Folded Hands

Chase Huglin

Im not a praying man, but I've got folded hands and a church pew. I wanna believe in you.
Ive said all those words, still I don't have enough nerve to come and visit your grave.
I'm not brave.
Home doesn't feel like home. I walk through the door and every single thing has changed. Nothing feels the same.
I look at the couch where you use to sit and sit so empty now, but I know you're proud.
I will drop my pride, I'll visit you when the time feels right. When the time feels right.
I'll bring flowers and a shirt. Six feet under the ground and you're still the best part of this earth.
It hurts.

Lyrics Submitted by Gavin

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/