

# Clay Crosse, I Turn To You

A silent house, moonlit walls  
Shadows move like ghosts down empty halls  
The daily news lies on the floor  
A crazy world waits outside my door  
As life goes on

Chorus:

I turn to you Lord  
In my hour of desperation  
When the waters of my life are running dry  
I turn to you Lord  
And I find the inspiration  
To believe my dreams are worth and honest try  
In a world that breaks your heart in two  
I turn to You

In crowded streets, lonely eyes