## Fake Problems, Tabernacle Song

We've almost got job security, At least there's a roof over our heads. There are beds in our rooms, And warm plates of food Waiting to be had. We're not asking If they want anything, But we'll take What you can give. I can honestly say At this point in my life, I'm grateful for what I get. So hey, Why am I trying to escape, When everything I need is right here I read that every good sermon It starts with a story To reel the audience in. But I've got no life experience, Just this terrible fear That I'll captivate anything. If I really have your attention I'm desperate for the affection Of a full capacity room. As sweat seeps from my pores I race for the door And don't want it anymore. So hey, Why am I trying to escape, When everything I need is right here? But the neighbors just called You didn't make it that far. They saw ya picking flowers from their yard. Well hip, hip, hooray What a wonderful escape. And the way that I see I see nothing at all, I'm blindfolded in the backseat Of a car. Just drop me somewhere, I can't retrace my steps. Can I come back yet To the only place That clears my head? To my home. Yes, I learned my lesson, But I'll always be restless, I can assure you of that. Even in the kingdom of heaven I'll be asking the guestion, "What's it like in hell"?