

# Nine Days, Wonder

Hidden thoughts that lie within the apathy of my own goal and dreams  
I cry myself to sleep with all the insecurities of love and life itself  
This big old rock  
Has fallen smack in the middle of this road that I have sought for so long

And I wonder, and I wonder  
Will I make it through the thunder  
And I pray the Lord, he carries me  
With one set of footprints on the sea  
The sands of my past life  
I wonder

I sit and soak  
My nerves are shot; my soul's a sponge, the crutch I hold that keeps me up  
I hold my feet up  
As across the tracks I prayed good luck ????

And I wonder, and I wonder  
Will I make it through the thunder  
And I pray the lord, he carries me  
With one set of footprints on the sea  
And the sands of my past life  
I wonder  
And I wonder  
And I wonder

You say that sorrow is better than the happiness we're supposed to feel  
Oh, you say that sorrow is better than the happiness we're supposed to feel  
With a sad face the heart grows wiser

So call me the wise men  
Because my sorrow rises well above as I grow older, my shoulders wither  
And I wonder, and I wonder