

Justifide, Pointing Fingers

Stop! Lecturing me, I've had enough of your advice,
For a lifetime, this lifetime, Pharisee!
I won't think twice, I see your intentions, and I'll call you out cuz,
I said I'll call you out cuz

(Chorus)

I don't care, what you think of me, I don't care
And I don't care, my father, he knows me well

No more, no more, no more pointing fingers,
To take that spotlight off yourself, cuz your sin it still lingers,
Enough of making others feel less than you, that's all you do,
Man, what am I left to do, but call you out, but you won't listen, better think this through

I wanna take that blindfold from your eyes
But you gotta take that blindfold off your eyes
Please I wanna take that blindfold from your eyes
Believe me, you ain't seen nothing you've been livin' blind
And I pray, they'll see your grace, someday, someday
May your grace, shine on me
May your grace, shine through me
You're everything, I want to be, and only you can set me free
And I don't care what you think about me, cuz my father knows me
And I will be whoever he wants me to be