

# Michael W. Smith, A Way

Caught in a dream of where I want  
to be  
Wrapped in a web of where I am  
I feel a wall between what is and  
what should be  
You find find me waiting for a miracle  
You hear me praying for a plan  
You are the only one prepared to  
rescue me

Chorus:

Then you take away the distance  
found between the truth and me  
And you give a simple reason to my  
restless rhyme  
Woa, hide me in the heaven  
You have held within your hand  
And make a way to find a way to  
soothe my mind

There is a way that might seem  
right to me  
A dim reflection of what's good  
Just an illusion of the best that I  
can be  
But there's another path You offer  
me  
I wish I was always understood  
Some way You see right through my  
thoughts  
And know my needs

Repeat Chorus

Please come soothe my soul

You always take away the distance  
found between the truth and me  
And you give a simple reason to my  
restless rhyme  
And you hide me in the heaven  
You have held within your hand  
You always make a way to find a way to  
soothe my mind