

# Michael George, Praying For Time

These are the days of the open hand  
They will not 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'll take our chances  
Cause God's stopped keeping score  
I guess somewhere along the way  
He must have let us all out to play  
Turned his back and all god's children  
Crept out the back door

And it's hard to love, there's so much to hate  
Hanging on to hope  
When there is no hope to speak of  
And the wounded skies above say it's 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's mine is mine and not yours  
I may have too much but I'll take my chances  
Cause God's stopped keeping score  
And you cling to the things they sold you  
Did you cover your eyes when they told you  
That he can't come back  
Because he has no children to come back for

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