

# Chris Whitley, To Joy

I made a bid for you, you know  
Far as it was in me somewhere to go  
She goes, make my presence felt by  
By all the innocence you destroy  
She know, angels and even devils too  
All await to show how far we come to joy  
How far we come  
She goes, make my presence felt by  
By all the revolution you employ  
She know, angels and even devils too  
All await to show how far we come to joy  
How far we come, how far we come, how far we come  
Go down to the river with your rod  
All that which ain't all good is yet all God  
She goes, make my presence felt by  
By all the innocence you destroy  
She know, angels and even devils too  
They all await to show how far we come to joy  
She goes, make my presence felt by  
By all the revolution you employ  
She know, angels and even devils too  
All await to show how far we come to joy  
How far we come, how far we've come