

Savannah Outen

"St. Patrick's"

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Hey there Lord it's me
I wondered if you're free
Or not asleep
This just won't keep
It seems I just don't see

Why all the things we asked
Or prayed would come to pass
Have gone unheard
Like silent words
That slip into the past

'Cause Lord they're not schemes
Can't you tell dreams
Why do you let them slip by
Never even tried

It isn't you don't hear
There's far too many tears
Or can't you feel
Are we unreal
To one who knows no peers

You say we must pay dues
But still I am confused
I need to walk
And with you talk
Instead of to statues

'Cause Lord they're not schemes
Can't you tell dreams
Why do you let them slip by
Never even tried

'Cause you take all the fame
But who'll accept the blame
For all the hurt
Down here on earth
Unnecessary pain
Surely you must care
Or are you only air

Built in our minds
When we're in binds
Never really there

Can we be tired of you
Is that something we're allowed to do
For even the blind change their views
And it's time we tried something new

So I've pled my case
I'll now pull my escape
Didn't mean to doubt
What it's all about
Seems I forgot my place

But if you find the time
Please change the story line
Or give a call
Explain it all
I'll even leave the dime

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