

# Kevin Devine, Lord, I Know We Don't Talk

In a motel room, with the Bible out  
Combing scriptures for answers about  
What's happening now

'Cause I can't believe my eyes  
And I just don't trust my ears  
But I've heard a man can always come find  
Some solace here

And Lord, I know that we don't talk  
Often at all anymore  
But desperate folks do desperate things  
So I'm stapling this note to your door

Please, turn the ship around  
And lock the course in place  
And keep the train tracks nailed to the ground  
Or pull the emergency break

'Cause I've lost my faith in man  
Just like I once lost faith in you  
And I've been covering all kinds of ground  
Thinking hard 'bout what else I could lose

And I know how I look  
To come crawling back  
Acting like you owe me proof  
But this is bigger than me  
I think it's bigger than you too

So if this gets to you  
Yeah if you ever come home  
Just know I won't be awaiting the postman  
I will not be glued to my phone  
I'll know a change has come  
I'll know that you exist

When all our bombs stop exploding  
And when all of those landmines are stripped  
And we stop blowin' up strangers' houses  
And making orphans of innocent kids  
And people stop thinking the world's theirs for the taking  
'Cause your world once told them it is

'Til then, I'm gonna shake my head  
I'm gonna bite my tongue  
When people tell me, 'Have faith and be patient,  
We're waiting for God to show up.'

Yeah 'til then, it's one more skeptical song  
And I'll be glad as hell  
If you come and prove me wrong