

# Lead Me On

[Bethany Dillon](#)

Shoulder to the wheel  
For someone else's selfish gain  
Here there is no choosing, working the clay  
Wearing their anger like a ball and chain  
Fire in the field underneath your blazing sun  
Soon the sun was faded and freedom was a song  
I heard them singing when the day was done  
Singing to the Holy One  
Lead me on, lead me on  
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping  
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on  
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking  
Lead on  
Bitter cold terrain, echoes of a slamming door  
Chambers made for sleeping forever  
Voices like thunder in a mighty roar  
Crying to the Lord

Lead me on, lead me on  
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping  
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on  
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking  
Man hurts man  
Time and time, and time again  
Though we drown in the wake of our power  
Somebody tell me why  
Lead me on, lead me on  
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping  
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on  
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking  
Lead me on, lead me on  
To the place where the river runs into Your keeping  
Yeah, lead me on, lead me on  
The awaited deliverance comforts the seeking

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