

Between Your Lines

Williams, Holly

We are all a little crazy, we are all a little weak
And we all are very fragile when there's nothing left to speak
When there's no one left to talk to, no more tears are left to cry
Will you stand up for the right thing or continue in denial? I don't know
Well, you know I'd love to help you, you know I'd love to heal
But without the hands of God you will never be revealed
So take off your mask of happiness, take off your mask of fame
We all know that you've got problems just like everybody's name
I don't know why you fold in the arms of reality
Why do you break with every wave in your stormy sea?
You know I'd love to think you were doing fine but I'd be lying
So don't tell me everything is good, don't walk on bitter ground
I have seen you at your worst and I still love you when you're down
But I hate to see you live like this, I hate to see you crying
And I hate to see you tangled in her web of sex and lies
Do you have a god you pray to, do you have a god you love?
Do you have some twisted fear about the will from up above?
Do you wait for him in silence, do you wait for him in vain?
Do you think some crazy fool is gonna preach away your pain?
I don't know why you fold in the arms of reality
Why do you break with every wave in your stormy sea?
Why do you cringe at the wake of every godly dream?
While I watch you laughing on the brink of insecurity
You know I'd love to say you were doing fine but I'd be lying
So why must you walk with burdens much too big for you to bear
When you know it's not your fault?
There are saints and sinners everywhere
You don't have to smile, I can read between your lines
I read guilt and I read mercy, I read glory to the father
I read bitterness and suffering and love for all your children
I read brokenness inside your heart and scars too deep to see
I read pain from a young boy who's father left too early
Who's mother tried to mold him into what she'd love to be?
I don't know why you fold in the arms of reality
Why do you break with every wave in your stormy sea?
And why do you cringe at the wake of every godly dream while
I watch you laughin' on the brink of insecurity
You know we'd love to help, yeah you know we'd love to heal
But without the hands of God you will never be revealed

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