

# Back to Back

## Dustin Kensrue

When the call hasn't come,  
Let me sit with you and wait.

When the other kind does,  
Let me help you bear the weight.Let me gather wood, when the fires gone out.

Let me pray for you, when you're filled with doubt.

Hold your white knuckled hands, when our daughters out too late.Let me be the one, that's walking with you  
through the night.

When the morning comes, with its brash and blinding light.

Let me be the one, that's crawling with you through the thorns.

Back to back, we both were born to share this fight.When you haven't got no sleep,  
Let me fix you a cup of Joe.

Let me soak your shirt in tears,

When the tumor starts to grow.Let me rub your back when the children whine.

Let me push your cart through the five and dime.

Help you hobble down the hall with your IV line in tow.Let me be the one, that's walking with you through the  
night.

When the morning comes, with its brash and blinding light.

Let me be the one, that's crawling with you through the thorns.

Back to back, we both were born to share this fight.There's no one I'd rather walk with,  
Through the brier or the flame.

Let me hold you in the darkness,

In the fire, in the rain.Let me be the one, that's walking with you through the night.

When the morning comes, with its brash and blinding light.

Let me be the one, that's crawling with you through the thorns.

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