

# Praying For Time

## Echodrone

These are the days of the open hand  
They will not be the last  
Look around now

These are the days of the beggars and the choosers  
This is the year of the hungry man  
Whose place is in the past  
Hand in hand

With ignorance and legitimate excuses  
The rich declare themselves poor  
And most of us are not sure

If we have too much but we'll take our chances  
'Cause God's stopped keeping score  
I guess somewhere along the way  
He must have let us all out to play

Turned his back and all God's children  
Crept out the back door  
And it's hard to love  
There's so much to hate  
Hanging on to hope

When there is no hope to speak of  
And the wounded skies above  
Say it's much too late

Well maybe we should all be praying for time  
This is the year of the empty hand  
Oh you hold on to what you can  
And charity is a coat you wear twice a year

These are the days of the guilty man  
Your television takes a stand

And you find that what was over there is over here  
So you scream from behind your door  
And say what's mine is mine and not yours

I may have too much but I'll take my chances  
'Cause God's stopped keeping score  
And you cling to the things they sold you  
Did you cover your eyes when they told you  
That he can't come back?

'Cause he has no children to come back for  
And it's hard to love  
When there's so much to hate

Hanging on to hope  
When there is no hope to speak of  
And the wounded skies above  
Say it's much, much too late  
Well maybe we should all be praying for time

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