

It's Not a Song

Amy Grant

Day turns to night, and I turn into bed.
Can't get to sleep, something's in my head.
Pacing the floor, I try to force a rhyme.
Why do I fear this time?

R: It's not a song till it touches your heart.
It's not a song till it tears you apart.
After what's left of what's right and what's wrong,
Till it gets through to you,
It's not a song.

Now close your eyes, look into your hand.
What do you see?
Life is our song, to give and learn to take.
Time will not wait.

Oh, won't you please come dance,
While the song's still playing,
Won't be long till the silence falls.

R: (4x)