Could It Be

Michael Card

In the ebb and flow of living
As we wander through the years
We're told to listen to a voice
We can't here with our earsThey say to live by something
That you can't see with your eyes
Is there really any purpose
To this foolish exercise?Could it be, You make Your presence known
So often by Your absence?
Could it be that questions tell us more
Than answers ever do?Could it be that You would really rather die
Than live without us?
Could it be the only answer that means anything
Is You?
In our words and in our silence
In our pride and in our shame
To the genius and the scholar
To the foolish and insaneTo the ones who care to seek You
To the ones who never will
You are the only answer even stillCould it be, You make Your presence known
So often by Your absence?
Could it be that questions tell us more
Than answers ever do?Could it be that You would really rather die
Than live without us?
Could it be the only answer that means anything
Is You?
It's a question you can't answer
An answer you cannot express
That the gentle Man of Sorrow
Is the source of happinessYou'll never solve the mystery
Of this magnetic man
For you must believe to understandCould it be, You make Your presence known
So often by Your absence?
Could it be that questions tell us more
Than answers ever do?Could it be that You would really rather die
Than live without us?
Could it be the only answer that means anything
Is You?Could it be the only answer that means anything
Is You?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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