

# David Phelps, Life Is A Church

Watching the surf cover up my toes  
Breathing the salt air from the coast.  
Ten years old with my eyes pressed closed.  
Life is a church.

Remembering first loves tender kiss.  
Mourning the loss of my innocence,  
The bittersweet taste of it on my lips.

Life is a church.  
These are the sacraments.  
This is the altar.  
Love is the spirit  
Making the blue planet turn.  
Life is a church.

Chorus

Watching my baby being born  
Written all over you, pain and joy  
Holding your hand, its a little boy.

Chorus

Ashes to ashes, earth to earth.  
The preacher throws in the first handful of dirt.  
My little boy asks me, Does goodbye always hurt?

Chorus