

# Prayer

## Big Wreck

Fairweather friends  
A season ends  
And your conscience lends  
All your lies a hand  
'Cause you're a star  
And you'll go far  
You stand in the flame  
Just to make a name  
You glance at the ceiling  
Buy another round  
Lonely but for feeling  
I can hang around  
Yea I can hang around The clock on the wall  
It takes time to fall  
And it's the fall I'll do  
If only for you  
The chance to run  
Has left me spun  
Right around the core  
Of what I need you for It's a disaster  
And after all I need you to remind myself  
That it's my fault, it's not my fault  
I can hear the pain  
Well pause no more  
And I've never prayed before yea  
Never prayed before You glance at the ceiling  
And buy another round  
Lonely but for feeling  
That I can hang around  
I can hang around

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