

Maddie Zahm, If It's Not God

Be pretty and
Don't make it look like your tryin
Told to be Esther
When I felt like Goliath
When they were wrong
I could never keep quiet
I'd search for the truth
And had faith that I'd find it

Set myself on fire
let myself be the liar

All the Sunday's I worried I'd disappoint my mom
Cause I never understood some types of love being wrong
Something inside me was always steering left
What father picks a few just to leave the rest
I heard a voice inside my head, they disagreed
So If it wasn't God then thank God it was me

They called me a sinner
When I was a saint
Hiding in her bedroom
Praying depression away
Killin herself for eternal life
And losing her interests to be a good wife

Set myself on fire
I let them call me the liar

All the Sunday's I worried I'd disappoint my mom
Cause I never understood a type of love being wrong
Something inside me was always steering left
What father picks a few just to leave the rest
I heard a voice inside my head, they disagreed
So If it wasn't God if that wasn't God it was me
Thank God it was me

If it was God
Then I don't have to worry
He'll know why I left
Why I ran in a hurry
So either way I choose
I'm not wasting my life
Cause the voice in my head
Has always been right

All the Sunday's I worried I'd disappoint my mom
Cause I never understood a type of love being wrong
Something inside me was always steering left
No father picks a few just to leave the rest