Bear With Me Lord

Ray Scott

Sunday mornin', ten a.m.
My mouth is dry and my blood's runnin' thin
I know where I need to be
And I promise you, I'll be on that pew next week
But I can't remember feelin' quite this bad before
Bear with me, Lord
I've got a good woman and Lord she's tryin'
She's doin' her best to help me see the light
'Fore too long, I swear, I'll come around
'Cause I don't wanna let either of you down
Give her the strength to stand by me and not walk out the door
And bear with me, Lord
I remember Mama tellin' me back in my younger days
No matter how low down I was you'd love me anyway
The Devil's got me now but someday I'll be yours
Bear with me, Lord
She'll be back, a lil' after twelve
So I'm gonna clean up now and try to compose myself
Thanks for listenin', we'll talk again
It's good to know you'll always be my friend
And someday I'll live up to what you put me down here for
Bear with me, Lord, bear with me, Lord, might take me a little while

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