

Doubting Thomas

Stephen Speaks

(TJ McCloud)

All my life I've been reaching toward something
Believing these hands could get me through
As my heart collects dust upon the shelves of my life
My hands are busy working up to you
And it seems that this goes on forever
One more rung on a ladder ten miles high
And as I sweat working one hand or the other every day
I look up, see the distance, start to cry
"So I'm doubting Thomas and what can I do
When my sand castles don't get me closer to you
(And the waves) wash away what I thought was the truth
In my hands, I have to open up my heart."

My arms worn out from punching the air
As if I'm fighting with opponents never there
Yet I know deep inside that this fight is with my soul
Stop spitting in the wind and let the father take control
"chorus"

My hands are tied I'm drowning
My hands are tied what can I do
My hands are tied I'm drowning without you
"chorus"

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