

# Waking Up

[Bethany Dillon](#)

I'm on a flight home this morning  
And I can't help but stare at You  
My face pressed against this little window  
The sky explodes in praise to You, to You  
I know my words can't wrap their arms around You tight enough  
But still I'll try in this simple song  
To You, my Jesus Because the more I fight it, the more I love You  
As my eyes widen, I have to tell You There's nothing like waking up  
Waking up to You  
There's nothing like waking up  
Waking up to You  
Oh, waking up to You I am small, but I have seen  
The same sun rise over India and Ohio fields  
To strengthen the heart of this coward  
So in every language, from every hurt  
We echo affection back to You, Lord There's nothing like waking up  
Waking up to You  
There's nothing like waking up  
Waking up to You I was dead so You became my life  
I couldn't see so You became my eyes  
I was dead so You became my life  
I couldn't see so You became my eyes There's nothing like waking up  
Waking up to You  
There's nothing like waking up  
Waking up to You

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