

# Phil Keaggy, Abraham

Look at the stars, Abraham  
And believe I Am.  
Can you count stars, Abraham  
Or the grains of sand?

I see why the tide keeps rolling  
I see why the tide keeps rolling in  
And building up the Sand Tree.

You've loved your wife, Abraham  
But there is no son.  
Yet from your life, Abraham,  
The Seed shall come.

I see why the tide keeps rolling  
I see why the tide keeps rolling in  
And building up the Sand Tree.

Give Me your son, Abraham,  
And believe I can.  
Supply the Lamb, Abraham,  
For the sin of man.

I see why the tide keeps rolling  
I see why the tide keeps rolling in  
And building up the Sand Tree.