

Jill Paquette, Broken

I wanted to taste life, I ran out on my own and found no place to hide
So come and catch me, so unsure of myself and if choices are free
Then why aren't they mine anymore, my sin goes before me closing doors
And the day to day has me torn between right and wrong
Where do I belong

A broken and contrite heart oh Lord You will receive
A broken and contrite heart oh Lord You will receive
I go down, I fall at Your feet asking for You to save me
Only to save me
A broken and contrite heart oh Lord You will receive

Surely I've failed You
I've failed to go beyond grace and seek after truth
Not wanting Your mercy
Try to purchase a pardon--my deeds my currency

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