

Honest Questions

Daniel Bedingfield

Can you see the honest questions in my heart this hour?
I'm opening like a flower to the rain
And do you know the silent sorrows
Of a never ending journey through the pain?
Do you see a brighter day for me, another day, a day?
Do you wonder what's in store for me, the cure for me, the way? Oh, look down and see the tears I've cried
The lives I've lived, the deaths I've died
But you died them too, and all for me
You say, "I will pour my water down upon a thirsty barren land
And streams will flow from the dust of your bruised and broken soul
And you will grow like the grass upon the fertile plains of Asia
By the streams of living water
You will grow, oh, you will grow" Do you know my story from the start?
And do you know me like you've always told me?
Do you see the whispers in my heart against your kindness
My eternal blindness?
Do you see?
Do you see a brighter day for me, another day, a day?
Do you wonder what's in store for me, the cure for me, the way? Oh, look down and see the tears I've cried
The lives I've lived, the deaths I've died
But you died them too, and all for me
You say, "I will pour my water down upon a thirsty barren land
And streams will flow from the dust of your bruised and broken soul
You will grow like the grass upon the fertile plains of Asia
By the streams of living water, you will grow, oh I will pour my water down upon a thirsty barren land
And streams will flow from the dust of your bruised and broken soul
And you will grow like the grass upon the fertile plains of Asia
By the streams of living water, you will grow
Oh, you will grow

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