

Melanie C, Praying For Time

These are the days of the open hand
They might just be the last
Look around now
These are the days of the beggars and the choosers

This is the year of the hungry man
Whose place is in the past
Hand in hand with ignorance
And legitimate excuses

The rich declare themselves poor
And most of us are not sure
If we have too much
But we?I take our chances
?ause God? stopped keeping score
I guess somewhere along the way
He must have let us all out to play
Turned his back and all God? children
Crept out the back door

And it? hard to love, there? so much to hate
Hanging on to hope
When there is no hope to speak of
And the wounded skies above say it? much too much too late
Well maybe we should all be praying for time

These are the days of the empty hand
Oh, you hold on to what you can
And charity is a coat you wear twice a year

This is the year of the guilty man
Your television takes a stand
And you find that what was over there is over here

So you scream from behind your door
Say what? mine is mine and not yours
I may have too much but I?I take my chances
?ause God? stopped keeping score
And you cling to the things they sold you
Did you cover your eyes when they told you
That he can? come back
?ause he has no children to come back for

It? hard to love there? so much to hate
Hanging on to hope when there is no hope to speak of
And the wounded skies above say it? much too late
So maybe we should all be praying for time