Christians, Words

If I could find words,to tell you I'm sorry,
Make you understand,I mean just what I say,
After all that I've heard,why should I worry,
When we ride,the fine line,
Between love and hate.
If I had been wise,how could I doubt you,
Now I'm all alone,my life's in disarray,
But try as I might,I can't live without you,
So I cling to the hope,of a brighter day.
I know,we've been through this all before,
How can I prove my love for you is real,
No I can't do anymore,
If I could only find Words.
(and still he has dreams)
And still I must learn to cope,
(absurd as it seems)
I still have hope.
If I had good sense,and heed all the warnings,
I would let it be, and leave all well alone,
But there's no recompense, for waking up mornings,
Feeling sure it's myself, who's the foolish one.
Yes I know, we've been through this all before,
How can I prove my love for you is real,
No I can't do anymore
If I could only find,
If only I could find,
If I could only find Words