

Skillet, Come My Way

Hundreds come from everywhere
Just to see your face and touch the healer's hand
Desperate, I push through the crowd
If I could touch your clothes
I could feel your power

Come my way

Please look
And notice me
Just to release my pain
Just to know your name

Come my way I'm out of touch
I'm out of reach
I've got the faith to believe
Am I out of touch or out of reach
What would it take for you to walk towards me

I'm out of touch, out of reach
But I'm running towards you and it's all I believe

Come my way

Just a touch