Oh My God

Jars of Clay

Oh, my God, look around this place

Your fingers reach around the bone

You set the break and set the tone

Flights of grace and future falls

In present pain, all fools say, "Oh, my God"Oh, my God, why are we so afraid?

We make it worse when we don't bleed

There is no cure for our disease

Turn a phrase and rise again

Or fake your death and only tell

Your closest friends, oh, my GodOh, my God, can I complain?

You take away my firm belief

And graft my soul upon your grief

Weddings, boats and alibis

All drift away and a mother criesLiars and fools, sons and failures

Thieves will always say

Lost and found, ailing wanderers

Healers always sayWhores and angels, men with problems

Leavers always say

Broken hearted, separated

Orphans always sayWar creators, racial haters

Preachers always say

Distant fathers, fallen warriors

Givers always sayPilgrim saints, lonely widows

Users always say

Fearful mothers, watchful doubters

Saviors always saySometimes I can not forgive

These days mercy cuts so deep

If the world was how it should be

Maybe I could get some sleepWhile I lay, I'd dream we're better

Scales were gone and faces lighter

When we wake, we hate our brother

We still move to hurt each otherSometimes I can close my eyes

And all the fear that keeps me silent

Falls below my heavy breathing

What makes me so badly bent? We all have a chance to murder

We all have the need for wonder

We still want to be reminded

That the pain is worth the plunderSometimes when I lose my grip

I wonder what to make of Heaven

All the times I thought to reach up

All the times I had to give upBabies underneath their beds

Hospitals that cannot treat them

All the wounds that money causes

All the comforts of cathedralsAll the cries of thirsty children

This is our inheritance

All the rage of watching mothers

This is our greatest offenseOh, my God

Oh, my God

Oh, my God

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