

# Dear God 2.0 (feat. Jim James & Monsters of Folk)

## The Roots

Dear God, I'm trying hard to reach you  
Dear God, I see your face in all I do  
Sometimes it's so hard to believe it  
But, God, I know you have your reasons  
(Uh huh)They said, "he's busy, hold the line, please"  
Call me crazy, I thought maybe he could mind read  
Who does the blind lead? Show me a sign, please  
If everything is made in China, are we Chinese?  
And why do haters separate us like we Siamese?  
Technology turning the planet into zombies  
Everybody all in everybody's dirty laundry  
Acid rain, earthquakes, hurricane, tsunamis  
Terrorists, crime spree, assaults, and robberies  
Cops yellin', "stop, freeze," shoot him before he try to leave  
Air quality so foul, I gotta try to breathe  
Endangered species and we runnin' out of trees  
If I could hold the world in the palm of these  
Hands, I would probably do away with these anomalies  
Everybody checkin' for the new award nominee  
Wars and atrocities; look at all the poverty  
Ignoring the prophecies, more beef than broccoli  
Corporate monopoly, weak world economy  
Stock market toppin'  
Mad marijuana, Oxycontin, and Klonopin  
Everybody out of it?Well, I've been thinkin' about  
And I've been breakin' it down  
Without an answer  
I know I'm thinking out loud  
But if you're lost and around  
Why do we suffer?  
Why do we suffer?  
(Uh huh)Yeah, it's still me, one of your biggest fans  
I get off work, right back to work again  
I probably need to go ahead and have my head exam  
Look at how they got me on the Def Jam payment plan  
Well, I'm in the world of entertainment and  
Trying to keep a singing man sane for the paying fans  
If I don't make it through the night, slight change of plans  
Harp strings, angel wings, and praying hands

Lord, forgive me for my shortcomings  
For going on tour and ignoring the court summons  
All I'm trying to do is live life to the fullest  
They sent my daddy to you in a barrage of bullets  
Why is the world ugly when you made it in your image?  
And why is livin' life such a fight to the finish?  
For this high percentage when the sky's the limit  
A second is a minute, every hour's infinite

Songwriters

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