

Pray For Me

Ty Herndon

He had a bottle in his left hand, an old Bible in his right
I thought now there's a sinner when he asked me for a light

He hit me for a dollar, I just turned and walked away

I was feeling high and mighty when I heard him say "Pray for me, pray for me
Pray for me and I will pray for you" I thought who is he to pray for me as I hit my power lock
And then the weight of my hypocrisy fell on me like a rock

I caught him at the corner and I gave him my last ten

I said, "Please forgive me, brother and until we meet again" "Pray for me, pray for me
Pray for me and I will pray for you" You know each of us is broken somewhere deep inside
And we're really not that different when you strip away the pride

We've all got our struggles and chains that we can't break

And you never know the difference one simple prayer might make I stood there on the corner and I watched him
drifting off

As the sun behind St. Mary's made the shadow of a cross

On a street of busy people and places on the run

I felt like calling out to each and every one "Pray for me, pray for me

Pray for me and I will pray for you" "Pray for me, pray for me

Pray for me and I will pray for you" "Pray for me, pray for me, pray for me"

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