

Sixpence None the Richer, An Apology

Questions flew
And words were hurled into the air
And when the smoke had cleared
I saw you lying there
I used my words like bullets in a gun
To pick your ego off like skeet flung
In the gallery of fools
Too many words come from my mouth
I wish would remain unsaid
Oh I've had to eat them all and now I must confess
It was a silly thing to say to you
It was a silly thing to say to you, I know
We know

Trust (Reprise)
Trust in the Lord with all your heart
Lean not on your own understanding
In all of your ways acknowledge Him
And He will make your paths straight
Don't worry about about tomorrow
He's got it under control
Just trust in the Lord with all of your heart
And He will carry you through
Lord, sometimes it gets so tough
To keep my eyes on You
When things are going rough
But then I turn my eyes up to the sky
And I hear Your voice it says to me
You have much trouble in this world
I have overcome