

# Todd Agnew, Lovers In Our Heads

Mary's driving home again, she's crying again  
Johnny left her for another girl  
She's embarrassed by her loneliness and haunted by her shame  
Everyone's reacting just the same  
As she feared they would

Are we more concerned with the fruit of another  
Never noticing our own barren branches?  
Are we more consumed with casting stones at each other  
While ignoring the lovers in our beds?  
Our own beds in our heads

Mary's driving home again, turns on the radio  
'Cause no one's writing songs about divorce  
She could use a verse or two  
Anything that brings just a few  
Moments of light on the middle of this darkness

God hears her cries  
As her tears fall rivaling the grains of sand  
We have His heart  
What is keeping us from being His hands?

Mary's driving home again, turns off the radio  
'Cause no one's writing songs about divorce... yet