

The Calling

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Deep in your blood or a voice in your head
On a dark lonesome highway that finds you instead
So certain it knows you, you can't turn away
Something or someone has found you today
Genius to Jesus, maybe He saved us
But who would believe us, I can't really say
Whatever the calling, the stumbling or falling
You follow it knowing there's no other way, there's no other way
They're Zealots and preachers and readers of
dreams
The righteous get out of stand, the safe drives to sin
The lonely and lost are just waiting to hear
Any moment their purpose will be perfectly clear
And then life would mean more, than their name on their door
And that far distant shore that's so near
They'd hear the calling, the stumbling and falling
They'd follow it knowing there's nothing to fear, nothing to fear
I don't remember a voice on a dark lonesome
road
When I started the journey so long ago
I was only just trying to outrun the norms
There was never a question of having a choice
Jesus to genius maybe they've seen me
But who would believe me, I can't really say
Whatever the calling, the stumbling and falling
I followed it knowing there's no other way
Jesus to genius, maybe He seen me
But who would believe me, I can't really say
Whatever the calling, the stumbling and falling
I got through it knowing there's no other way, there's no other way

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