

American Prayer

Dustin Lynch

It's whispered from a tractor on a flat Midwestern plain
The fields are dry and dusty, there is no sign of rain
It floats out a kitchen window, somewhere in the south
If the river gets much higher, they'll float away no doubt
You can almost feel it in the air, an American prayer

They're gonna be alright, they're gonna carry on
Help from above will come back strong
Got faith in us, got faith in Him
The clouds will part and the sun will shine again, amen

It echoes through the factories up in Michigan
It bounces off the levees, and rides out on the wind
Clear out to California, and back on up to Maine
Don't matter if you're rich or poor, a sinner or a saint
Every night, everybody, everywhere
Is praying their American prayer

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Amen