

Keith Green, I Want To Be More Like Jesus

As each day passes by,
I feel my love run dry.
I get so weary, worn,
And tossed around in the storm.
Well I'm blind to all His needs,
And I'm tired of planting seeds.
I seem to have a wealth,
Of so many thoughts about myself.

I want to, I need to, be more like Jesus.
I want to, I need to, be more like Him.

Our Father's will was done,
By giving us His Son,
Who paid the highest cost,
To point us to the cross.
And when I think of Him,
Taking on the whole world's sin,
I take one look at me,
Compared to what I'm called to be.

I want to, I need to, be more like Jesus.
I want to, I need to, be more like Him.
Remember, there's no greater love,
Then to lay down your life for a friend.

The end of all my prayers,
Is to care like my Lord cares.
My one and only goal
His image in my soul.
Yes my weakness is revealed,
When by His stripes I'm healed.
He's faithful and He's true,
To complete the work he begins in you.