

Dear God

Hamilton Leithauser

I go to church on a Sunday
The vows that I make
Break 'em on Monday

Rest of the week
I do as I please
Come Sunday morning
I pray on my knees

Dear God
I know I'm not worthy
But I need you so
Please won't you hurry?
Help me turn back from the path I've trod
You'll never be sorry, Dear God

Each day we read in the paper
Of the carryings-on
Of some of our neighbors

The sinning and lying
Forgetting our faith
We have the nerve to ask
"Is it too late?"

Oh dear God
I know I'm not worthy
I need you so
Please won't you hurry?
Help me turn back from the path I've trod
You'll never be sorry, Dear God

You'll never be sorry
Dear God