

# Tom Wehrle, Getting There

There are days I feed this fever  
Like a dead man on my bed  
'til I can't divine the truth that I was seeking from the questions in my head

And there are days when grace compels me  
To uncover my disease  
There are moments when the spirit breaks my will and I surrender  
I surrender by degrees

It's all about getting there  
It's all about the climb  
It's all about the things we choose to keep and the things we leave behind  
It's all wrapped up in wonder  
It's all a simple prayer  
It's all about learning to live with our hunger  
It's all about getting there

There are places I've been falling  
There are ways that I've been weak  
There are moments when I hear redemption calling but I'm too far down to speak

There are shining fires of mercy  
That consume what I've become  
There is love that comes to cast away the fear of the things I'm running  
I'm running from

It's all about getting there  
It's all about belief  
It's all about fine lines and land mines and crawling on your knees  
It's all wrapped up in wonder  
It's all a simple prayer  
It's all about learning to follow our hunger  
It's all about getting there

## BRIDGE

It's all about getting there  
It's all about a dream  
It's all about false starts and heart aches and bursting at the seams  
It's all wrapped up in wonder  
It's all a simple prayer  
It's all about learning to trust  
It's all about getting there  
It's all a simple prayer  
It's all about learning to trust with our hunger  
It's all about getting there