

Towers

Tom Mody

It's Tuesday Morning and my wife is screaming
It strikes me odd as I've done nothing wrong
Not too far away a flood of questions for God
Fall to the ground in vein
Upon deaf ears?

Sinners or Saints
Living or about to die
The question's still the same... why?

[chorus]
Like towers we stand together
Like towers we fall
Family, friend or enemy
We are dust when God calls
When we wipe it from our eyes
We finally see the truth
That we started all the same
Before the blame, before the shame of it all

It's just another Tuesday and I'm still angry
That's nothing odd, so is everyone else
Very far away we're still dying for the answers
And God just watches since it's nothing new

Sinners turned to Saints
Forgiven when about to die
The questions still remain... why?

[repeat chorus]

[bridge]
We have every right to blame
But don't expect God to change

[repeat chorus]

My children ask about a Tuesday many years ago
It strikes me odd as worse has come and gone
Maybe because I'm old they think I have answers from God
Sorry, he rarely talks but hears every word
except the blame.