

Oh My God.
Jars Of Clay

Intro: **Am F C G**

Am **F**
Oh my God, look around this place,
C
Your fingers reach around the bone,
G
you set the break and set the tone
Am **F**
For flights of grace, and future falls
C **G** **F**
In present pain all fools say, Oh my God.

(**C G F C G**)

Am **F**
Oh my God, why are we so afraid?
C
We make it worse when we don t bleed,
G
There is no cure for our disease.
Am **F**
Turn a phrase and rise again,
C **G**
Or fake your death and only tell your closest friends,
F
Oh My God.

(**C G F C G F C**)

Am **F**
Oh my God, can I complain?
C **G**
You take away my firm belief and graft my soul upon your grief.
Am **F**
Weddings, boats, and alibis,
C **G**
All drift away, and a mother cries...

Liars and fools, sons and failures, theives will always say...

Am **G** **Em** **C/E** **F**
Lost and found, ailing wanderers, healers always say...

Am **G** **Em** **C/E** **F**
Whores and angels, men with problems, leavers always say...

Am **G** **C/E** **F**
Broken hearted, separated, orphans always say...

Am **G** **Em** **C/E** **F**

War creators, racial haters, preachers always say...

Am **G** **Em** **C/E** **F**
Distant fathers, fallen warriors, givers always say...
Am **G** **Em** **C/E** **F**
Pilgrim saints, lonely widows, users always say...
Am **G** **Em** **C/E** **F**
Fearful mothers, watchful doubters, Savors always say...

Am
Sometimes I can not forgive
 G **Em**
and these days mercy cuts so deep,
C/E
If the world was how it should be,
F
maybe I could get some sleep.

Am
While I lay, I d dream we re better,
G **Em**
scales were gone and faces lighter,
C/E
When we wake we hate our brother,
F
we still move to hurt each other,

Am
Sometimes I can close my eyes
G **Em**
and all the fear the keeps me silent,
C/E
Falls below my heavy breathing,
F
what makes me so badly bent?

Am
We all have a chance to murder,
G **Em**
we all have the need for wonder.
C/E **F**
We still want to be reminded that the pain is worth the plunder.

Am
Sometimes when I lose my grip,
G **Em**
I wonder what to make of heaven,
C/E
All the times I thought to reach up,
F
all the times I had to give up.
Am
Babies underneath their beds,
G **Em**
in hospitals that can not treat them.
C/E
All the wounds that money causes,

F

all the comforts of cathedrals,

Am

All the cries of thirsty children,

G

Em

this is our inheritance,

C/E

All the rage of watching mothers,

F

this is our greatest offense

F

G

Am

F

Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God.