

Carrie Underwood, Praying For Time

[originally performed by George Michael]

These are the days of the open hand
They will not be the last
Look around now
These are the days of the beggars and the choosers
This is the year of the hungry man
Whose place is in the past
Hand in hand with ignorance and legitimate excuses
The rich declare themselves poor
And most of us are not sure
If we have too much but well take our chances
Cause God stopped keeping score
I guess somewhere along the way
He must have let us all out to play
And turned his back
And all Gods children
Crept out the back door
And its hard to love
Theres so much to hate
Hanging onto hope
When there is no hope to speak of
And the wounded skies above
Say its much too late
Oh maybe we should all be praying for time
This is the year of the empty hand
Oh you hold onto what you can
And charity is a coat you wear twice a year
These are the days of the guilty man
The television takes a stand
And you find that what was over there
Is over here
So you scream from behind your door
Say whats mine is mine and not yours
I may have too much
But Ill take my chances cause God stopped keeping score
And youll cling to the things they sold you
Did you cover your eyes when they told you
That he cant come back
Cause he has no children
to come back for
And its hard to love when theres so much to hate
And hanging onto hope
When there is no hope to speak of
And the wounded skies above
Say its much, much too late
Mm, well maybe we should all be praying for time