

# 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.