

Angels & Demons

Colt Ford

I remember Sunday morning getting up when I's a kid,
Heading down towards that steeple, that's what folks back then did,
We'd sing all five uh them verses from Amazing Grace,
Then daddy'd drop hard earned money in the offerin' plate.
After Sunday school it was Davis brother's chicken,
Tea was sweeter than molasses, funny how time passes.
Never knew back then how my life would be now,
How far I'd wander off that narrow road I went down.

"What A Friend We Have In Jesus"

Don't know where I'm going or where it's all gone,
Sometimes I feel like I sold my soul for a song.
I'm surrounded by all of these six string dreams,
Standing in the spot line and can't see a thing.
I'm sick and damn tired of all the hustlin' and schemin'
I'd give it all up to get back to even.
I'm looking around for something I can still believe in,
I'm dreaming of angels, but living with demons.

I think about my life now and what it used to be,
Now that I've seen behind the curtain, nothin's new to me.
I know some fallen angels tried to take me down
And I've got a few good time buddies, whiskey bent and hell bound.
Another sleepless night with a rock guitar,
It's screaming in my veins, 'bout to drive me insane.
But I woke up Sunday morning to the church's bells ringing
And somewhere in my heart there's still a choir singing.

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Hey, how you doing?
I know it's been a while.
I've been running crazy, and that ain't really no excuse, but
This whole world is running crazy,
People killing each other, fighting wars,
We forgot about You and a lot of places
And the truth is, we still really need You,
I really need You.
So I promise I won't stay away so long next time.
I'll be back sooner than later.
Thanks for always carrying me when I was too weak to walk.
Well, I gotta get out of here, but I'll talk to You again soon.
Thanks, God.