

Watch Over Us

The Lone Bellow

Watch over us
Watch over us
When my hands are tired
When my strength is gone

Momma, your baby's
Shrouded in sorrow
You've had your time
But who has tomorrow?

Watch over us
Watch over us
Father, your sickness
Lives here in me

I don't need no crown
I don't need no glory
You've had your life
But that ain't my story

Sometimes I'm up
Sometimes I'm down
Sometimes I'm almost
Leveled to the ground

But my baby's sleeping
Sleeping in peace

So watch over us