

Fifty Second Chances

[Scott MacIntyre](#)

I got shame that lives in my mirror, and doubt that rests in my bed
Ghosts hiding in the hallway, that I haven't let go of yet
My mistakes sit in my top drawer, not safe under lock and key
Bad choices spread across the floor scrapes on both of my knees I need fifty second chances and a hundred near misses
A thousand more I'm sorries and a million questions why
Though I don't yet have a martyrs faith, I'm willing to try
Forgive me for all my circumstances,
Thank you for fifty second chances Lord I know, I know that your listening, I'm not used to praying out loud
Your mercy is the balm to my wounds, and I'm calling you now, Lord I need fifty second chances, . and a hundred near misses
A thousand more I'm sorries and a million questions why
Though I don't yet have a martyrs faith, I'm willing to try
Forgive me for all my circumstances,
Thank you for fifty second chances. I don't know where I'd be, without the grace you give to me, And my fifty second chances, and a hundred near misses
A thousand more I'm sorries and a million questions why
Though I don't yet have a martyrs faith, I'm willing to try
Forgive me for all my circumstances,
Thank you for fifty second chances For fifty second chances, thank you for fifty second chances.

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