

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