

Paula Cole, Comin' Down

Lord make me a lightning bolt to burn off this ring
(comin' down, comin' down),
Lord make me a Skilsaw to cut through these chains
(comin' down, comin' down),
Lord give me the clarity to see through this smoke,
And salvage the woman comin' down.
Lord make me an arrow to pierce through the lies
(comin' down, comin' down),
Lord make me a lens to better see my life
(comin' down, comin' down),
Lord make me an instrument to sing away the pain,
This rushing river, comin' down.
I'm free, here in the mountains of peace may I be.
I see the greatness above and the smallness of me.

Lord I'm mistaken in the choices that I made
(comin' down, comin' down)
I made me a prison that should've been a man
(comin' down, comin' down)
Lord help me discover the courage to Be,
To handle these changes comin' down.
I'm free here in the mountains of peace may I be,
I see the greatness above and the smallness of me.
So free, here in garden awake consciously,
I see the greatness within; the greatness in me.
Lord I'm your instrument, I'll shoulder the weight,
Of feeling emotions in a deeper shade.
I'll be the one who puts them to song,
And liberate the heartache comin' down.