Prayer

Big Wreck

Fairweather friends
A season ends
And your conscience lends
All your lies a hand
'Cause you're a star
And you'll go far
You stand in the flame
Just to make a name
You glance at the ceiling
Buy another round
Lonely but for feeling
I can hang around
Yea I can hang around
The clock on the wall
It takes time to fall
And it's the fall I'll do
If only for you

The chance to run
Has left me spun
Right around the core
Of what I need you for
It's a disaster
And after all I need you to remind myself
That it's my fault, it's not my fault
I can hear the pain
Well pause no more
And I've never prayed before yea
Never prayed before
You glance at the ceiling
And buy another round
Lonely but for feeling
That I can hang around
I can hang around

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