

Sky Spills Over

[Michael W. Smith](#)

There's a rose in the desert
Blooming red in the drought
There's a quenching rain
In the wings of the gathering cloudsLift your eyes
Look to the horizon now
There's still a hope for us
Reach up from the dust
And call it downCan you hear
Can you hear that thunder
Sing His name, sing it out
'Til the sky spills overI may just be dry bones
Stripped of sinew and skin
But the wind of His spirit
Will raise me up againI lift my eyes
I look to the horizon now
Oh, there's still a song to sing
Fall down on your knees and cry aloudCan you hear
Can you hear that thunder
Sing His name, sing it out
'Til the sky spills overI hear the rolling thunder
Feel the pouring rain
My heart is filled with wonder
Only You remain
I see a new horizon
Coming up my wayI lift my eyes
I look to the horizon now
Oh, there's still a song to sing
Fall down on your knees and cry aloudI can hear
I can hear that thunder
I'll sing Your name, sing it out
'Til the sky spills overOh, I can hear (I can hear)
I can hear that thunder
I'll sing Your name, sing it out
'Til the sky spills over (Over)

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