

Walking Down to the Water

Walking down to the water, sitting close to the bay.
Thinking only of my Father so I begin to pray.
So I begin to pray on this fine day.
Walking through the windy city, feeling so cold and grey.
Things around me aren't so pretty. I wonder, Lord, what did I say?
Lord, what did I say on this cold day?

So I wonder to myself is this all an illusion?
Or am I just another tool in the devil's confusion?
Yet will I trust in You Yet will I trust in You,
Trust in You.

So the days slowly pass me. I don't feel very free.
Sometimes I wish You'd just cast me into the open sea.
But please remember me, remember me.
But slowly I see clearly through the haze.
That so closely surrounded me.
And God's perfect purpose and His plan come all around me.
Now I see. Now I see the change in me.
Now I know what it takes to grow sometimes.
Now I see You were faithful to me.
You were faithful to me.
You were faithful.