

God, I admit I haven't changed
Playing card houses still covering my landscape
I never expected You to stay
When I'm grabbing for these crumbs and cold loose change

I feel Your grace come running over every road
I love the way You're calling overflow
I feel Your grace come running over every road
You break the floodgates down and carry all

God, I admit that I've loved these chains
And crawling around this cage sometimes has its advantages
I know someday this could get old
And I'll need Your healing water to find my home