

Newsboys, The Orphan

maybe I push when I'm meant to be still
maybe I take it all to personal
Jesus, how to reconcile
the joyful noise
the ancient land
the tug from some invisible hand
the dying mother weaving bulrushes
along the Nile

Chorus

float her basket over the sea
here on a barren shore
we'll be waiting for
a tailwind to carry her (an) orphan's cry
don't you worry, child
I wrote a lullaby

I try to settle, but I just pass through
a rain dog, gypsy
a wandering Jew
all those homes were not ours
then I slept one night
in Abraham's field
and dreamt there was no moon
the night he died
counting stars
Selah

- Chorus -

Bridge

building you a home
building you a home
building you a home
we're building you a home
Selah

- Chorus -

float her basket over the sea
here on a barren shore
we'll be waiting for
a tailwind to bring us your sweet cry
don't you worry, child
I'm gonna sing you a lullaby