

# Author of Life

[Phil Joel](#)

Things aren't exactly what I thought they would be  
I won't pretend, disappointment's never free  
The sky's on fire, feels like the sky's on fire I may be young but I'm feeling old  
Like somebody borrowed years  
And I found out they got sold  
But I still love You, although my sky's on fire To the author of life, be the author of my life  
To the author, do You hear me sing? Hear me sing Swallow my pride, let go inside  
Show me Your ways  
Refine me and I'll still love You  
Although my sky's on fire To the author of life, be the author of my life  
To the author, do You hear me sing?  
To the author, do You hear me I see You've been hanging in there  
Looking back, I've been running everywhere  
I've done it my way for far too long  
Like I promised You years before  
I say, "All I have is Yours, all I have is Yours" And to the author of life, be the author of my life  
To the author, do You hear me sing?  
And to the author of life, be the author of my life  
To the author, do You hear me sing? Hear me sing Swallow my pride, let go inside  
Show me Your ways, refine me  
Swallow my pride, let go inside  
Show me Your ways, refine me  
Swallow my pride, let go inside  
Show me Your ways, refine me

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