

The Isle Of Arran

Loyle Carner

The Lord will make a way
The Lord will make a way
The Lord will make a way
The Lord will make a way

Uh, uh, look
Uh, no, I don't believe him
Uh, but know that I've been grieving
Know that I've been holding out, hoping to receive him
I've been holding out for G but he was nowhere to be seen
When I was bleeding
Cousin with the choking and the wheezing
But still he dream of smoking potent in the evening
This is only for the heathens
Hold until the souls who need redeeming from the demons
Still ain't folded when it's freezing
There ain't no-one to believe in, I'm on that man side
Damn right, doing it myself from a landslide
Stand by, didn't need no help from no damn guy
Man by, I've been making waves all my damn life
Planned my step to the letter and I stand by it
Try it, we ain't holding back if it backfires
Lax, not the ones who carry crack 'til their back tired
Thought they'd make a mil' 'til it transpired
I ain't like them damn liars
Uh, I'm saying I ain't like them damn liars

Trust, told him I ain't like them damn liars
So keep your mouth closed shut
Eyes wide open when that doubt rose up
'Cause if that drought shows nothing but the clouds hold
Nothing but the sound, I'll be running 'til the ground open up
'Cause the best don't change, clinging to that whole one
My mother said, "There's no love until you show some"
So I showed love and got nothing, now there's no-one
You wonder why I couldn't keep in tow, son?
I wonder why my dad didn't want me, ex didn't need me
Half of them left and the rest finna breeze me
It's blessed 'til I second guess, rest 'til it freeze me
There's nothing to believe in, believe me

The Lord will make a way
And when I get in trouble
The Lord will make a way
I have the Lord by my side
The Lord will make a way
And whenever I need him
The Lord will make a way

Little bit of life after death
Scatter my ashes when it's my time for rest
With the lines I'm obsessed, rhymes I possess
Can't deny, seen the biggest guys cry to confess in a breath
Fresh death passing the chest, unimpressed with the sess
Left scars in the flesh, he's the best, worst-kept sparring in jest
Saying, "Star never bar too far from the nest"
So I never left and never thought about doing so

I to-and-fro from that prime time to a home
You see, I'm doing those nights I should've known better
Like whatever, still my breddas say I'm too involved
But who would know what the family first is?
'Til you dream, see three family hearses
Worst is, wanted me to speak at the service
So I penned a couple bars, didn't need to rehearse this

The Lord will make a way
And when I get in trouble
The Lord will make a way
I have the Lord by my side
The Lord will make a way
And whenever I need him
The Lord will make a way