Tabernacle Song

Fake Problems

We've almost got job security,
At least there's a roof over our heads.
There are beds in our rooms,
And warm plates of food
Waiting to be had.We're not asking
If they want anything,
But we'll take
What you can give.
I can honestly say
At this point in my life,
I'm grateful for what I get.So hey,
Why am I trying to escape,
When everything I need is right here
At home?
I read that every good sermon
It starts with a story
To reel the audience in.
But I've got no life experience,
Just this terrible fear
That I'll captivate anything.
If I really have your attention
I'm desperate for the affection
Of a full capacity room.
As sweat seeps from my pores
I race for the door
And don't want it anymore.So hey,
Why am I trying to escape,
When everything I need is right here?
But the neighbors just called
You didn't make it that far.
They saw ya picking flowers
From their yard.
Well hip, hip, hooray
What a wonderful escape.
And the way that I see
I see nothing at all,
I'm blindfolded in the backseat
Of a car.
Just drop me somewhere,

I can't retrace my steps.Can I come back yet
To the only place
That clears my head?
To my home.Yes, I learned my lesson,
But I'll always be restless,
I can assure you of that.
Even in the kingdom of heaven
I'll be asking the question,
"What's it like in hell"?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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