

# Blisse, Drip

Drip by drip the water leaks the noise it makes is how it speaks  
The words it says are "time goes on" The life it lives is never done

A drip is like a day in life sometimes they come and pass you by and  
no one knows from where they came or what they're for or what's their names

Chorus:

One drip kept dry throats from parching One drip saw the red sea parting  
One drip rolled down Jesus face Before he died to take my place

A drip of water isn't much So insignificant are such  
But every time a drip I see my Savior dying on a tree