

Shaun Groves, Two Cents

So proud to call you friend
So let down you're starting up again
The same old story a thousand times told
With you the hapless damsel in distress

Am I richer than your King?
Will my two cents get you anything?

Chorus:

I'll give you prayers and my time
Ev'ry moment of mine
All I have is yours to spend
But if you're hoping all your tears will dry
With words that I dispense, well
There're just some things that can't be bought with my
Two cents

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Still I'm so glad you call me friend
Just wond'ring when your pity parties end
When will you stop this bringing invitations
Wearing your same black party dress

Am I richer than your King?
Will my two cents get you anything?

Chorus

How can I have all your answers
When I've got questions of my own?

I'll give you prayers and my time
Ev'ry moment of mine
All I have is yours to spend
But if you're hoping all your tears will dry
With words that I dispense, well
There're just some things that can't be bought with my,
Bought with my, two cents.

there's no other, such a friend and brother,
tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
tell it to Jesus, alone. Why dont you tell it to Jesus alone.