

Native Tongue

David Wilcox

Truer words were never spoken
You picked them up when you were young
 Maybe woven in a story
That goes back to where you're fromTruer words were never spoken
 And for an audience of one
 But where you're healed is where you're broken
And God knows your native tongueSo build a bridge with what's behind you
 The scattered pieces of your past
 Build it out over the chasm
To the promised land at lastStart a bridge with what's behind you
 And God picks up where you've begun
 'Cause where you look is where love finds you
And God knows your native tongueSpoken words in Aramaic
 Sounds I wouldn't understand
 In a local ancient dialect
For the people of that landNo little words can hold a candle
 To the splendor of the sun
 That can explain this world of wonder
And shine the same on everyoneBut little words can hold a candle
 All your own when darkness comes
 They're just the size for us to handle
 And God knows your native tongue

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