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 kneesI 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 chancesLord 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 chancesFor fifty second chances, thank you for fifty second chances.

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