

# Frail

## Jars of Clay

Convinced of my deception  
I've always been a fool  
I fear this love reaction  
Just like you said, I wouldA rose could never lie  
About the love it brings  
And I could never promise  
To be any of those thingsIf 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 beBlessed are the shallow  
Depth they'll never find  
Seems to be some comfort  
In rooms I try to hideExposed beyond the shadows  
You take the cup from me  
Your dirt removes my blindness  
Your pain becomes my peaceIf 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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