

# Ruth, Here To New York

I'm chasing a storm,  
and it's raining on every town from here to New York.  
It takes me places that I've never been before.  
Oh, but I'm not afraid,  
of the things that might come my way.  
I just fold my hands and pray.

I am Yours always forever,  
take this heart and make it clean again.  
Where you lead me I will follow.  
Let your spirit rain down, down, down.  
Rain down, down, down.

I ain't got no bags to pack,  
just my guitar and the shirt on my back.  
And I'm broke, and I'm spent,  
but I'm young and I'm strong.  
And I've been doing this for so long,  
That I'm not afraid,  
of the things that might come my way.  
I just fold my hands and pray.

I am Yours always forever,  
take this heart and make it clean again.  
Where you lead me I will follow.  
Let your spirit rain down, down, down.  
Rain down, down, down.

I'm not afraid,  
of the things that might come my way.  
I just fold my hands and pray.

I am Yours always forever,  
take this heart and make it clean again.  
Where you lead me I will follow.  
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