

Who You Are

Nichole Nordeman

I was certain that I knew you at the tender age of twelve
You'd so often been described by those who said they knew you well
Dark and rugged in your thirties with a smile as bright as your robe
Every teacher, every preacher with the very
best intent
Found new ways to hide the mystery replaced by common sense
And to know you was to keep you in my pocket so easy to hold
I know I can't explain you, I would not even try
to
And yet it's clear that you are here beside me
I marvel and I wonder so near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are? Who you are?
It is easy to insist on what is packaged and precise
And dismiss the clear suspicion that you're bigger than we'd like
It is tempting to regard you as familiar in so many ways
I know I can't explain you, I would not even try to
And still it's clear that you are here beside me
I marvel and I wonder so near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are?
I've tried to draw these lines around you
A definition or an absolute
But I could not be satisfied with black or white
There is so much more there is so much you
I know I can't explain you, I would not even try to
And still it's clear that you are here beside me
I marvel and I wonder so near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are?
I marvel and I wonder so near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are?
It's a mystery
It's a mystery

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