

Doubting Thomas

Nickel Creek

What will be left
When I've drawn my last breath?
Besides the folks I've met
And the folks who've known me
Will I discover a soul-saving love?
Or just the dirt above and below me I'm a Doubting Thomas
I took a promise
But I do not feel safe
Oh, me of little faith Sometimes I pray for a slap in the face
Then I beg to be spared 'cause I'm a coward
If there's a master of death
I bet he's holding his breath
As I show the blind
And tell the deaf about his power I'm a Doubting Thomas
I can't keep my promises
'Cause I don't know what's safe
Oh, me of little faith Can I be used to help others find truth?
When I'm scared, I'll find proof that it's a lie
Can I be led down a trail dropping bread crumbs
To prove I'm not ready to die? Please give me time
To decipher the signs
Please forgive me for time
That I've wasted I'm a Doubting Thomas
I'll take your promise
Though I know nothing's safe
Oh, me of little faith
Oh, me of little faith

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