

# 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