# Raised to Pray

## Tyler Farr

Smoking Swishers like we just don't care
Holding 99 cent lighters way up in the air
Drowning fears with the King of Beers 'til we wasn't scared
To talk to the girl on the rusted out fenderI remember stealing pallets just to build us a fire
Out in a field full of whiskey, weeds, and wine
Running on empty but I never got tired
Of keeping mama up all night and making daddy wanna kick my assWe were going nowhere fast
Living for the moment, not thinking ahead or looking back
From the outside looking in
We might have been a little rough around the edges
But the devil couldn't catch us 'cause, hey, at the end of the day
We were raised to praySure owe a lot to that old King James
Under the seat with my last name
On the cover of it, should have opened it more
Instead of letting it slide around on the truck floorWe were going nowhere fast
Living for the moment, not thinking ahead or looking back
From the outside looking in
We might have been a little rough around the edges
But the devil couldn't catch us 'cause, hey, at the end of the day
We were raised to prayWe were washed in the blood
Covered in mud
Holding onto anything that felt like love
Come hell or high water we wouldn't let it goWe were going nowhere fast
Living for the moment, not thinking ahead or looking back
From the outside looking in
We might have been a little rough around the edges
But the devil couldn't catch us 'cause, hey, at the end of the day
We were raised to pray
Yeah, raised to pray
At the end of the day
We were raised to pray

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