

Gospel, I Still Pray My Soul Will Be Saved

There's a lot of demons that I have to fight;
And everything I try never seems to be right.
If it wasn't for alcohol I'm sure I'd die,
As long as it's made I'll keep gettin' by.

The world I travel in is one that's mean.
I chase the bottle that breaks my dreams.
I didn't run away and addiction took hold,
So now I take each heartache as it unfolds.

I let the Devil get ahold of my soul,
And no one wants me anywhere I'll go.
People avoid me like I am the plague,

But I still pray my soul will be saved.

If I had been strong and asked for help,
I wouldn't be fightin' the devil myself.
If you see me, and I'm lyin' in the street,
You'll be seein' a man who accepted defeat.

The world I travel in is rough and mean.
I chase the bottle that breaks my dreams.
I didn't run away and addiction took hold,
So now I take each heartache as it unfolds.