

Trent Monk

"One Wing In The Fire"

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Daddy's been a back-row Baptist
With his share of front-row sin
His Saturday night still on his breathe
Every Sunday when he'd walk in
He's never led the Benediction
He's never sang in the choir
But he's an angel with no halo
An' one wing in the fire

Mamma lives by the Bible
The Bible lives by the bed
An' she's lied alone so many nights
With scriptures in her head.
Prayin', Good Lord, just be with him
I know his Faith is tired
But he's an angel with no halo
An' one wing in the fire

An' I know he lives a little left of livin' right
An he's come close to goin' way to far a few times
But I'd trade a thousand prayers
If just one prayer would come true
Lord, please believe in him, like I believe in you

Daddy's always been there for me
From T-Ball to touchdowns
Fixed my car an' fixed my heart
When they've been broken down
I know he calls for more forgiveness
Than most folks do require
But he's an angel with no halo
An' one wing in the fire

An' I know he lives a little left of livin' right
An he's come close to goin' way to far a few times
But I'd trade a thousand prayers
If just one prayer would come true
Lord, please believe in him, like I believe in you

Well, I just can't imagine
What Heaven might be like

If me an' Mamma make it
Without Daddy by our side
Lord, could you please remember
When it's time to call us higher
That he's an angel with no halo
An' one wing in the fire
Ooooh

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