## 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.