

Every Reason

Smalltown Poets

There's a clever girl
Who wonders what voice to believe
When she hears all they have to say
Talking more and more of trusting Jesus
Is she testing, treading or drinking?
Isn't it apparent
That her thirsting is inherent?
She has Every reason to cup her hands beneath it
Taste the sweet release
Every reason to satisfy and give her
Every reason to believe
There's an able girl
On the proving ground she finally found
The place to wash her fear away
With the gift of faith
The Holy Spirit there in wait
He draws her weary heart
Here to lose a million things
Forgotten as the fountain brings her
Every reason to cup her hands beneath it
Taste the sweet release
Every reason to satisfy and give her
Every reason to believe
There's a happy girl
The search for absolutes is over
A new beginning under way
Standing by the stream
A river bold, pure, and endless
It overflows and she has
Every reason to cup her hands beneath it
Taste the sweet release
Every reason to satisfy and give her
Every reason to believe

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