

Sarah Masen, Downtown

When I'm standing close
To the clouds at fear and doubt
I reach out my hand
To the love that pulls me out
I hop in my car that takes me down the road
That leads me straight into my Father's arms

When i'm flying deep
Into the clouds of fear and doubt
I speak loud Your name
In the midst of my defeat
I run to my car and travel down the road
That leads me straight into my Father's arms

I go driving downtown
Sitting close to fate
I go driving downtown
Where I find Your grace
I go driving downtown

When I'm falling back
Through a past of fear and doubt
I reach hard for truth
Underneath this inbetween
I look for Your lead and follow down the road
That leads me closer to my Father's arms

When I'm flying close
Into the clouds of fear and doubt
I reach hard far truth
In the midst of my defeat
I run to my car that takes me down the road
Of grace and freedom in my Father's arms

In the middle of our human condition
Is the emerald city of our saving provision
And we wrestle and struggle
Till we can hardly stand
And we drive downtown into that praying land
But what we want most is home
What we want most is home