

There Is a River

Jars of Clay

There is a river that washes you clean
There is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own
For all of your tears Are the wages for things you've done
And all of those nights
Spent alone in the darkness of your mind Give it up, let go
These are the things
You were never meant to shoulder There is a river that washes you clean
There is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own
For all of your tears, love will atone So give up the right
To control the waves that empty at your life
Above wild skies
Are the rays that break the shadows we design Give it up, let go
These are the things
You were never meant to shoulder
Give it up, let go There is a river that washes you clean
There is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own
For all of these things, love will atone I know the world can turn in different ways
Most of the time we're simply hanging on
And under the signs of how we all behave
We might find the place where we belong There is a river that washes you clean
And there is a tree that marks the places you've been
Blood that was spilled, although not your own
For all of these things, love will atone
For all of those nights, you cried all alone
For all of your tears, love will atone

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