

Tripod, Meet Me in The Middle of the Air

i am your true shepherd
i will leave you there
beside still waters
come and meet me in the middle of the air
i will meet you in the middle of the air

i will lay you down
in pastures green and fair
every soul shall be restored
i will meet them in the middle of the air
come and meet me in the middle of the air

through the lonesome valleys
my rod and staff youll bear
fear not deaths dark shadows
come and meet me in the middle of the air
i will meet you in the middle of the air

with oil i shall annoint you
the table i shall prepare
your cup will runneth over
come and meet me in the middle of the air
i will meet you in the middle of the air

in my house youll dwell forever
ye shall not want for care
surely goodness and mercy will follow you
i will meet you in the middle of the air
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