

Hanging On

Everyday Sunday

God I'm in this place again I'm trying so hard not to fall,
but everything keeps coming down with the rain.
And I try so hard I forget to call.
Everybody's looking around, and wants to be found.
And I'm just hanging on; I give You all that I am.
I come to You with all that I am, I bring to You all that I have,
and all I have is nothing, and I keep on trying, and all I want is You.
Everybody's looking around and wants to be found,
and I'm just hanging on.
I give You all that I am.
And as I sit here in the midst of You,
I come to You; I bring You all that I am.
Everybody's looking around and wants to be found,
and I'm just hanging on.
I give You all that I am.

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