

Stephen Speaks, Doubting Thomas

All my life I've been working toward something
Believing these hands could get me through
As my heart collects dust upon the shelves of my life
My hands are busy working up to you
And it seems that this goes on forever
One more rung on a ladder ten miles high
And as I sweat working one hand or the other every day
I look up, see the distance, start to cry

So I'm Doubting Thomas and what can I do
When my sandcastles don't get me closer to you
And the waves wash away what I thought was the truth
In my hands, I have to open up my heart.

My arm's worn out from punching the air
As if I'm fighting with opponents never there
Yet I know deep inside that this fight is with my soul
Stop spitting in the wind and let the Father take control

So I'm Doubting Thomas and what can I do
When my sandcastles don't get me closer to you
As they all wash away what I thought was the truth
In my hands, I have to open up my heart.

My hands are tied and I'm drowning
My hands are tied what can I do
My hands are tied and I'm drowning without you

So I'm Doubting Thomas and what can I do
When my sandcastles don't get me closer to you
As they all wash away, look for a truth
In my hands, I have to open up my heart.

So I'm Doubting Thomas and what can I do
When my sandcastles don't get me closer to you
As they all wash away and search for the truth
In my hands, I have to open up my heart.