

# 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