Reach Out To Me

Michael W. Smith

Another million miles from the truth now
I know there's peace but I can't
figure out how
To stop this race that's taking over me
I'm under the gun I wait for you to see

Oh, please reach out to me
Open my eyes to see
I'm running from you now
Come rescue me somehow

Another scar from fighting the truth now
Has left me like a stranger to my need now
A masquerade, a game to figure out now
A cruel charade I cannot scream aloud

A narrow stretch of road in the way now
A heavy load still hanging on to me now
I'm in a maze that I can't seem to get out
Without a view from these shoulders of doubt

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