

American Idol

"George Michael, Praying for Time"

Visit "[George Michael, Praying for Time](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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 well take our chances
Because God stopped keeping score
I guess somewhere along the way
He must have let us all out to play
Turned his back and all gods children
Crept out the back door

Chorus
And its hard to love,
Theres so much to hate
Hanging on to hope
When there is no hope to speak of
And the wounded skies above
Say its 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 whats mine is mine and not yours
I may have too much
But Ill take my chances
Because God stopped keeping score
And you cling to the things
They sold you
Did you cover your eyes when
They told you
That he cant come back
Because he has no children
To come back for

Visit [American Idol](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.