

# Comin' Down

[Paula Cole](#)

Lord, make me a lightnin' bolt to burn off this ring  
Comin' down, comin' down  
Lord, make me a skilsaw to cut through these chains  
Comin' down, comin' down  
Lord, give me the clarity to see through this smoke  
And salvage the woman comin' down Lord, make me an arrow to pierce through the lies  
Comin' down, comin' down  
Lord, make me a lens to better see my life  
Comin' down, comin' down  
Lord, make me an instrument to sing away the pain  
This rushing river, comin' down I'm free, here in the mountains of peace, may I be  
I see the greatness above and the smallness of me Lord, I'm mistaken in the choices that I make  
Comin' down, comin' down  
I made me a prison that should've been a man  
Comin' down, comin' down  
Lord, help me discover the courage to be  
To handle these changes comin' down I'm free, here in the mountains of peace, may I be  
I see the greatness above and the smallness of me  
So free, here in the garden awake consciously  
I see the greatness within, the greatness in me Lord, I'm your instrument, I'll shoulder the weight  
Comin' down, comin' down  
Feeling emotions in a deeper shade  
Comin' down, comin' down  
I'll be the one who puts them to song  
And liberate the heartache comin' down

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