

## Could It Be

Michael Card

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In the ebb and flow of living  
As we wander through the years  
We're told to listen to a voice  
We can't here with our ears  
They say to live by something  
That you can't see with your eyes  
Is there really any purpose  
To this foolish exercise?

Chorus

Could it be You make Your presence known  
So often by Your absence?  
Could it be that questions tell us more  
Than answers ever do?  
Could it be that You would really rather die  
Than live without us?  
Could it be the only answer that means anything  
Is You?

In our words and in our silence  
In our pride and in our shame  
To the genius and the scholar  
To the foolish and insane  
To the ones who care to seek You  
To the ones who never will  
You are the only answer even still

Chorus

It's a question you can't answer  
An answer you cannot express  
That the gentle Man of Sorrow  
Is the source of happiness  
You'll never solve the mystery  
Of this magnetic man  
For you must believe to understand

Chorus

Could it be the only answer that means anything  
Is You