

The Way Home

Cars backed up on the freeway.
I'm stuck here starin' at a traffic light,
Turnin' red and green and red. Seems like...
forty days and forty nights. Lord, I'm weary.
The day's gone by so slow and dreary.
Gotta long way to go. And God only knows
the way to get home.

Puttin' my shoulder to the wheel of fortune.
They dangle a carrot in front of your nose.
Catch a thrill. Just over the hill it goes.
A waste of time. They'd have me climb that hill
forever on my toes. And God only knows
the way to get home

So it's back to the drawing board,
Lord, show me one more time.
What is the rhyme and reason?
Is it the time and season to grow?
I don't know.

Cars backed up on the freeway.
I'm stuck out here in the wrong lane again.
But through the sorrow and pain again,
Lord, guide me. I got your road map here beside me
and it shows that God only knows
the way to get home.