

Lee Ann Womack, Stubborn (Pslam 151)

There's a whole lot of stubborn in this room
There's a whole lot of pride that won't let go
There's a whole lot of stubborn in this room
That shows no sign of giving up control
I've drawn all the curtains, I've turned out all the lights
Scared to death somebody else might see
There's a whole lot of stubborn in this room
And there's no one here but me

There's a whole lot demons in this room
They want it all and they don't want to share
There's a whole lot of demons in this room
And none of them believe in fightin' fair
Some sit on my left, some sit on my right
They talk so loud it's hard to disagree
I'm surrounded by the demons in this room
And there's no one here but me

And I can't quite remember how to pray anymore
And I can't quite remember what to say anymore
If it turns out that I can't have my way anymore
How will I know which way to turn when I walk out the door

There's a molecule of faith in this room
What they used to call a mustard seed
There's a molecule of faith in this room
And a book that says that's all I'll ever need
I don't know where it is but I hope I find it soon
'cause nothing else will ever set me free
There's a molecule of faith in this room
And even though it's much too small to see
If I have the courage to believe
I'll find the one who left it here for me