

Ask Me

Amy Grant

I see her as a little girl
Hiding in her room
She takes another bath
And she sprays her mama's perfume
To try to wipe away
The scent he left behind
But it haunts her mind

You see, she's his little rag
Nothing more than just a waif
And he's mopping up his need
She is tired and afraid
Maybe she'll find a way
Through these awful years
To disappear

Ask me if I think there's a God up in the Heaven
Where did He go in the middle of her shame?
Ask me if I think there's a God up in the Heaven
I see no mercy, and no one down here's naming names
Nobody's naming names

Now, she's looking in the mirror
At a lovely woman face
No more frightened little girl
Like she's gone without a trace
Still she leaves the light
Burning in the hall
It's hard to sleep at all

'Til she crawls up in her bed
Acting quiet as a mouse
Deep inside, she's listening
For a creaking in the house
But no one's left to harm her
She's fin'ly safe and sound
There's a peace she has found

Ask her how she knows there's a God up in the Heaven
Where did He go in the middle of her shame?
Ask her how she knows there's a God up in the Heaven
She said His mercy is bringing her life again
She's coming to life again

He's in the middle of her pain, in the middle of her shame
Mercy brings life
He's in the middle
Mercy in the middle

So ask me how I know
Ask me how I know

Ask me how I know there's a God up in the Heaven
Where did He go in the middle of her shame?
Ask me how I know there's a God up in the Heaven
She said His mercy is bringing her life again

Ask me how I know there's a God up in the Heaven
Where did He go in the middle of her shame?
Ask me how I know there's a God up in the Heaven
She said His mercy is bringing her life again