

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 You's" 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)