

## **Sixpence None The Richer "An Apology"**

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Questions flew  
And words were hurled into the air  
And when the smoke had cleared  
I saw you lying there  
I used my words like bullets in a gun  
To pick your ego off like skeet flung  
In the gallery of fools

Too many words come from my mouth  
I wish would remain unsaid  
Oh I've had to eat them all and now I must confess

It was a silly thing to say to you  
It was a silly thing to say to you, I know

We know  
Trust (Reprise)  
Trust in the Lord with all your heart  
Lean not on your own understanding  
In all of your ways acknowledge Him  
And He will make your paths straight  
Don't worry about about tomorrow  
He's got it under control  
Just trust in the Lord with all of your heart  
And He will carry you through

Lord, sometimes it gets so tough  
To keep my eyes on You  
When things are going rough  
But then I turn my eyes up to the sky  
And I hear Your voice it says to me

You have much trouble in this world  
I have overcome

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