

Knees

Little Texas

Eyes are what you close
When you can't bear to watch her go
And pride is what it costs
When you pay the price for what you've lost

And knees are where you land
When you haven't got the strength to stand
And hands are what you fold
When you pray to God, just to let her go
To rise above the pain, you've gotta be on your knees

Doors are what you slam
When you can't open them again
Sleep is what you lose
When a memory still lays down with you

And knees are where you land
When you haven't got the strength to stand
And hands are what you fold
When you pray to God, just to let her go
To rise above the pain, you've gotta be on your knees

Knees are where you land
When you haven't got the strength to stand
And hands are what you fold
When you pray to God, just to let her go

On the road that leads to healing
You find me on my knees
It's where I'll be, on my knees