

Taff Russ, Table In The Wilderness

There's a table in
the Wilderness
Where the blind can see
And the poor possess
Where the weak are strong
And the first one's last
There's a table in the Wilderness
There's a table in
the Wilderness
Where the blessed sing
of his tenderness
Where the lame can walk
and the weary rest
At the table in the Wilderness
When you search so hard for the promised land
But the earth won't yield to your blistered hands
And you hang your head
And you wipe your brow
And you shout it out, shout it out
There's a table in the Wilderness
Where the blind can see
and the poor possess
Where the weak are strong
And the first one's last
There's a table in the Wilderness
There's a table in the Wilderness
When you close your eyes kneeling by your bed
All the working hours spinning through your head
You remember the place
That your heart desires
Where you found life, you found life
At the table in the wilderness
Where the blind can see
And the poor possess
Where the weak are strong
And the first one's last
There's a table in the Wilderness
There's a table in the Wilderness
Where the blind can see
And the poor possess
Ever thankful for
Being honored guests
At the table in the Wilderness
There's a table in the Wilderness
There's a table in the Wilderness
All is welcome
Living Water
Come find Life
Come find Peace
Come find Rest