

Praying to the Wrong God

[Jon McLaughlin](#)

She don't know you but swear she knows your type
Got a mouth full of opinions and most are wrong but they all sound right
And the ring around her finger is only there to make you wish you were
The one for her So I'm praying to keep me from breaking
From being another loser helpless at her side
And it's crazy, it's like no one can save me this time
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night
Praying to the wrong god every night Now there's a reason no one knows her name
If she don't tell you then she never has to change it
And she's allergic to 'I Love You' and staying in one place for too long
If you blink she's gone So I'm praying to keep me from breaking
From being another loser helpless at her side
And it's crazy, it's like no one can save me this time
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night
Praying to the wrong god every night Make her make me mean more
Or make her go away
Make her make me mean more
Or make her go away I'm praying to keep me from breaking
From being another loser helpless at her side
And it's crazy, like no one can save me this time
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night
Praying to the wrong god
She's got me praying to the wrong god every night, every night

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