

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 to 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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