

# Doubting Thomas

## Nickel Creek

What will be left  
When I've drawn my last breath?  
Besides the folks I've met  
And the folks who've known me  
Will I discover a soul-saving love?  
Or just the dirt above and below me  
I'm a Doubting Thomas  
I took a promise  
But I do not feel safe  
Oh, me of little faith  
Sometimes I pray for a slap in the face  
Then I beg to be spared 'cause I'm a coward  
If there's a master of death  
I bet he's holding his breath  
As I show the blind  
And tell the deaf about his power  
I'm a Doubting Thomas  
I can't keep my promises  
'Cause I don't know what's safe  
Oh, me of little faith  
Can I be used to help others find truth?  
When I'm scared, I'll find proof that it's a lie  
Can I be led down a trail dropping bread crumbs  
To prove I'm not ready to die?  
Please give me time  
To decipher the signs  
Please forgive me for time  
That I've wasted  
I'm a Doubting Thomas  
I'll take your promise  
Though I know nothing's safe  
Oh, me of little faith  
Oh, me of little faith

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