

One Hundred Ways

Darden Smith

Theres a hundred ways to kneel and kiss the ground
So many roads to the promised land
Its an endless song that makes a holy sound
Theres a hundred ways to kneel and kiss the groundMy God and your God theyre one and the same
They sit around talking as friends
Laugh at the sunset, cry at the moon
Fall into each others arms every now and thenAnd anybody down here whos talking for them
Youre putting words in the mouth of strangers
Trafficking rumors, talking in tongues
Calling us all to dangerTheres a hundred ways to kneel and kiss the ground
So many roads to the promised land
Its an endless song that makes a holy sound
Theres a hundred ways to kneel and kiss the groundSo why all this talking and proving of points
Like Jerusalem's rabble and rumble
We could be dancing drunk on wine
With a lover who always catches us
Catches us when we stumbleTheres a hundred ways to kneel and kiss the ground
So many roads to the promised land
Its an endless song that makes a holy sound
Theres a hundred ways to kneel and kiss the ground
Theres a hundred ways to kneel and kiss the groundThere must be hundred ways to kneel and kiss the ground
Kneel and kiss the ground
Kneel and kiss the ground
Kneel and kiss the ground

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