

# Stubborn (Psalms 151)

[Lee Ann Womack](#)

There's a whole lot of stubborn in this room  
There's a whole lot of pride that won't let go  
There's a whole lot of stubborn in this room  
That shows no sign of giving up control  
I've drawn all the curtains, I've turned out all the lights  
Scared to death somebody else might see  
There's a whole lot of stubborn in this room  
And there's no one here but me  
There's a whole lot of demons in this room  
They want it all, and they don't wanna share  
There's a whole lot of demons in this room  
And none of them believe in fighting fair  
Some sit on my left, some sit on my right  
They talk so loud, it's hard to disagree  
I'm surrounded by the demons in this room  
And there's no one here but me  
I can't quite remember how to pray anymore  
I can't quite remember what to say anymore  
If it turns out that I can't have my way anymore  
How will I know which way to turn when I walk out the door?  
There's a molecule of faith in this room  
What they used to call the mustard seed  
There's a molecule of faith in this room  
And a book that says that's all I'll ever need  
I don't know where it is, but I hope I find it soon  
'Cause nothing else will ever set me free  
There's a molecule of faith in this room  
And even though it's much too small to see  
If I have the courage to believe  
I'll find the one who left it here for me

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