

Which Way To Pray

T. Graham Brown

A little girl down on her knees
Saying "I lay me down to sleep
Lord bless us with a happy home
And please make Daddy leave me alone"
Cause the way he kisses her goodnight
She knows that something's just not right
Does she ask for things to be okay?
Or ask for wings to fly away?
It's hard for her to know which way to pray

She's made it through those troubled years
But she's not through with pain and tears
Cause it seems the man she chose
Has a side that no one knows
Her makeup hides the tell-tale scars
But not the wounds inside her heart
Does she ask the Lord for strength to stay?
Or ask for help to get away?
Sometimes it's hard to know which way to pray

Lord perhaps our only prayer
Should simply ask that you be there
To give us comfort when we've lost our way
Cause sometimes it's hard to know which way to pray

The preacher called and said, "Come home
I'm afraid your Daddy's almost gone"
Hate in your heart is no way to live
Comes a time when you've got to forgive
Suddenly she was ten years old
She fought the tears and searched her soul
Should she ask the Lord to ease his pain?
Or ask for angels to take him away?
Sometimes it's hard to know which way to pray

Cause life is never black and white
There's so many shades of gray
Oh, sometimes we just don't know which way to pray
Yeah, sometimes we just don't know which way to pray
Mmmm...