

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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Into your keeping, oh.

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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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