

# 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