

Jonatha Brooke, Walking

I am walking in your shoes
For just a mile or two
My heels are all torn
But I will dig them in for you
I feel the pain you've known
And the seeds of hate you've sown
They're scattered on the ground and I can barely step around
Insanity and pain
The things you will not name
Growing in the fields
Spinning with the wheels
And wind of time and whimsy
Your excuses and your flimsy lies
I'm running out of faith
I'm tired of saving face
And where the hell is grace
I didn't ask for second place
I am picking through the weeds
And I'm falling to my knees
And this is where I'll leave your shoes
And step away from these
Insanity and pain
Who will take the blame
Beyond your will and whimsy
No excuses no more flimsy lies
I'm running out of faith
I'm tired of saving face
And where the hell is grace
I didn't ask for second place
I'm running out of faith
I'm tired of saving face
And where the hell is grace
I didn't ask for second place