

# Paul Colman, Last Night In America

Im afraid to turn my TV on  
And Im hoping what they said is wrong  
Can I just live my lifetime here and then move on?  
Ive had a million conversations about  
Who is right and who is wrong  
And how would Jesus want for us to carry on  
Im praying for Gods will but secretly wanting  
Riches and blessings to pour in my hands  
Is this my last night in America?

My tendency is to run away  
And try to keep my family safe  
But tell me how to hide away from all this hate?  
The dominos that we see fall  
Were set in motion long ago  
Fear became a flower and the garden grows  
Im seeing the irony, the battle inside of me  
You brought me peace now Im at war with the world  
Tell me is there some way out  
Tell me that Im not alone  
Show me the mystery oh cornerstone  
Is this my last night in America?

Is this my last night in America?  
Or is it my last moment anywhere?  
Our breath is a vapor thats lost in the air  
Is this my last night in America?

Well Ive read about a God of war  
And painted blood from door to door  
Canonized in scripture and in black and white  
And Ive read about my Jesus Christ  
And Ive received His sacrifice  
But is it turn the other cheek or is it stand and fight?  
Cause Im just a simple pilgrim Im not a man with wisdom  
What do I do when theres a thief at my door?  
Do I resist him or in silence assist him?

What seemed right isnt clear anymore  
Is it the fall of a nation or the great tribulation  
The eve of invasion or the book of revelation  
Well Ill wear my freedom as an invitation  
To the God of creation who's keeping the score  
Is this my last night in America?

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