

All In a Day's Work

[Aaron Sprinkle](#)

In a room of crooked faces
You never wanted to replace this
In your memory
Now the thing that comes to your mind
Is an awful word to describe
A sense of peaceIt won't get better on it's own
And it'll follow you along
All in a day's work
The day you went out on your own
Is the day you should have known
That it's all in a day's work
All in a day's workIn a room of crooked faces
You never wanted to replace this
In your memory
Now the thing that comes to your mind
Is an awful word to describe
A sense of peaceBut I've given you a heart
That I never will discard
All in a day's work when you feel My scar
It'll bring you next to Me
When I was hanging from a tree
All in a day's work
All in a day's work

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