

Chris Trapper "Time To Forgive"

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There's a man who keeps his hopes held
high up in a paper cup
He's got that ripped down at the bottom,
Spills down on the floor bad luck
So, it's that which makes you desperate
That which drives you to your knees
Makes you steal from your own brother
and run endlessly

It's time to forgive these sins

And a woman is not wicked if she starts
wishing for herself
When her husband's out around the town,
courting someone else
There's a man who comes to visit her
each August afternoon
It will last her through the winter
when she's hurt and confused

It's time to forgive these sins

Four true friends are speeding
parked there in a parking lot
Sometimes in suburbia it seems like
drugs are all you got
The ambulance was screaming,
you were shaking just like death
Now a whole town is shattered,
there's only three true friends left

It's time to forgive these sins

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