Thrive

Newsboys

Down here in the valley, every shadow You see
Has it's own story
Down here in the valley, every puddle of mud
Comes from tears and bloodAnd it's so hard just to get warm
That the chill turns into despairWill You lift me up with tender care?
Will You wash me clean in the palm of Your hands?
Will You hold me close so I can thrive?
When You touch me, that's when I know I'm aliveDown here in the valley nothing's able to grow
'Cause the light's too low
Folks spend their days digging 'round for diamonds and gold
'Til they just get oldAnd they don't know anything else
They don't know they're breathing bad airBut I'm tired of living like this
And my soul cries out, "If You're there"Will You lift me up with tender care?
Will You wash me clean in the palm of Your hands?
Lord hold me close so I can thrive?
When You touch me, that's when I know I'm aliveCall me up to Your side
Draw me up to Your light
Let it blind me, Lord, refine me
Refine me out of my mindWill You lift me up with tender care?
Will You wash me clean in the palm of Your hands?
Lord hold me close so I can thrive?
When You touch me, that's when I know, I know I'm aliveWill You lift me up with tender care?
Will You wash me clean in the palm of Your hands?
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