

Passion Play

William Fitzsimmons

I should not have hid where my heart can't follow,
'cause this grace gets so far and too hard to swallow.
I've been running from Saul, he's been giving chase;
when I look in his eyes, all I see is my face.
You're still on my back after all these years,
chasing me out of hell and my nice veneers.
I don't know how you stand when you've got no floor,
or how you can breathe with your hands on boards.

I just want to be not what I am today,
I just want to be better than my friends might say,
I just want a small part in your passions play.
Do you hear when I call in the midst of wrong?
Do you hear these here words while I sing this song?
Are you caught up in me like I heard you say,
or just some big cashier that I'll have to pay?
'Just want to be not what I am today,
I just want to be better than my friends might say,
I just want a small part in your passions play.