

Normals, The Best I Can

I sometimes hide behind my words
Sometimes I'm round the corner from these songs
But words are only words
Like days are only days
And I'm nothing for just singing along
The air is hot in Florida
The rain is cold in Maine
The thaw is flooding Washington
And this all feels the same
But You've brought me to this place where there's nothing else but faith
And this is what I have been given and I will make the best I can
There's a joy we find in living and a love that's in Your hand
Cason's always talking about the sky that covers Kansas
And I wish I could be under it today
I'm tired of all the spinning lies
Tired of all this killing time
Tired of always getting in the way
I wish I could conjure up a love song
Wish I could pray the way my friends do back home
Is there a part of You that I still don't believe
'Cause this is not what I thought I had been praying for
But this is what I have been given and I will make the best I can
There's a joy we find in living and a love that's in Your hand
Someday some girl will find my words beautiful
Someday some son will call me dad
Someday I won't wake to find myself lying in another cold and lonely hotel bed
Someday I'll trade in this guitar for a city of golden praise
Someday I won't be here any longer
Someday but this is what I have been given
And I will make the best I can
There's a joy we find in living
And a love that's in Your hand