

**Peter J.**

**"The Hand That Feeds Me"**

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I'm looking for reasons  
To wage these petty wars  
This fighting in my head  
Hurts too much to ignore  
I keep looking skyward  
Pray some good will come  
As far as I can see  
We're not the guilty ones  
Father where's the hand that feeds me  
Where has gone my youth?  
Tell me where this life will lead me to  
Father where's the hand that feeds me?  
All the love between us  
Is all we've ever had  
Bring your body to bed  
Help me make it last  
So much is determined  
Way before you're born  
Nothing seems to count  
For too much anymore  
I believe my heart is beating  
In my throat  
It's the same old fright  
That's so familiar  
I'm not looking back  
To find a saviour for my soul  
But I'd sure like an answer

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