# Praying For Time

## Carrie Underwood

These are the days of the open hand
They will not be the last
Look around now
These are the days of the beggars and the choosers
This is the year of the hungry man
Whose place is in the past
Hand in hand
With ignorance and legitimate excuses
The rich declare themselves poor
And most of us are not sure
If we have too much but we'll take our chances
'Cause God's stopped keeping score
I guess somewhere along the way
He must have let us all out to play
Turned his back and all God's children
Crept out the back door
And it's hard to love
There's so much to hate
Hanging on to hope
When there is no hope to speak of
And the wounded skies above
Say it's much too late
Well maybe we should all be praying for time
This is the year of the empty hand
Oh you hold on to what you can
And charity is a coat you wear twice a year
These are the days of the guilty man
Your television takes a stand
And you find that what was over there is over here
So you scream from behind your door
And say what's mine is mine and not yours
I may have too much but I'll take my chances
'Cause God's stopped keeping score
And you cling to the things they sold you
Did you cover your eyes when they told you
That he can't come back?
'Cause he has no children to come back for
And it's hard to love
When there's so much to hate

Hanging on to hope
When there is no hope to speak of
And the wounded skies above
Say it's much, much too late
Well maybe we should all be praying for time

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/