

# Economy Of Mercy

## Switchfoot

There's just two ways to lose yourself in this life  
And neither way is safe, in my dreams I see visions of the future  
But today we have today, and where will I find You?  
And where will I find You? In the economy of mercy, I am a poor and begging man  
In the currency of grace, is where my song begins  
In the colors of Your goodness, in the scars that mark Your skin  
In the currency of grace, is where my song begins These carbon shells are fragile dusty frames  
House canvases of souls, we are bruised and broken masterpieces  
But we did not paint ourselves, and where will I find You?  
Where will I find You? In the economy of mercy, I am a poor and begging man  
In the currency of grace, is where my song begins  
In the colors of Your goodness, in the scars that mark Your skin  
In the currency of grace, is where my song begins Where was I when the world was made?  
Where was I when the world was made?  
Where was I when the world was made?  
Where was I? I'm lost without You here  
Yes, I'm lost without You near, yeah  
I'm lost without You here  
You knew my name when the world was made

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