

Jars Of Clay, I want to fall in love with You

In open fields of wild flowers,
she breathes the air and flies away
She thanks her Jesus for the daises and the roses
in no simple language
Someday she'll understand the meaning of it all
He's more than the laughter or the stars in the heavens
As close a heartbeat or a song on her lips
Someday she'll trust Him and learn how to see Him
Someday He'll call her and she will come running
and fall in His arms and the tears will fall down and she'll pray,
"I want to fall in love with You";
Sitting silent wearing Sunday best
The sermon echoes through the walls
A great salvation through it calls to the people
who stare into nowhere, and can't feel the chains on their souls
He's more than the laughter or the stars in the heavens
As close a heartbeat or a song on our lips
Someday we'll trust Him and learn how to see Him
Someday He'll call us and we will come running
and fall in His arms and the tears will fall down and we'll pray,
"I want to fall in love with You";
It seems too easy to call you "Savior";,
Not close enough to call you "God";
So as I sit and think of words I can mention
to show my devotion
"I want to fall in love with You";
"my heart beats for You";