

# Michael W. Smith, Reach Out To Me

Another million miles from the truth now  
I know there's peace but I can't  
figure out how  
To stop this race that's taking over me  
I'm under the gun I wait for you to see

Chorus:

Oh, please reach out to me  
Open my eyes to see  
I'm running from you now  
Come rescue me somehow

Another scar from fighting the truth now  
Has left me like a stranger to my need now  
A masquerade, a game to figure out now  
A cruel charade I cannot scream aloud

A narrow stretch of road in the way now  
A heavy load still hanging on to me now  
I'm in a maze that I can't seem to get out  
Without a view from these shoulders of doubt