

Life Is A Church

David Phelps

Watching the surf cover up my toes
Breathing the salt air from the coast.
Ten years old with my eyes pressed closed.
Life is a church.

Remembering first love's tender kiss.
Mourning the loss of my innocence,
The bittersweet taste of it on my lips.

Life is a church.
These are the sacraments.
This is the altar.
Love is the spirit
Making the blue planet turn.
Life is a church.

Chorus

Watching my baby being born
Written all over you, pain and joy
Holding your hand, it's a little boy.

Chorus

Ashes to ashes, earth to earth.
The preacher throws in the first handful of dirt.
My little boy asks me, does goodbye always hurt?

Chorus