

# Phone Call to God

Brett Eldredge

On the back of a quarter  
I found on the floorboard  
It's stamped in silver that I should trust You  
So I gather all the courage that I can muster  
And I drop it in the slot  
Here I am  
Just a man  
Makin' a phone call to God Will the sound of Your voice burn up the lines?  
I wonder if You'll answer all the wonders why  
Hallelujah  
Will I find my place, my piece of mind?  
Will I get her back if I give you time?  
Hallelujah  
Or maybe it's just better I don't know  
How it's gonna end or how it's gonna go  
Regrets and mistakes  
And all the hearts that I did break  
Will I ever get to see my grandma's face  
With all the hell that I have raised?  
I know she's up there  
Shakin' her head & sayin' a prayer  
Am I breakin' up or am I clear?  
When I hang up do You just disappear? Could you hand off the phone to my Uncle Joe?  
He'd tell me if the streets are really paved with gold  
Hallelujah  
With both sides on their knees down to the end  
How do You choose who's gonna lose & win?  
Good at talkin'  
Maybe I should be listenin'  
Oh is this real or just a dream?  
Yeah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Sometimes it feels just like the whole world's bleedin'  
Heal my unbelief & keep those angels singin' Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
(Hallelujah)  
I've read every word You say  
(Hallelujah)  
Every word written in red

(Hallelujah)  
Come on, heal my broken heart  
(Hallelujah)  
Makin' a phone call to God  
(Hallelujah)  
Hallelujah  
You got the whole world in Your hands  
(Hallelujah)  
Hallelujah. Can you hear my prayer?  
(Hallelujah)  
I'm makin' a phone call

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