

At night in their pj's
They were sitting on a bedroom floor
Just kids, a few years apart
But if you heard them you would think they're older
They were talking about things
No other kid at school would know
Trying not to laugh to loud
Cuz if they did they knew they'd have a reason to cry
They didn't know
What's going on around
All they knew
Was how to stay alive

Oh it's not that bad
You know it could be worse
There's God, thank God
Who died for us on the cross
There was a news on the radio that somewhere in America
Someone shot their kids
Could've been you but it's not
And you should pray all night
And give your thanks to the Lord
That he kept you safe from things you couldn't even dream about

Hot chocolate and screaming
Apple slices in a locked up room
Back scratches and lullabies while you cry yourself to sleep
Mommy's favourite
Piggybacking and bruises
Road trips under disappointed eye
You have to be smart but don't question anything
Daddy's favourite

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And once you're all grown up
You will know what it's like
To sacrifice all you have
For what you know isn't right
Not every flower that grew out of concrete is a rose