

Aaron Sprinkle, All In A Day's Work

In a room of crooked faces
You never wanted to replace this
In your memory
Now the thing that comes to your mind
Is an awful word to describe
A sense of peace

It won't get better on it's own
And it'll follow you along
All in a day's work
The day you went out on your own
Is the day you should have known
That it's all in a day's work
All in a day's work

In a room of crooked faces
You never wanted to replace this
In your memory
Now the thing that comes to your mind
Is an awful word to describe
A sense of peace

But I've given you a heart
That I never will discard
All in a day's work when you feel My scar
It'll bring you next to Me
When I was hanging from a tree
All in a day's work
All in a day's work

And in the meantime
You and I could fly
To a place that's warm
You'll never be alone
All in a day's work