

Ought to Be

[Audrey Assad](#)

I love you more than a slow-falling summer rain
More than a silence that only the snow leaves behind
I love you more And I love you better than the gray of the autumn air
Better than spring in its blooming against the sky
I love you more It may not be red as the roses yet
It may not be strong as the old oak trees but
Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be Your love is steady and sure as the mountains high
Moving my heart like a river that gently bends
Your love is sure Your love is wide open spaces where I can run
And yet, we're tangled up roots in the warm broken earth
Yeah, our love is sure And it may not be clear as the morning yet
It may not be wide as a restless sea but
Love given freely becomes what it ought to be It may not be clear as the morning yet
It may not be wide as a restless sea
And it may not be red as the roses yet
It may not be strong as the old oak trees but Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to and
Hearts given freely becomes what they ought to
Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be
What it ought to be

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