

## I Miss the Way

Michael W. Smith

Once a true believer  
Once there was a fire in your soul  
You were the epitome of blessed faith astir  
With thirst for holiness  
And hunger for the Word  
Now you move in other circles  
To the beat of different drums  
And I see only glimpses of the one you used to be  
The inspiration that you were to me

I miss the way His love would dance within your eyes  
I miss the way His heart was the soul of your life  
And somewhere in the saddest part of heaven's room  
Our Father sheds a tear for you  
He's missing you, too

Some are calling you a prodigal  
Some aren't calling you at all  
But far away someone is calling you back home  
Do you hear it anymore out there on your own

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