

Sounds Like Help

Austin Basham

You know I found it false
That I could meet the boss
And be disabled
I thought that I was born again
Not gonna sin again
I guess that was a fable
Now heaven's off the table

You know, Lord, oh I'm looking for You
But I won't break this anchor
Can't even seem to stay afloat
While on my own
I just sink baited
Waiting to be plated

You know I felt so haunted
When you found it hard to see me
Where are You
I'm wanting to make a little money
So we can save to find it out
And bribe this doubt

You know, Lord, oh I'm needing You
Just like I need an anchor
I always seem to drift away
Into the grey
I guess I'll be a stranger
Just to keep the danger

You know I felt so haunted
That you could find it daunted to see me
Where are You
I'm wanting to make a little money
So we can live to find it out
And bribe this doubt

You know, I found it false
That I could be at fault
And be enabled
I thought that I was born again
Not gonna sin again
I guess that was a fable