The Rest Of Us

Shy Carter

There are those of us who get it right on the very first try
There are those of us who stop buying and selling
The same old lies
People ask them how they're doing
They say, "Good," and it's true
Oh, and they sleep just like a baby
The whole night through

Then there's the rest of us
Burning everything they touch
Who keep doing things, ruin things, losing things
And screwing things up
Then there's the rest of us
Using love as a weapon
Confusing hell for heaven
Praying grace will be enough

Oh, thank God for people like you
Who never give up
Oh, on the rest of us

There are those of us
Got them recovery stories
Who somehow found a way to get out of the way of themselves
And there are those who never miss a damn Sunday morning
Who somewhere along the way, they learned how to ask for help

And then there's the rest of us
Burning everything they touch
Just keep doing things, ruin things, losing things
And screwing things up
Then there's the rest of us
Using love as a weapon
Confusing hell for heaven
Praying grace will be enough

Oh, thank God for people like you
Who never give up
Oh, on the rest of us
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

You always showed me good love
You always gave me good love
You always had me on time
Always, always online (Always, always online)
No, you never gave up
No, you never gave up

On the rest of us
Burning everything we touch
Who keep doing things, ruin things, losing things
And just screwing things up
For the rest of us
Using love as a weapon
Confusing hell for heaven
Praying grace will be enough

Oh, thank God for people like you
Who never give up
Oh, I wanna thank God for somebody like you
Who never gave up
Oh, on the rest of us