a hoarder just a handsome deserter
I prayed to God to let me keep it
And I prayed to God to take it away
And I prayed to God to let me hide it
Save it for a rainy day
Save it for a rainy day
Do you have to be the rolling train
(that rolls through my sleep)
Do you have to be wounded bird
(that won't let me be)
Do you have to be the only voice I hear
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