

# From Your Knees

[John Conlee](#)

He tore down the work of 17 years brick by brick  
And stone by stone  
No hammer was swingin' cause cheatin' and drinkin'  
Don't need no help wreckin' a home  
Ah, but when he came back through the dust and the rubble  
Of what he had once called his life  
He dropped to his knees in sheer disbelief of the total destruction inside  
There were empty closets and empty  
drawers  
And a tearstained note on the kitchen floor  
And burning memories in the fireplace  
He waited too late to say he was wrong  
His house was still standing but his home was gone  
Brother, you would not believe  
What you can see From Your Knees  
Right then and there in an old sinner's prayer  
He told things he'd kept in the dark  
There was no use in lying cause the man who was listening  
Could see every room in his heart  
Ah, he took empty whisky bottles, little black book and all  
To the fire she left on the grate  
Ah, sometimes a man will change on his own  
But sometimes I tell you it takes  
Empty closets and empty drawers  
And a tearstained note on the kitchen floor  
And burning memories in the fireplace  
He waited too late to say he was wrong  
His house was still standing he'd fight for his home  
Brother, you would not believe, oh you would not believe  
What you can see from your knees  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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