Lord, I Know We Don't Talk

Kevin Devine

In a motel room, with the Bible out
Combing scripture for answers about what's happening now
I can't believe my eyes, and I just don't trust my ears
But I've heard a man can always come find some solace here

Lord, I know that we don't talk
Often at all anymore
But desperate folks do desperate things
So I'm stapling this note to your door

Please: turn the ship around
And lock the course in place
And keep the train tracks nailed to the ground
But pull the emergency brakes

I've lost my faith in man
Just like I once lost faith in you
And I've been covering all kinds of ground
Thinkin' hard 'bout what else I could lose

And I know how I look, to come crawling back
Acting like you owe me proof
But this is bigger than me
And I think it's bigger than you too

So if this gets to you
If you ever come home
Just know I won't be awaiting the postman
I will not be glued to my phone

I'll know a change has come
I'll know that you exist
When all our bombs stop exploding
And when all of our landmines are stripped

When we stop blowing up strangers' houses
And making orphans of innocent kids
And people stop thinking the world's theirs for the taking
Cause your will once told them it is

'Til then, I'm gonna shake my head
I'm gonna bite my tongue
When people tell me, "Have faith and be patient
We're waiting for God to show up."

'Til then, it's one more skeptical song
But I'll be glad as hell if you come prove me wrong

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!