

# Prayer

Leith Ross

Last night I wrote a prayer  
To the water in my head  
Read the book my mother read

See I don't believe in God  
At least not one that's not  
As human as me  
And anyone, that ever was

See I have to believe  
There's some kind of deity  
In lonely eyes  
In looming trees  
I can't count upon  
Heaven or hell or law  
But I'm scared and lonely  
Amen

In history there's faith  
When children die people pray  
And that's just human nature

It's my instinct to believe  
There is something more than me  
But I can't name what I can't see

See I have to believe  
There's some kind of deity  
In broken bones  
In skin that bleeds  
I can't count upon  
Heaven or hell or law  
When I'm scared and lonely  
Amen

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