

Purgatory

Tyler Childers

Will you pray for me
When the roots of the oak
And my ribcage are braidin'
If I can think
Lord knows that I will fondly pray for you
High on the hill where the fox horns blow
And down in the grave where they lay me low
Catholic girl, pray for me
You're my only hope for Heaven

When I's a boy
I'd drink and love and smoke and snort my fill
But all the while
I kept in mind the Lord's redeeming grace
High on the hill where the fox horns blow
And down in the city where the heathens go
Catholic girl, pray for me
You're my only hope for Heaven

Do you reckon he lets Free Will
Boys mope around in purgatory

I know that Hell
Is just as real as I am surely breathin'
But I've heard tale
Of a middle ground, I think will work for me
When the time has come for changin' worlds
I'll hedge my bets with a Catholic girl
Catholic girl, pray for me
You're my only hope for Heaven