

Hal Bynum

"A Lover's Prayer"

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Father, I ask you to forgive me
for my lack of patience and
for bein' self-centered an
always thinkin' about myself and what I want,
an wantin' to be comfortable all the time
instead of tryin' to be a help to other people.
Most of all, I pray that you'll help me
to always be gentle and good and understandin'
with this woman who's chose to live her life with me.
She loves me with all her heart,
with a love that's innocent and trusting and unselfish.
You've had your hand on our lives
since the day we met.
We'd both been hurt a lot an
neither one of us was ready to open our hearts again,
but there was somethin' wonderful about that moment,
almost like the world had conspired
to place an emphasis on our meeting,
when we came together that day.
I realized immediately how much she was.
There was this bright, burnin', knowin' in her eyes
that cut right through her shyness and it was weird
how we trusted each other, right from the start.
Whatever kind of carpet there was in that room
caused an electric shock when our hands touched
and we both laughed and it all got started
in a relaxed an easy goin' way,
an you brought us along,
an brought us through everything
that coulda wrecked us along the way.
Evertime I look at her I see the little girl
who believes the world's a good place
an everybody's got good in 'em,
an that darkness is just a place
the light hadn't got to yet.
Father help me to trust you the way she trusts you.
I want to have that kind of faith.
No matter how bad things look,
she believes if she does her best and tries hard
enough,
everything'll turn out alright.

Forgive me for bein' in such a hurry all the time
an bein' worried when there
idn't really any reason for it.
I think sometimes I look for the worst in people,
tryin' to find somethin' wrong with 'em
so I can feel better about me.
She's always lookin' for the good in people,
an the funny thing is, she always seems to find it.
Help me to be as gentle, and thoughtful,
and kind as she is. An to not always be makin'
everything about me, to not always be tryin'
to git everything the way I want it all the time.
She's the one that's taught me about kindness.
An when I do remember to give a little
bit of it back to 'er, when I remember
to be thoughtful, she's so grateful that tears come to
her eyes
an she touches my face with her hand an
I've never seen love like that.
I'll never understand why she loves me
the way she does. Of all the gifts you've given me,
that's the greatest gift of all.
Help me to comfort her when she's troubled,
and to somehow make her realize how
beautiful and wonderful she
really is.
I don't deserve her, but Lord, how I love her.
Help me to be good to 'er.
Amen

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