

Tell me, tell me, tell me that I'm going nowhere. Tell me this isn't enough.

I see what they go through. I guess you never had to feel that pain.

I've counted the cost. This is where I belong.

So many questions run through my head. Time for us to leave again.

My whole life packed in this van and the road is calling.

Remind me what you said again. How I'm on the road to nowhere land.

Well, this is what I'm made for. If only you could understand.

This is what I'm made for. This is what I'm made for.

I've counted the cost, nothing to lose because He gave me everything I've lost.

This is what I'm made for.

Miles and miles away from home thinking 'bout the things I can't let go.

But as sure as the breath inside of me I know that this is where I belong.

I see the hurt, I feel the pain. This is what I'm made for. Maybe now you'll understand.

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