

Clay Crosse, Time To Believe

Ice is forming on the river
The barges are held in tow
Cold grey dawn, chilling to the bone
Must be ten below
Somehow you feel lost and alone out there
Feeling like you ought to leave
Such hard living in the cold cold world

People its time to believe
Sounds tear through the morning
You pull yourself from your bed
Try so hard to quiet your mind
Dodging thoughts of that lies dead ahead
A chance to be dashed on the rocks
Fooled by friendly lights
Shining solely to decieve
Such hard living in this cold cold world

People its time to believe
I say people its time to believe
Remember when storm clouds come
Soon the sky's gonna clear
Just put your faith in Him
Let Him wipe away your tears