

Faith My Eyes

Caedmon's Call

As I survey the ground for ants
Looking for a place to sit and read
And I'm reminded of the streets of my hometown
How they're much like this concrete that's warm beneath my feet
And how I'm all wrapped up in my mother's
face
With a touch of my father just up around the eyes
And the sound of my brother's laugh
More wrapped up in what binds our ever distant lives
But if I must go
Things I trust will be better off without me
But I don't want to know
'Cause life is better off a mystery
So keep 'em coming, these lines on the road
And keep me responsible, be it a light or heavy load
Keep me guessing with these blessings in disguise
And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes
Hometown weather is on TV
And I imagine the lives of the people living there
And I'm curious if they imagine me
'Cause they just wanna leave, I wish that I could stay
And I get turned around
And I mistake my happiness for blessing
And I'm blessed as the poor
Still I judge success by how I'm dressing
So keep 'em coming, these lines on the road
And keep me responsible, be it a light or heavy load
Keep me guessing with these blessings in disguise
And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes
So I'll sing a song of my hometown
Breathe the air and walk the streets
And maybe find a place to sit and read
But the ants are welcome company
So keep 'em coming, these lines on the road
And keep me responsible, be it a light or heavy load
To keep me guessing with these blessings in disguise
And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes
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And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes

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