

# Towers

*Tom Mody*

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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.