

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Praying for Time

Par George Michael

Album : Last Christmas

Oh-oh, yeah

Mmm

To-do-do, oh-oh

These are the days of the open hand

They will not be the last

Look around now

These are the days of the beggars and the choosers

This is the year of the hungry man

Whose place is in the past

Hand in hand with ignorance

And legitimate excuses

The rich declare themselves poor

And most of us are not sure

If we have too much but we'll take our chances

'Cause God's stopped keeping score

I guess somewhere along the way
He must have let us all out to play
Turned His back and all God's children
Crept out the back door

And it's hard to love

There's so much to hate

Hanging on to hope

When there is no hope to speak of

And the wounded skies above

Say it's much, too much, too late
Well, maybe we should all be praying for time

To-do-do, oh-oh

Mmm, whoa-whoa, yeah

These are the days of the empty hand
Oh, you hold on to what you can
And charity is a coat you wear twice a year
This is the year of the guilty man
Your television takes a stand
And you find that what was over there is over here

So you scream from behind your door

Say what's mine is mine and not yours

I may have too much but I'll take my chances

'Cause God's stopped keeping score

And you cling to the things they sold you

Did you cover your eyes when they told you

That he can't come back 'cause he has no children

To come back for?

It's hard to love

There's so much to hate

Hanging on to hope

When there is no hope to speak of

And the wounded skies above

Say it's much too late

So maybe we should all be praying for time

To-do-do

Oh-oh, yeah