

A Flowery Song

Five Iron Frenzy

Beautiful day, wonderful feeling,
I feel like singing, psalms meaning songs singing praises all day long.
Joy fills the weak, joy makes us strong.
Filled 'till we burst, songs of praise to the God of the Universe.
Despite our selfish selves, despite all loss of hope,
despite our lack of faith, despite our stony hearts,
despite the waning moon,
despite the ebbing tide of how we think this world should be.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
praise Him all creatures here below,
praise Him above ye heavenly host,
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Gray rainy day, down in the mud for us.
Don't feel I can sing, songs to the God in control of the seasons.
But what's good and bad, flow from the hands,
of the God with the perfect plan.
Filling us with joy, all of this will glorify.

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