## **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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