

Dogwood, Billy Mahoney's Baby

Can I make due for now, with a promise?
My wishing words, always go against your will.
Simple solutions, surely seem so senseless.
You muddle through past presents only to find a blur.

You cry out to the open air &"what do you have for me?&"
You want answers now but you think you're not heard
You cry out to the open air &"what do you have for me?&"
You want answers now but you think you're not heard

Malfunction, a description of you
Think again, buddy, God doesn't make junk.
You know I can't blame you for your daddy's terrible errors,
More people love you than you'll ever know.

You cry out to the open air &"why should I go on, Lord?&"
You want answers now but you think you're not heard.
You cry out to the open air &"why should I go on, Lord?&"
You want answers now but you think you're not heard

You cry out to the open air &"what do you have for me?&"
You want answers now but you think you're not heard.
You cry out to the open air &"what do you have for me?&"
You want answers now but you think you're not heard.

What does it take to spur you along?
Didn't you learn from friends too far gone?
Get off your rear and get out the door.
Make use of your time before we're no more,
All no more all no more all so more all no more