

Sense Field

"Far From My Hands"

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I can feel it, it's out there
I'm left praying for a prayer
Living after, a dying day
I can feel it, it's heading this way
Time, slow down, don't run out on me
Lord, speed up, who's side are you on anyway
Can't you see there's a question mark
It's at the end of everyday
It leaves me praying for a prayer
Praying for it to never go away
Far from my, far from my hands
Far from my, it's right here in my mind
Far from my, far from my hands
Far from my, it's right here in my mind

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