

Frail

Jars of Clay

Convinced of my deception
I've always been a fool
I fear this love reaction
Just like you said, I would
A rose could never lie
About the love it brings
And I could never promise
To be any of those things
If I was not so weak
If I was not so cold
If I was not so scared
Of being broken, growing old
I would be, I would be
Blessed are the shallow
Depth they'll never find
Seems to be some comfort
In rooms I try to hide
Exposed beyond the shadows
You take the cup from me
Your dirt removes my blindness
Your pain becomes my peace
If I was not so weak
If I was not so cold
If I was not so scared
Of being broken, growing old
I would be, I would be
I would be, I would be frail

Songwriters

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