

Miss Angie, Satisfied

All of the sky
It tells of You
All of the birds
They tell of You
And it's very very clear to me
And it should be clear to you
Can't you hear Him call you?
I will sing of You
Your love is better than my life
I will sing of You
And, oh be, oh be satisfied
Where morning dawns
And evening fades
You call for songs of joy
I will be glad to sing of Jesus
With Him is escape
It's very very clear to me
It should be clear to you
Can't you hear Him call you?
I will sing of You
Your love is better than my life
I will sing of You
And, oh be, oh be satisfied
Your word satisfies me
I can see now
I can see