

## Didn't Have A Prayer

Close To Home

I'm staring down this dead end road.  
(Nowhere to go nowhere to go)  
These cul-de-sacs always lead me back to you.  
I'm sick of this repetition.  
I'm dizzy from this city.

We didn't have a prayer, no way to get there, and nothing to prove to you.  
We didn't have a prayer, not a care in this world.  
We didn't have a prayer, had no way to get there.  
But a road that runs from me to you.  
Just a road...

These street lights, lead me home.  
To a place I've never known.  
These dotted lines that divide,  
What is left, from what is right  
These red lights in your eyes, beg me to go.

We didn't have a prayer, no way to get there, and nothing to prove to you.  
We didn't have a prayer, not a care in this world.  
We didn't have a prayer, no way to get there.  
But a road that runs from me to you.  
And just a rear view mirror for looking back on you.

And I'm sick of this repetition,  
I'm dizzy from this city, these dotted lines that divide,  
What is left, from what is right  
These red lights in your eyes, beg me to go.