

# Doubting Thomas

## Nickel Creek

What will be left when I've drawn my last breath  
Besides the folks I've met and the folks who've known me  
Will I discover a soul-saving love  
Or just the dirt above and below me I'm a doubting Thomas  
I took a promise  
But I do not feel safe  
Oh me of little faith Sometimes I pray for a slap in the face  
Then I beg to be spared cause I'm a coward  
If there's a master of death  
I bet he's holding his breath  
As I show the blind and tell the deaf about his power  
I'm a doubting Thomas  
I can't keep my promises  
Cause I don't know what's safe  
Oh me of little faith Can I be used to help others find truth  
When I'm scared I'll find proof that it's a lie  
Can I be led down a trail dropping bread crumbs  
That prove I'm not ready to die Please give me time to decipher the signs  
Please forgive me for time that I've wasted  
I'm a doubting Thomas  
I'll take your promise  
Though I know nothing's safe  
Oh me of little faith

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