

Back To Back

Dustin Kensrue

When the call hasn't come
Let me sit with you and wait
When the other kind does
Let me help you bear the weight

Let me gather wood, when the fire's gone out
Let me pray for you, when you're filled with doubt
Hold your white-knuckled hands when our daughter's out too late

Let me be the one
That's walking with you through the night
When the morning comes
With its brash and blinding light
Let me be the one
That's crawling with you through the thorns
Back to back, we both were born to share this fight

When you haven't got no sleep
Let me fix you a cup of joe
Let me soak your shirt in tears
When the tumor starts to grow

Let me rub your back when the children whine
Let me push your cart through the five and dime
Help you hobble down the hall with your IV line in tow

Let me be the one
That's walking with you through the night
When the morning comes
With its brash and blinding light
Let me be the one
That's crawling with you through the thorns
Back to back, we both were born to share this fight

There's no one I'd rather walk with
Through the briar or the graves
Let me hold you in the darkness
In the fire, in the rain

Let me be the one
That's walking with you through the night
When the morning comes
With its brash and blinding light
Let me be the one
That's crawling with you through the thorns
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