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