## Michael W. Smith, Place In This World

The wind is moving But I am standing still A life of pages Waiting to be filled

A heart that's hopeful A head that's full of dreams But this becoming Is harder than it seems

Feels like I'm
Looking for a reason
Roamin' through the night to find
My place in this world
My place in this world
Not a lot to lean on
I need your light to help me find
My place in this world
My place in this world

If there are millions Down on their knees Among the many Can you still hear me

Hear me asking Where do I belong? Is there a vision That I can call my own?

Show me, I'm
Looking for a reason
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