

Imagination

Bethany Dillon

I need to be reminded of who I was
When I took that first steps out the door
All I said now follows me around
I'm reminded I'm not like that anymore

I uprooted and miles behind me
Are the faces and the home I love
You've brought to my attention
I'm slowly changing and becoming
What I wanted to stop

Isn't that just like a finite mind
Setting out with such righteous indignation
But now I'm at your feet
Could you look at me with some imagination

The bush before me, I slip my sandals off
I only stopped to look
In the depths of the sea, in the midst of a great storm
I run, I run from you

Oh and isn't that just like a finite mind
Setting out with such righteous indignation
But now I'm at your feet
Could you look at me with some imagination

So remind me why you woke me up
And why you wake me every morn
The staff in my hand
Held in by your love
Just stay close, stay close

Because I know my, I know my own mind
I set out with righteous indignation
But when I'm at your feet
Please, please look at me with some imagination
With some imagination