

Wild Sweet Orange "Seeing & Believing"

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I was born in Nashville
With a song in my head
And it took me 20 years
To get a guitar in my hands

And now that I do
I just want to sing it for you
Like it's never been said to you
Or there is nothing else that I know how to do

I can't stop singing about
All the things I've seen and heard
With my head against her heart
I couldn't make it work

So now I walk the streets at night
To say beneath her bedroom light
Hold my breath as she walks by
She asks me to live for her
But I'll often wish to die

So I pray for an angel on it's way
To comb her hair as she washes her face
Oh I pray for an angle on it's way
To tuck her in and keep her sane.

The older you get the more you cry
The more you understand those awful crimes
It's got me every evening just hoping to die so
Every morning I thank God that I'm alive

So I pray
For a song it's way
To cure your ills and heal the lame

So I pray
For a song on it's way
To take shape and replace our shame

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