

Bon Jovi, Hey God

Hey God, I'm just a little man got a wife and family
But I almost lost the house
Yeah, I bought into the dream
We're barely holdin' on, when I'm in way to deep
We're two paychecks away from living out on the streets

She's a workin' single mom, like a Saint she doesn't complain
She never says a word, but she thinks that she's to blame
Her son just got convicted, he blew some punk away
She did her best to raise him, but the world got in the way

Hey God - Tell me what the hell is going on
Seems like all the good shits gone
It keeps on getting harder hanging on
Hey God, there's nights you know I want to scream
These days you've even harder to believe
I know how busy you must be, but Hey God...
Do you ever think about me

Born into the ghetto in 1991, just a happy child
Playing beneath the summer sun
A vacant lots' his playground, by 12 he's got a gun
The odds are bet against him, junior don't make 21

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I'd get down on my knees
I'm going to try this thing you way
Seen a dying man too proud to beg spit on his own grave
Was he too gone to save?
Did you even know his name?
Are you the one to blame, I got something to say

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