

God And Me

Terri Clark

Sun's comin' up on a Sunday mornin'.
I'm lookin' out the window at a beautiful view.
Turn on the TV an' somebody's talkin',
'Bout the wrong and the right and the ultimate truth.
I listen for a minute but my heart is somewhere else,
'Cause I've got my own convictions but I keep them to myself.

When I feel the world around me,
How can I not believe?
If I'm high up on a mountain,
Or down on my knees,
It's just between God and me.

Secrets I've been holding.
Tears cried, nobody else sees.
Sometimes I'm alone,
But I know there's somebody watching over me.
There's so much I'm afraid of an' I'm really not that strong.
But there's one place I can go to where all the fear is gone.

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How can I not believe?
If I'm high up on a mountain,
Or down on my knees,
It's just between God and me.

Every picture's painted differently.
Every one has got a vision in their mind.
That fills the heart with answers,
And the missin' piece that we hope to find.
And this is mine.

When I feel the world around me,
How can I not believe?
If I'm high up on a mountain,
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