

Newsboys, Upon This Rock

Chasing after the rainbow's end
left me clutching a fistful of wind.
That last adventure must have been just a waste of my time.
Ten pleasures for every wish.
Twenty scratches for every itch.
One hundred ways to catch a fish.
Just a waste of my time.

Dead beats, dead end streets, every step I falter.
Fill my cup, fill me up, take me to the altar.

Upon this rock I've a reason.
Upon this rock I am strong.
Upon this rock I've a reason.
I'm standing where I belong.

Wish I hadn't built as big a house.
Makes it hard to catch a little mouse.
(I'd chase it but I'm feeling drowsy,
all from wasting my time.)

I need a glimpse of my calling now,
get my feet back behind the plow.
This idle age will not allow
just a waste of my time.
This day burn away every indecision.
Angst-free anchor me.
Make my life a mission.