

Phillips Craig And Dean, My Praise

Lord, I wish I could praise You with adequate words
But You leave me speechless
And I so long to sing You the song You deserve
But it would be endless
I long to move Your heart
To bring You something new
To tell how great You are
Till my praise to You

Is like an ocean breeze blowing on your face
Like a summer sun with its warm embrace
Like a gentle rain plays a symphony
That's what I want my praise to be
Like a fragrant rose in the early spring
Like an eagle soars when it spreads its wings
Whatever, Lord, You may need from me
That's what I want my praise to be
To You

Everything I could give, You already possess
Lord, I'm so unworthy, yeah
I'm just one of the millions to stand and confess
And yet still You hear me
Your heart is open wide
You long for what I bring
I pray somehow You'll find this simple offering

REPEAT CHORUS

Oh I want my praise to be
Like the breeze, the sun, the spring
Oh I want my praise to be
Like the eagle spreads its wings

Like an ocean breeze blowing on your face
Like a summer sun with its warm embrace
Like a gentle rain plays a symphony
That's what I want my praise to be
Like a fragrant rose in the early spring
Like an eagle soars when it spreads its wings
Whatever, Lord, You may need from me
That's what I want my praise to be
Like an ocean breeze blowing on your face
Just like a summer sun with its warm embrace
Like a gentle rain plays a symphony
That's what I want my praise to be
Like a fragrant rose in the early spring
Like an eagle soars when it spreads its wings
Whatever, Lord, You may need from me
That's what I want my praise to be
To You

Oh I want my praise to be
Like the breeze, the sun, the spring
Lord I want my praise to be
Like the eagle spreads its wings