

My Heavenly

Jars of Clay

let the wind fall wild across my path
even though we barely move, there's no turning back
there is a river; there is a road
place of holy riches untold
it's where i'm s'pposed to be
where i'm s'pposed to be
my heavenly, mmm-mmm

i know it never feels right
to let go of the safety we're used to holding so tight
but there is a lion underneath these skies
though love cries (though love cries)
though love cries, love will rise
my, my, my heavenly

so fly me higher, higher
hope fill me, keep me here
love lion, my, my...

so when i'm lonely or when i'm old
life is more behind me
all the stories have been told
i can fix my gaze up through the clouds
where i'm gonna be
where i'm gonna be
my heavenly

my, my heavenly
my heavenly