

Even An Ugly Man

Hawksley Workman

What jesus can't fix tonight
The whiskey certainly might.
I must have said the lord's prayer 65 times.
And thought of your face
And our infinite grace
All of the ways to behold you
Until the tide will I wait.

What crying won't fix tonight
The whiskey certainly might
I must have doubted your faith 65 times.
And thought of your face
And your infinite grace
All of the ways to behold you
Until the tide will I wait.

Even an ugly man
Could kiss your lips
As if they were his to demand of
Or his to destroy like a lover of a demon

What loving won't fix tonight
The whiskey certainly might
I must have whispered your name 65 times.
My lips on your face
In our infinite grace
All of these ways to behold you
Until the tide will I wait