

Newsboys, Giving It Over

I was a teen flat-liner on the joy screen
Dead in the water of life as we knew
You offered me drink, I wanted more than a sip
But I couldn't let go on the straws I was clinging to

Giving it over, giving it over
I was flat on my back, I'd slid 'till it hurt
Giving it over, giving it over
You put my head in the clouds and my feet in good dirt
My head in the clouds and my feet in good...dirt

Devils were crowding my head with lies they spread
They'd convinced me of what fools know isn't true
Quick as an Outkast rhyme you took me back in time
Back to the first love I ever knew

Giving it over, giving it over
Got my broken heart healed and removed from its cast
Giving it over, giving it over
Yeah, I'm giving it all to a true love at last
Giving it all to a true love at last

You don't know where the wind's going to blow
And since you can't take it with you
Better give it away before you go
Yeah, I'm giving it over

Greed is the word, it's a verb
Wants to bind us all
Bind us together like a platinum truss
Giving it over, giving it over
I'm putting my heart into treasures that don't rust
Giving it over, giving it over
I'm giving it all to a face I can trust

You don't know where the wind's going to blow
And since you can't take it with you
Better give it away before you go
Yeah, I'm giving it over

Giving it over, giving it over, giving it all
(give, give, give, give it over)
I'm giving it over, giving it over, giving it all
(give, give, give, give it over)...