

Martina McBride, Reluctant Daughter

Jesus, tell my Father
I want to be His child again
Tell Him what my name is
In case He's forgotten

Tell Him I'm the woman
At the well
Drawing water
And I'm sorry if I've been His
Reluctant daughter

Jesus, tell my angels
To keep me in their prayers
Remind them how I need
To feel them everywhere

Tell 'em I'm ready to drink
Living water
I don't want my angels to think
I'm His
Reluctant daughter

Jesus, tell my Father
I want to come to heaven
Tell Him to shout my name out
So I won't be forgotten