

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