Help Me Believe

Nichole Nordeman

Take me back to the time
When I was maybe eight or nine and I believed
When Jesus walked on waters blue
And if He helped me, I could too if I believedBefore rationale, analysis
And systematic thinking
Robbed me of a sweet simplicity
When wonders and when mysteries
Were far less often silly dreams
And childhood fantasiesHelp me believe
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in
To touch an angel's wing and I would be free
Help me believeWhen mustard seeds made mountains move
A burning bush that spoke for You was good enough
When manna fell from heavens high
Just because You told the sky to open upAm I too wise to recognize
That everything uncertain
Is certainly a possibility
When logic fails my reasoning
And science crushes underneath
The weight of all that is unseenHelp me believe
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in
To touch an angel's wing and I would be free, free, free
Help me believeWhen someone else's education
Plays upon my reservations
I'm the first to cave, I'm the first to bleed
If I abandon all that seeks
To make my faith informed and chic
Could You, would You show Yourself to me?Help me believe
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in
To touch one of their wings and I would be free
And I would be free and I would be freeHelp me believe, help me believe
Could You, would You show Yourself to me?
Could You, would You show Yourself to me?

Help me believe

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