Leslie Phillips, Smoke Screen

You smoke-screen with your judgemntal words.
But when the air clears you're just a scared little child.
You smoke-screen, but your fearful inside
That God does'nt love you
You let fear run you wild
(Chorus)
When someone is wrong you write them off
Never give a second chance
What if God had been that strict with you
And destroyed you without a second
You smoke-screen with your angelic face
You look so holy, but you're struggling inside
You smoke-screen when you point the finger
Cuz no one's looking
To see you problem with pride