

Ben Christophers, Leaving My Sorrow Behind

Birds flying down
Come the morning
Wakes you up under the sky
Leave my sorrow behind
It only weighs me down
I feel so bad inside

Birds flying home
Come the morning
Raise you up under the sky
Leave my sorrow behind
It only weighs me down
I feel so bad inside

Tell me why Lord
I must learn how to cry
Before I can see where I'm going
Lord why does my sorrow make me feel so good

A new day dawns
Loneliness has been silent enough 'round here
Sunlight blinds our eyes
Everything is coming home to stay for good this time

Tell me why Lord
I must learn how to cry
Before I can see where I'm going
Lord why does my sorrow make me feel so good

Birds flying home
And I'm leaving my sorrow behind