

# Jon McLaughlin, Praying To The Wrong God

She don't know you but she swear she knows your type  
Got a mouth full of opinions and most are wrong  
But they all sound right  
And the ring around her finger is only there for make you  
Wish you were the one for her

So I'm praying to keep me from breaking  
From being another loser helpless at her side  
And it's crazy, it's like no one can save me this time  
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night  
Praying to the wrong god every night

There's a reason no one knows her name  
If she don't tell you then she never has to change it  
She's allergic to "I Love Yous" and staying in one place  
For too long  
If you blink she's gone

So I'm praying to keep me from breaking  
From being another loser helpless at her side  
And it's crazy, it's like no one can save me this time  
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night  
Praying to the wrong god every night

Make her make me mean more  
Or make her go away  
Make her make me mean more  
Or make her go away

I'm praying to keep me from breaking  
From being another loser helpless at her side  
And it's crazy, like no one can save me this time  
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night  
Praying to the wrong god every night  
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night...  
(Every night)