

# Wonder

## Nine Days

Hidden thoughts that lie within the apathy of my own goal and dreams

I cry myself to sleep with all the insecurities of love and life itself

This big old rock

Has fallen smack in the middle of this road that I have sought for so long

And I wonder, and I wonder

Will I make it through the thunder

And I pray the Lord, he carries me

With one set of footprints on the sea

The sands of my past life

I wonder

I sit and soak

My nerves are shot; my soul's a sponge, the crutch I hold that keeps me up

I hold my feet up

As across the tracks I prayed good luck

And I wonder, and I wonder

Will I make it through the thunder

And I pray the lord, he carries me

With one set of footprints on the sea

And the sands of my past life

I wonder

And I wonder

And I wonder

You say that sorrow is better than the happiness we're supposed to feel

Oh, you say that sorrow is better than the happiness we're supposed to feel

With a sad face the heart grows wiser

So call me the wise men

Because my sorrow rises well above as I grow older, my shoulders wither

And I wonder, and I wonder