

William Fitzsimmons, Passion Play

I should not have hid
where my heart can't follow
cause this grace gets so far
and too hard to swallow
i've been running from Saul,
he's been giving chase
when i look in his eyes
all i see is my face

are you still on my back
after all these years?
chasing me out of hell
and my nice veeners
i don't know how you stand
when you've got no floor
or how you can breathe
with your hands on boards

i just want to be not what i am today
i just want to be better than my friends might say
i just want a small part in your passion play

do you hear when i call
in the midst of wrong?
do you hear these here words
while i sing this song?
are you caught up in me
like i heard you say?
or just some big cashier
that i'll have to pay