

Dear God 2.0 (feat. Monsters of Folk)

The Roots

Dear God, I'm trying hard to reach you
Dear God, I see your face in all I do
Sometimes it's so hard to believe it
But, God, I know you have your reasons
(Uh huh)They said, "he's busy, hold the line, please"
Call me crazy, I thought maybe he could mind read
Who does the blind lead? Show me a sign, please
If everything is made in China, are we Chinese?
And why do haters separate us like we Siamese?
Technology turning the planet into zombies
Everybody all in everybody's dirty laundry
Acid rain, earthquakes, hurricane, tsunamis
Terrorists, crime spree, assaults, and robberies
Cops yellin', "stop, freeze," shoot him before he try to leave
Air quality so foul, I gotta try to breathe
Endangered species and we runnin' out of trees
If I could hold the world in the palm of these
Hands, I would probably do away with these anomalies
Everybody checkin' for the new award nominee
Wars and atrocities; look at all the poverty
Ignoring the prophecies, more beef than broccoli
Corporate monopoly, weak world economy
Stock market topplin'
Mad marijuana, Oxycontin, and Klonopin
Everybody out of it?Well, I've been thinkin' about
And I've been breakin' it down
Without an answer
I know I'm thinking out loud
But if you're lost and around
Why do we suffer?
Why do we suffer?
(Uh huh)Yeah, it's still me, one of your biggest fans
I get off work, right back to work again
I probably need to go ahead and have my head exam
Look at how they got me on the Def Jam payment plan
Well, I'm in the world of entertainment and
Trying to keep a singing man sane for the paying fans
If I don't make it through the night, slight change of plans
Harp strings, angel wings, and praying hands

Lord, forgive me for my shortcomings
For going on tour and ignoring the court summons
All I'm trying to do is live life to the fullest
They sent my daddy to you in a barrage of bullets
Why is the world ugly when you made it in your image?
And why is livin' life such a fight to the finish?
For this high percentage when the sky's the limit
A second is a minute, every hour's infinite

Songwriters

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