Reaching

Gaither Vocal Band

His love, went on longing
His love, went on reaching
Right past the shackles of my mind
Then the word of the Father
Became Mary's little son
And His love reached all the way to where I wasAnd so, this great creator who'd been reaching all along
This God who formed the world with his own hands
Made love become a baby, one of our very own
And spoke His word so we could understandHis love went on longing
His love went on reaching
Right past the shackles of my mind
Then the word of the father
Became Mary's little son
And his love reached all the way to where I wasReaching. Longing.
Longing. And Searching.
And the longing and the reaching
Became Mary's little son
And his love reached all the way to where I was

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