

# Ought to Be

[Audrey Assad](#)

I love you more than a slow-falling summer rain  
More than a silence that only the snow leaves behind  
I love you more And I love you better than the gray of the autumn air  
Better than spring in its blooming against the sky  
I love you more It may not be red as the roses yet  
It may not be strong as the old oak trees but  
Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be Your love is steady and sure as the mountains high  
Moving my heart like a river that gently bends  
Your love is sure Your love is wide open spaces where I can run  
And yet, we're tangled up roots in the warm broken earth  
Yeah, our love is sure And it may not be clear as the morning yet  
It may not be wide as a restless sea but  
Love given freely becomes what it ought to be It may not be clear as the morning yet  
It may not be wide as a restless sea  
And it may not be red as the roses yet  
It may not be strong as the old oak trees but Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to and  
Hearts given freely becomes what they ought to  
Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be  
What it ought to be

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