

## Prayer

Tom Odell

Oh, my boy  
Imagine the world that you're gonna enjoy  
You're charming just like your grandma  
Strumming your toy guitar  
You've got her wrapped around your fingers it seems

Singing your songs of love  
Telling her what you'll be when you grow up  
A singer-songwriter, whatever you decide  
It's gonna be tough  
Getting to know the black dog in your blood  
When the war is won  
Just promise you'll come and visit us

All these prayers  
Does anybody know if there's a heaven up there?  
I'm hoping, if there is then it may be  
Somewhere I can see your eyes still gently smiling at me

Open up a beer  
Feeling kind of angry you're not here  
Don't wanna be alone  
I pick up my iPhone and I choose  
Which part of my mind I will abuse  
I promised I wouldn't  
But it's just too good to refuse

All these dreams  
They never turn out quite as big as they seem  
Still waiting for my mother to arrive  
And sit down by my side  
And tell me I don't need to worry anymore  
Sitting on a plane, drinking to anaesthetise the pain  
Don't know where it comes from  
Been there ever since I was young I guess  
But when I'm with my friends I feel it less  
Time out of my mind, that's when I find I'm at my best