Ben Sollee, Built For This

Hang your worries on my thin Kentucky frame
Lay your fears on my chest
Place a wish on my calloused fingertip
And chase the morning light

We were built for this
We were built for this

Rest your troubles on my young, forgiving back
Lift your pain upon my deck
Rub your hands with your faith and trust their path
And trace the morning light

We were built for this
We were built for this

Speak with words that we gather from the ground
Hold a light up to the sky
Give the dove just one more chance to sing
And replace the morning light