

The Maker

[Willie Nelson](#)

Oh, oh deep water, black and cold like the night
I stand with arms wide open,
I've run a twisted line
I'm a stranger in the eyes of the Maker
I could not see for the fog in my eyes
I could not feel for the fear in my life
And from across the great divide, In the distance I saw a light
Jean Baptiste's walking to me with the Maker
My body is bent and broken by long and dangerous sleep
I can't work the fields of Abraham and turn my head away
I'm not a stranger in the hands of the Maker
Brother John, have you seen the homeless daughters
Standing there with broken wings
I have seen the flaming swords
There over east of eden
Burning in the eyes of the Maker
Burning in the eyes of the Maker
Burning in the eyes of the Maker...
Oh, river rise from your sleep...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>