

Walking

Jonatha Brooke

I'm walking in your shoes, for just a mile or two
My heels are raw and torn, but I will dig them in for you
I feel the pain you've known, and the seeds of hate
you've sown
They're scattered on the ground, and I can barely step
around

Insanity and pain, the things you will not name
Growing in the fields, spinning with the
Wheels and wind of time and whimsy
Your excuses and your flimsy lies

I'm running out of faith
I'm tired of saving face
And where the hell is grace
In this forsaken place

I'm picking through the weeds, and I'm falling to my
knees
And this is where I leave your shoes and step away from
these

Insanity and pain, who will take the
Blame beyond your will and whimsy
No excuses, no more flimsy lies

I'm running out of faith
I'm tired of saving face
And where the hell is grace
In this forsaken place