

Reluctant Daughter

Martina McBride

Jesus, tell my Father
I wanna be His child again
Tell Him what my name is
In case He's forgotten
Tell Him I'm the woman at the well, drawing water
And I'm sorry if I've been His reluctant daughter
Jesus, tell my angels
To keep me in their prayers
Remind them how I need
To feel them everywhere
Tell 'em I'm ready to drink living water
I don't want my angels to think I'm His reluctant daughter
Jesus, tell my Father
I want to come to Heaven
Tell Him to shout my name out
So I won't be forgotten

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