

# 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

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