

Shaun Groves "Two Cents"

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So proud to call you friend
So let down you're starting up again
The same old story a thousand times told
With you the hapless damsel in distress

Am I richer than your King?
Will my two cents get you anything?

Chorus:
I'll give you prayers and my time
Ev'ry moment of mine
All I have is yours to spend
But if you're hoping all your tears will dry
With words that I dispense, well
There're just some things that can't be bought with my
Two cents

Still I'm so glad you call me friend
Just wond'ring when your pity parties end
When will you stop this bringing invitations
Wearing your same black party dress

Am I richer than your King?
Will my two cents get you anything?
Chorus

How can I have all your answers
When I've got questions of my own?

I'll give you prayers and my time
Ev'ry moment of mine
All I have is yours to spend
But if you're hoping all your tears will dry
With words that I dispense, well
There're just some things that can't be bought with my,
Bought with my, two cents.

there's no other, such a friend and brother,
tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
tell it to Jesus, alone. Why dont you tell it to Jesus alone.

