

Wonder Tour

Cool Hand Luke

You've already made too many mistakes
To ever amount to anything great
You're not allowed to dream out loud

You're far too young to even count
And much too poor without any doubt
You haven't done nearly enough
To deserve any grace or anyone's love.

God speak truth
To the lies that we've believed
Instead of You

You're in the wrong city for that line of work
and you'll never make it unless you're a jerk
Live for yourself and store up more wealth
We've traded in dreams and our youthful ideals
For less noble themes of paying the bills
And trying our best to look like the rest
While hiding our fears by the way we are dressed

God speak Truth
To the paychecks we have trusted
Instead of You