

# Petra, Run For The Prize

Words and music by Bob Hartman

Alone on the sidelines without any guidelines  
You've been running to fast with no place to go  
You've got no direction, you gotta set your affection  
On the things that can bring you right back in the flow

(Chorus)

You got to run for the prize  
Don't look over your shoulder  
Gotta keep your eyes  
On the straight and narrow  
Gotta run for the prize  
There's no time to be wandering  
Gotta make your way  
Just as straight as an arrow

You may be weary, but you gotta be leary  
When somebody says that you will never finish the race  
They can discourage but don't lose your courage  
You gotta narrow the margin and keep up the pace

Gotta lay aside every weight and run the race that's before us  
If we grow weary and faint, the Father He will restore us