

# Too Many Times

Michael W. Smith

Who do I hope to finally be?  
Is it not your life in me?  
Yet the how's too hard to see  
Too many times

Will I ever finally be  
The true intended me?  
Will the old in me be freed  
And left behind?

Too many times  
I'm back inside  
Wanting desperately to hide  
Yet I know, I know you say, you have to die  
Too many times  
You hear my cries  
I'm at the end of all my tries  
So, I'm open Lord, so teach me how to die

Here I am again alone  
Afraid I'll lose all that I own  
Yet you see me as your one  
I cannot fall

And what I am I still am not  
At times I count the cost  
Yet I find there's nothing lost  
If I give it all

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