

Disciple "The Phone"

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Like a single grain of sand moving with the tide
No one knows I'm here wouldn't matter if I died
Out of control lost on my way searching and dying
more each day

Bridge

Trying as hard as I can
Won't someone hold out their hand
I feel so strange in this land
But if you ask me I'm fine

Chorus

I can't go on
I've always had to be by myself
I'm on the phone
I just need somebody's help (X2)

Time is running out tired of not having rest
Can't go on like this forever maybe death is best
Tell me what it's all about, you love me, well that I really
doubt

Told me a story of a man with scars in His feet and
hands
Can take me away from this land
But can He really save me

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