

Send A Boat

Chris Knight

Pictures on the wall, bottle in her hand,
Children never call, she misses her old man.
Rain on the window, quite as a tear
And if you never felt 'em, never know they're here.

Someone's cryin' in the hall.
Good Lord, help us all
While we try to stay afloat.
If you would, Lord, send a boat.

Holes in the wall, bottle by his bed.
Holes in his past, empty as his head.
He's younger when he dreams, he's older than his years
And if he never wakes up, he'll know why he's here.

Someone's cryin' in the hall.
Good Lord, help us all
While we try to stay afloat.
If you would, Lord, send a boat.

The writing's on the wall, there's a bruise on his
face.
Daddy's come and go, momma's on a date.
He's just cold and hungry, playin' ain't no fun
And if he ever grows up, he'll get him a gun.

Someone's cryin' in the hall.
Good Lord, help us all
While we try to stay afloat.
If you would, Lord, send a boat.
If you would, Lord, send a boat.