The Prayer

Aaron Watson

My mountain is a mole hill
My throne's a busted chair
This crown has turn to rust
And it's all tangled in my hair
This high horse that I ride on
Is gonna buckle at the knee
Upon my castle made of sand
I cannot be the king of meThere's the man in white
His words are painted red
There's power in his blood
And only truth in what he said
There's the man in black
With a needle in his vein
Lyin' flat upon his back
This is the prayer that he once prayedHe said, "My mountain is a mole hill
My throne's a busted chair
This crown has turn to rust
And it's all tangled in my hair
This high horse that I ride on
Is gonna buckle at the knee
On my castle made of sand
I cannot be the king of me"And this harem in my heart is filled
With hot metal and fool's gold
Watch your statue turns to dirt
All that's left in the end is your soul
God save your soulSo he said, "Shout out of control
With all your heart and soul
Though this cold world
May tear you apart
Let the whole world know"My mountain is a mole hill
My throne's a busted chair
This crown has turn to rust
And it's all tangled in my hair
This high horse that I ride on
Is gonna buckle at the knee
Upon my castle made of sand
I cannot be the king of meMy mountain is a mole hill
My throne's a busted chair
This crown has turn to rust

And it's all tangled in my hair
This high horse that I ride on
Is gonna buckle at the knee
Upon my castle made of sand
I cannot be the king of meLord I'm just a man
I cannot be the King of me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/