

Ray Scott "Bear With Me Lord"

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Sunday mornin, ten AM,
My mouth is dry and my blood is runnin' thin.
I know where I need to be,
And I promise you I'll be on that pew next week.
But I can't remember feelin quite this bad before,
Bear with me, Lord.

I got a good woman,
But, Lord, she's tryin',
She's doin' her best to help me see the light.
Before too long, I swear I'll come around.
'Cause I don't want to let either of you down.
Give her the strength to stand by me
And not walk out the door.
Bear with me, Lord.

Well, I remember Mama telling me
Back in my younger days,
That no matter how low down I was,
You'd love me anyway.
The devils got me now,
But someday I'll be yours.
Bear with me, Lord.

She'll be back,
A little after twelve.
So I'm gonna clean up now,
Try to compose myself.
Thanks for listenin'.
We'll talk again.
It's good to know you'll always be my friend.
Someday I'll live up,
To what you put me down here for.
Bear with me, Lord.
Bear with me, Lord.
Might take me a little while.

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