

How many times I've heard you say
You want to see Zion
How many times I've heard you say
I and I belong
In this road we trodding
Winding and turning
As we bend a new corner
In this bright, bright morning time
The sun has fallen from the sky
Clouds and rain now filling the sky
Your will is strong
Fret not humble lion
You soon see Mount Zion
You soon see Mount Zion
Waste not so that you may never say
Oh how I wish I had
The bread I once threw away
Make haste now in this time
While the sun is still shining
And then one bright morning
You'll up and fly away
How many times I've heard you say
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