

From Your Knees

John Conlee

He tore down the work of seventeen years brick by brick and stone by stone
No hammer was swinging cause cheating and drinking don't need no help wrecking a home
But when he came back to the dust and the rubble of what he had once called his life
He dropped to his knees in sheer disbelief at the total destruction inside

There were empty closets and empty drawers and a tear stained note on the kitchen floor
And burning memories in the fireplace
He'd waited too late to say he was wrong, his house was still standing but his home was gone
Brother, you would not believe what you can see from your knees

But right then and there in an old sinner's prayer he told things he kept in the dark
There was no use in lying cause the one who was listening could see every room in his heart
Then he put empty whiskey bottles, little black book and all in the fire she'd left on the grate
Oh, sometimes a man can change on his own but sometimes I tell you it takes

Empty closets and empty drawers and a tearful confession on the kitchen floor
And burning memories in the fireplace
He'd waited too late to say he was wrong, his house was still standing, he'd fight for his home
Brother, you would not believe
Brother, you would not believe what you can see from your knees