

Little Things

Words and Music by Gen Bryant

I think I'll talk to God today, I know it's been a while.
I've listened for the voices, I've asked to see the signs.
But how to tell Him all about those little things I hide
Still, for some strange reason I think that I can lie.
How could I think that I could lie?

God, will You forgive me for the little things I've done?
I'm seeing all the patterns now in my struggles to belong.
Sometimes I'll ask forgiveness, try and undo what I've begun,
But tomorrow brings a new day with the rising of the sun.
In the rising of the Son.

Now, I've learnt all about the rules of judging wrong from right.
But all those 'what if' questions, come racing through my mind.
We're all just silhouettes against the changing of the tides,
We stare at our reflections trying to make sense of this life
I'm just trying to make sense of this life.

So I think I'll talk to God today, I know it's not that hard.
But sometimes things around me push us far apart.
So I'll take a little time away, maybe I might find
I've been staring at the answers, without opening my eyes.
I never opened up my eyes.



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