

# My God

Gemma Hayes

My God  
Hope you're on call  
'Cause I maybe in danger of crashing before I get to fall  
Let's cry boy  
While neighbors have their backs turned  
I'm having trouble believing anything you say  
Keep the car running outside  
You go and make up your mind  
You're staying her running wild with me  
You know I could still love you, yeah  
My God  
Looks like I'm going alone  
Can't wipe the tears away fast enough  
Now I can't see the road  
Got a boot full of dreams  
And a pocket full of reasons not to stay  
Got a cross of Jesus around my neck  
Hoping he'll help me find my way  
So afraid of losing  
Now I'm scared of what I've won  
So afraid of leaving  
Now I don't think I can return, yeah  
And all along there was a need for change  
And so I thought I better leave this place  
When all I had to do was change my mind  
All I had to do was change my mind  
My God  
Is it alright if I turn right back around?  
'Cause I reckon I fly highest  
When my feet are planted on the ground

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