

Cool Hand Luke, Balancing Act

I've got to climb to the top
Never stop, until I reach it
Until I feel that I'm good
And that I'm in control
Of life and my thought
When I'm not, I still preach it
Because they're all going to see
if I start to fall or lose control.
I'm losing control...of this

I've been balancing on suspended pianos
And trying to appear composed
It makes the loudest noise when they begin to crash
With eyes on me, I force a laugh
You come to me and set me free

I cross arms across my chest
This is not a gift I can accept
But I appreciate the sentiment
I've worked too hard for righteousness
To just lay down while you hand me this
And put my faith in something you call grace...from you.

I've been lost inside a cave without a lantern
At every sound I start to run
I feel my way around the dark without a pattern
If I would wait you'd come
to rescue me and show the way

I cross arms across my chest
This is not a gift I can accept
But I appreciate the sentiment
I've worked too hard for righteousness
To just lay down while you hand me this
And put my faith in something you call grace...from you.

[from you]
I've been trying to learn what is from you.
Because I've been trying to earn what is freely given.

Every sound that you
Try to just refuse
Does it give and take?
Keeps it in my face
And tell me that this blood
Was shed in vain.