

## Tomorrows

### Falling Up

My song isn't sung by angels  
Isn't played in chambers  
Or hallways

My sound is an anxious tapping  
It's a restless moving  
Always, always, always

My place isn't in this building  
There are no golden ceilings  
That stand tall

My place is a dream that's failing  
It is broken and waiting  
to fall, to fall, to fall

Oh Lord Jesus  
I'm still trying  
Wait for me

I stay today  
And I'll run tomorrow  
But I know you wait for me