

My Tired Feet

Alela Diane

My tired feet
My tired, tired feet
My tired feet
Oh my tired feet
My tired feet brought me to that red boat
So still and foreign waters

And although I've never been here
Although I've never been here
I know that here I've swam before
Here I've swam before

And soon I came
Oh so soon I came
Soon I came
Oh so soon I came
Soon I came to the silent place of choir voices

In excelsis deo
Deo

Where Jesus, he keeps the streets out
Jesus he keeps the heat out
Jesus he keeps the noise out
And here oh here I've sung before
Here I've sung before
I know that here I've sung before

Here I've sat, I've run, I've walked, I've cried
I've died
I've slept in till noon and I've laughed and I've sighed
I know that here I've sung before
Oh here I've sung before
I know that here I've sung before
Here I've sung before