Ought To Be

Audrey Assad

I love you more than a slow-falling summer rain

More than a silence that only the snow leaves behind

I love you more

And I love you better than the gray of the autumn air Better than spring in its blooming against the sky

I love you more

It may not be red as the roses yet
It may not be strong as the old oak trees but
Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be
Your love is steady and sure as the mountains high
Moving my heart like a river that gently bends

Your love is wide open spaces where I can run
And yet, we're tangled up roots in the warm broken earth
Yeah, our love is sure

Your love is sure

And it may not be clear as the morning yet

It may not be wide as a restless sea but

Love given freely becomes what it ought to be

It may not be clear as the morning yet

It may not be wide as a restless sea

And it may not be red as the roses yet

It may not be strong as the old oak trees but

Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to and

Hearts given freely becomes what it ought to

Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be

What it ought to be

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