

My God

Gemma Hayes

My God
Hope you're on call
'Cause I maybe in danger of crashing before I get to fall

Let's cry boy
While neighbours have their backs turned
I'm having trouble believing anything you say

Keep the car running outside
You go and make up your mind
You're staying her running wild with me
You know I could still love you, yeah

My God
Looks like I'm going it alone
Can't wipe the tears away fast enough
Now I can't see the road

Got a boot full of dreams
And a pocket full of reasons not to stay
Got a cross of Jesus around my neck
Hoping he'll help me find my way

So afraid of losing
Now I'm scared of what I've won
So afraid of leaving
Now I don't think I can return, yeah

And all along there was a need for change
And so I thought I better leave this place

When all I had to do was change my mind
All I had to do was change my mind

My God
Is it alright if I turn right back around?
'Cause I reckon I fly highest
When my feet are planted
On the ground