

Don't Pin Your Hopes on You

Dan Evans, July 1981

When easy-over comes out scrambled and you're breathing colored air,
When the baseball game gets cancelled after you're already there,
If the car you washed this morning got rained upon at noon,
And when the lawnmower finally started you had to mow by the light of the moon,

You could be one of several thousand who get up everyday,
On the wrong side of the waterbed, and forget to kneel and pray.
If you try to make it by yourself and pin your hopes on you,
You might exhaust the mercy and the grace it will take to get you through.

The call you got at midnight was for someone you don't know.
You thought your landlord's rent increase would be the final blow.
Then the laundry starched your blue jeans and bleached your new red shirt,
And your Eskimo Pie slipped off the stick and melted in the dirt.

You might just be one of the thousands who get up everyday,
Hoping for some guidance, yet ignore the Lord all day.
If you try to make it by yourself and pin your hopes on you,
You might exhaust the mercy and the grace it will take to get you through.

Did your television go on the blink in the middle of the Super Bowl?
Did you lock your keys inside the car and get left out in the cold?
Were you watching General Hospital when Dialing-for-Dollars called?
Has your autographed picture of Rin Tin Tin fallen down from off the wall?

Perhaps you're one of several thousand who get up everyday,
Trusting God for miracles but not the small things along the way.
If you try to make it by yourself and pin your hopes on you,
You might exhaust the mercy and the grace it will take to get you through.

If you woke this morning hungry, too weak to search the streets,
For the garbage that might possibly be your only meal this week.
If you've never had a pair of shoes or a shirt to call your own;
You sleep on a different street each night; never a place called home.

Then you're just one of the many millions who get up everyday,
On the wrong side of this world of ours, not knowing how to pray.
Who will venture there to tell them there's a hope not bought with gold,
Before they starve to death while waiting, and we've sacrificed their souls?