

Miss Angie, Sun

All men are like grass, like grass
And their glory fades away, away
The flowers fall
The grass wilts
The breath of the Lord, it blows, it blows
You will pass away, but
His word will stay
His love is like the sun
It always comes
His love is like the sun
It always comes
His love is like the sun, the sun
Here one day
Gone tomorrow
Gone tomorrow
Your life is like a breath in the wind
You will pass away, but
His word will stay
His love is like the sun
It always comes
His love is like the sun
It always comes
His love is like the sun, the sun