

Amy Grant, Lover Of My Soul

When I see the winter turning into spring
It speaks to this heart of mine
More than anything
Underneath a blanket of snow, cold and white
Something is stirring in the still of the night
And then the sun comes up, slowly with the dawn
This is the kind of feeling
That I hang my hope upon
There is a love and beauty in all that I see
And no one, nobody is explaining you to me
And maybe my eyes can't see
But you are surrounding me
Here in the wind and rain
The things that I know
Tender and sweet
And strong as my need
I know the voice, I know the touch
Lover of my soul
And when the evening comes, the sunlight fades to red
And time and time and time again
I whisper in my head
Give me strength, give me faith, to fully believe
That the maker of this whole, wide world
Is a Father to me
And maybe my eyes can't see
But you are surrounding me
Here in the wind and rain
The things that I know
Tender and sweet
And strong as my need
I know the voice, I know the touch
Lover of my soul