

# God Already Knows

Kingswood

It's been fifteen months and counting from the moment that I fled  
Leaving all that's left behind, what's good and what is dead  
You turn and with your hands suggest the world, it fell apart  
Trying to convince yourself in matters of the heart

Fiddle-ay-ey, oh-fiddle-ay-oh  
Don't know exactly where it is or why I got to go  
Fiddle-ay-ey, oh-fiddle-ay-oh  
Hell, what's the use in making plans if God already knows?

I could sing another song, convince myself that I belong  
On the road again, a fine life for me  
But perhaps I'll take a chance and ride across the great expanse  
With you in tow, a love that's meant to be  
I guess we'll see

Now I'm locked in troubled minds, in loops of worry and despair  
Left longing to be settled, breathing order in the air  
So I travelled to the ocean, looking to the setting sun  
And all the while thinking if the west was really won?

Fiddle-ay-ey, oh-fiddle-ay-oh  
Don't know exactly where it is or why I got to go  
Fiddle-ay-ey, Oh-Fiddle-ay-oh  
Hell, what's the use in making plans if God already knows?

Well, I could sing another song, convince myself that I belong  
On the road again, a fine life for me  
But perhaps I'll take a chance and ride across the great expanse  
With you in tow, a love that's meant to be  
I guess we'll see

Here it comes, the itch again, like poppy in the breeze  
It overwhelms my sense with surreptitious expertise  
And I could try to fight it like a wolf refutes a lamb  
But preaching is a young man's game, to hell with who I am

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