

# Michael McDonald, East Of Eden

(Michael McDonald)

The world goes mad around us  
As I stand by and watch you sleep  
In the hope that harm won't find us  
I pray the lord our souls to keep  
Does he see us here?  
Are we precious in his sight?  
Or are we merely dust on this tiny ball?  
He hurled out into the night  
Somewhere east of eden

From the first time that we stumble  
We learn that nothing is assured  
However hopelessly we tumble  
It's by the grace of god that we endure  
If there's some better place  
Far from all that's wrong  
But if god in his wisdom  
Saw fit to put you here  
Then here is where I belong  
Somewhere east of eden

Maybe he laughs in our face  
By way of the cold hard fact  
That these moments framed in time and space  
Are the same ones nothing can bring back

Maybe we exist and wonder through this world  
Just to lead each other home  
From somewhere east of eden