

# Jonatha Brooke, Walking

I am walking in your shoes  
For just a mile or two  
My heels are all torn  
But I will dig them in for you  
I feel the pain you've known  
And the seeds of hate you've sown  
They're scattered on the ground and I can barely step around  
Insanity and pain  
The things you will not name  
Growing in the fields  
Spinning with the wheels  
And wind of time and whimsy  
Your excuses and your flimsy lies  
I'm running out of faith  
I'm tired of saving face  
And where the hell is grace  
I didn't ask for second place  
I am picking through the weeds  
And I'm falling to my knees  
And this is where I'll leave your shoes  
And step away from these  
Insanity and pain  
Who will take the blame  
Beyond your will and whimsy  
No excuses no more flimsy lies  
I'm running out of faith  
I'm tired of saving face  
And where the hell is grace  
I didn't ask for second place  
I'm running out of faith  
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I didn't ask for second place