

George Michael, Outsidegm

Praying For Time

George Michael

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'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

'Cause 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

From: "Susan Gornati"