

# Jars Of Clay, Light Gives Heat

Catch the rain empty hands,  
Save the children from their lands,  
wash the darkness from their skin.

Heroes from the West,  
We don't know you, we know best.  
But this is not a test.

You treat me like I'm blind, setting fires around houses on the hill,  
But light gives heat.  
You segregate my mind, burning crosses from your fears, your fears,  
But light gives heat.

It's not the way to light their way,  
Boys in holes and empty fields,  
Oh, how good it feels.  
Lower class, and understate, empty promise, empty plate.

You treat me like I'm blind, setting fires around houses on the hill,  
But light gives heat.  
You segregate my mind, burning crosses from your fears, your fears,  
But light gives heat, gives heat.

You treat me like I'm blind, setting fires around houses on the hill,  
But light gives heat.  
You segregate my mind, burning crosses from your fears, oh no,  
But light gives heat.

Will you teach us how to love? To see the things you see,  
Walk the road you walk, and feel the pain that you feel.  
At your feet I kneel, I want to see you shine,  
See your light not mine... 'cause light gives heat...  
your light gives heat... gives heat.