

# 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