

The Waiting, I Am

Walking out alone
The night fits like a stone inside a boot heel
Hot and cold winds blow
And no ones here to know the way I feel
The corner I once knew brings me in to view again
So I could stay out late, find new bones to break
But then Id be dragging home admitting
I am because You are I am
I recognize clearly I see
I am because You are I am

I am in You and You are in me
Spent too many days devising many ways trying to escape you
Played too many roles
Dug too many holes just big enough to fall in to
And I could linger here, hoping to disappear in excuses
Come mornings shining face Id be crawling to the place I call home Where first you cut me loose a
Stop and calmly think of that
Tear this church down to its cornerstone
And build it up again, build me up again.