

# Lead Me On

Amy Grant

Shoulder to the wheel  
For someone else's selfish gain  
Here there is no choosing  
Working the clay  
Wearing their anger like a ball and chain.

Fire in the field  
Underneath a blazing sun  
But soon the sun was faded  
And freedom was a song  
I heard them singing when the day was done  
Singing to the holy One.

Lead me on  
Lead me on  
To a place where the river runs  
Into your keeping, oh.

Lead me on  
Lead me on  
The awaited deliverance  
Comforts the seeking, lead on.

Waiting for the train  
Labelled with a golden star  
Heavy hearted boarding  
Whispers in the dark  
"Where are we going--is it very far?"

Bitter cold terrain  
Echoes of a slamming door  
In chambers made for sleeping, forever  
Voices like thunder in a mighty roar  
Cry to the Lord.

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To a place where the river runs  
Into your keeping, oh.

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Comforts the seeking, lead on.

Man hurts man  
Time and time, time again  
And we drown in the wake of our power  
Somebody tell me why.

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Into your keeping, oh.

Lead me on  
Lead me on

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Comforts the seeking, lead on.

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