

# Raised to Pray

[Tyler Farr](#)

Smoking Swishers like we just don't care  
Holding 99 cent lighters way up in the air  
Drowning fears with the King of Beers  
'Til we wasn't scared to talk to the girl on the rusted out fender I remember stealing pallets just  
to build us a fire  
Out in a field full of whiskey, weeds, and wine  
Running on empty but I never got tired  
Of keeping Mama up all night and making Daddy want to kick my ass We were going nowhere  
fast  
Living for the moment not thinking ahead or looking back  
From the outside looking in we might have been a little rough around the edges  
But the devil couldn't catch us 'cause, hey, at the end of the day  
We were raised to pray  
Sure owe a lot to that old King James  
Under the seat with my last name  
On the cover of it should have opened it more  
Instead of letting it slide around on the truck floor We were going nowhere fast  
Living for the moment not thinking ahead or looking back  
From the outside looking in we might have been a little rough around the edges  
But the devil couldn't catch us 'cause, hey, at the end of the day  
We were raised to pray We were washed in the blood  
Covered in mud  
Holding onto anything that felt like love  
Come hell or high water we wouldn't let it go  
We were going nowhere fast  
Living for the moment not thinking ahead or looking back  
From the outside looking in we might have been a little rough around the edges  
But the devil couldn't catch us 'cause, hey, at the end of the day  
We were raised to pray  
Yeah raised to pray  
At the end of the day  
We were raised to pray

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>