

Jars Of Clay, There Is A River

There is a river that washes you clean
There is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own...

For all of your tears,
Are the wages for things you have done.
On all of those nights, spent alone in the darkness of your mind.
Give it up, Let go. These are things you were never meant to shoulder,

There is a river that washes you clean
There is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own
For all of your tears, love will atone

So, give up the right, to control the waves that empty at your life
Above wild skies, are the rays that break the shadows we design

Give it up, let go. These are things you were never meant to shoulder.
Give it up, Let go...

There is a river that washes you clean
There is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own
For all of these things, love will atone

I know the world can turn in different ways.
Most of the time we're simply hangin on.
But under the signs of how we all behave,
we might find the place where we belong...

There is a river that washes you clean
There is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own
For all of these things, love will atone
For all of those nights, you cried all alone
For all of your tears... love will atone.