

Smalltown Poets, Long, Long Way

This is the hard part

Stopping to ask for directions

Sketching with these dirty colors just where I am

You might have heard me

Artfully dodging the buzz words

Scoffing at your insinuation

Of just where I am

I'm a long long way

From where I left to begin this refrain

From where Your mercy and grace remain

From where you sit is it true

It's not that far to You

It happened slowly

Feet falling hard on the pavement

Eyes reaching into the distance

Toward empty sunsets

Didn't I need to break out, want to be king

Wouldn't I face the gallows if I return

Or is a man freely pardoned

As I have heard

Precious Jesus

Where can I flee from Your Spirit

You know me too well.