

# Ajalon, Girl On A Swing

Winter has come.

The leaves have all departed.

Only the bones of trees remain.

A girl on a swing, alone and broken hearted  
dangles between frozen chains.

Her life is a string of dreams and disappointments  
how she got here she'll never know.

Deeply she aches for someone she can cling to  
as tears tunnel down through the snow.

Chorus

So many broken and time won't heal their heartaches.

When will their answer be revealed.

There is a beacon who drives away their darkness.

Turn to the cross upon the hill.

The girl on a swing is quickened by a whisper  
drifting along the bitter breeze.

She does not see her Savior weeping with her  
calling her name through the trees.

Chorus

From somewhere inside a voice of peace and comfort  
pierces the armor of her shame.

Nothing to lose she lifts her hands to heaven.

Head bowed she calls out His name.

Chorus

Are you lonely? Are you empty? Turn to Me and be filled.

Are you broken? Are you weary? Turn to Me and be healed.