

Disaster

The Red Clay Strays

I'm a giant slayer
I'm a music player
I'm a young king walking
Now the prophet's talking

I don't wanna say I got carried away
When I really just killed a man
Oh, God, disaster struck again

So what do you have to say about saints?
They're no better than the ones they say the world taints
If you're looking for a prophet, I'll tell ya I ain't
But I know when it's gonna rain
So what do you have to say about life?
The One we laid down to turn dark to light
The world let Him down, so He came around
When disaster struck again

I'm the wisest counsel
I can speak a mouth full
I got wives and treasures
And foreign gods for pleasure

Maybe I denied when I split up my tribe
That I was losing myself to sin
Oh, God, disaster struck again

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So what do you have to say about life?
The One we laid down to turn dark to light
The world let Him down, so He came around
'Cause He wanted us back again

My baby's callin', strength is fallin'
I don't wanna let you down
Crushed a lion to keep from dyin'
But all I've ever found is once again
We've all sinned
Disaster struck again

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When disaster struck again

Oh, Lord
Disaster struck again
Oh, Lord
Disaster struck again
Oh, Lord

Disaster struck again