

## Water For The Wicked

Robben Ford

4. Water for the Wicked 4: 23  
(Robben Ford Michael McDonald)

All the misguided people  
Have no place to rest  
Given to their misdeeds  
And driven from their best  
And breakin' in to the midnight hour  
A fire is in their breast

Water for the wicked  
Water for the wicked  
Just a drop to cool his tongue  
The law will lower the hammer  
From where will mercy come

So many burn with a fever  
They're lookin' for relief  
Greed becomes a desert  
And it makes a man a thief  
His life becomes a gamble  
His mind is filled with grief

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Just a drop to cool his tongue  
The law will lower the hammer  
From where will mercy come

If we seek  
Will we find  
Find the childlike heart we left behind  
There is the light from which all mercy comes

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