

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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