

Kevin Devine**"Lord, I know we don't talk"**

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Alright

In a motel room with the bible out
I comb the scriptures for answers about
What's happenin' now

'Cause I can't believe my eyes
And I just don't trust my ears
But I've heard a man can always come find
Some solace here

Lord, I know that we don't talk often at all anymore
But desperate folks do desperate things
So I'm stapelin' this note to your door

Please turn this ship around
And lock the course in place
Keep the train tracks nailed to the ground
But pull the emergency brake

'Cause I've lost my faith in man
Just like I once lost faith in you
I've been covering all kinds of ground
Thinking hard 'bout what else I could lose

And I know how I'll look
To come crawling back
Acting like you owe me proof
But this is bigger than me
I think it's bigger than you too

So if this gets to you
If you ever come home
Just know I won't be awaiting the post man
I will not be glued to my phone

I'll know a change has come
I'll know that you exist
When all the bombs stop exploding and when
All of those land mines are stripped

And we stop blowing up stranger's houses

And making orphans of innocent kids
And people stop thinking the world's theirs for the
taking
'Cause your world once told them it is

'Til then I'm gonna shake my head
I'm gonna bite my tongue
When people tell me have faith and be patient
While waiting for God to show up.

Yet 'til then here's one more skeptical song
I'll be glad as hell if you can prove me wrong.

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