

A Baby-Step of Faith

Eron Falbo

As I walk into the room,
I see the men are all well groomed
I see the women love to rock,
I see heaven in a box.
And as I approach the jury
And I try to hide my worry,
Turn my back onto my cause
And their eyes provide applause. And then I know I aint where Im supposed to be
But I can see the gate,
It is far but I can see,
So I begin to take
A baby-step of faith.
A baby-step of faith. I consult the local deejay
We discuss the yankee highways,
Says the Beatles bring him down
But he just loves the Velvet Underground.
I approach the beauty scene queen
Dancing moves I've never seen
Says "I can do what I want"
as I confront her with some fun. She says "wait, I cannot follow you my dear,
Unless you know what to fake."
The softest falseness falls upon her ears
As I say "But I'm no rake!"
A baby-step of faith. How much for gin and whiskey?
Since the tonic makes me frisky
And I don't wanna be here,
when the host runs out of beer.
I could stay until the morning
But tomorrow I'd be sorry
I would vow and I'd pretend
that I would never drink again. And if I would never drink
How could I be here in the first place
The first shot I ever had made got me high
And I started to take
A baby-step of faith.
A baby-step of faith. There are things we do not know
Like the raven is a crow,
And a bible is just books
Put together with a hook.

And what seems to be the end
Comes smiling like a friend,
Like the lawyer's polished shoes
Designed to give bad news. But still we are mistaken
When we plan the paths to take.
For God has not forsaken man
If she has made
A baby-step of faith.
A baby-step of faith.

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