

# Rich Mullins, Here In America

"Saints and children we have gathered here to hear the sacred story  
And I'm glad to bring it to you with my best rhyming and rhythm  
'Cause I know the thirsty listen and down to the waters come  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America

And if you listen to my songs I hope you hear the water falling  
I hope you feel the oceans crashing on the coast of north New England  
I wish I could be there just to see them, two summers past I was  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America

And if I were a painter I do not know which I'd paint  
The calling of the ancient stars or assembling of the saints  
And there's so much beauty around us for just two eyes to see  
But everywhere I go I'm looking

And once I went to Appalachia for my father he was born there  
And I saw the mountains waking with the innocence of children  
And my soul is still there with them wrapped in the songs they brought  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America

And I've seen by the highways on a million exit ramps  
Those two-legged memorials to the laws of happenstance  
Waiting for four-wheeled messiahs to take them home again  
But I am home anywhere if You are where I am

And if you listen to my songs I hope you hear the water falling  
I hope you feel the oceans crashing on the coast of north New England  
I wish I could be there just to see them, two summers past I was  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America"