

Waiting, How Do You Do That

Will I reveal a sky heavy and gray?
Will last night be a memory sweetly fading?
How I hate a morning starting out this way
On these lonely, raging mornings I would whip You if I could
But You're on the mighty side of strong
And the perfect side of good
If I raise my hands will You grab me by the wrists
And will You try to pull me from the fray?
And even if my fingers join together into fists
Will You hold me firmly anyway?
Because I would try to escape You
But for everyday I'm sure
That You're on the huge side of big
And the holy side of pure
Okay, hear what I say
As I raise my hands in surrender today
Okay, here I will stay
Hands in the air, singing have Thine own way
If I raise my hands so weak and thin and frail
Will You reveal the light of mercy in Your eyes?
If I cry to You faintly will my feeble whisper fail
Or will it find its way to a reply?
Because, now that I'm exhausted I think I'm ready to admit
That I have spent all my resistance on someone I can't resist
Light from my window sill, make my way to the door
I hang my head and still, I know You're wanting more
Over the threshold now, I move across the yard
All that my will allows, my every step is hard
Now in the garden I carve out six feet of space
There make my will comply, lie down upon my face
Been toe to toe too long, I'm tired of fighting You
I see You were too strong, cause I am black and blue
But now I understand a losers due to win
How every dying man is sure to rise again
So I raise my left hand one, I raise my right hand too
Under the morning sun, my spirit cries to You
Okay, hear what I say
As I raise my hands in surrender today
Right here
Under the sun
Hands in the air, singing Thy