

# Sky Spills Over

Michael W. Smith

There's a rose in the desert  
Blooming red in the drought  
There's a quenching rain  
In the wings of the gathering clouds

Lift your eyes  
Look to the horizon now  
There's still a hope for us  
Reach up from the dust  
And call it down

Can you hear  
Can you hear that thunder  
Sing His name, sing it out  
'Til the sky spills over

I may just be dry bones  
Stripped of sinew and skin  
But the wind of His spirit  
Will raise me up again

I lift my eyes  
I look to the horizon now  
Oh, there's still a song to sing  
Fall down on your knees and cry aloud

Can you hear  
Can you hear that thunder  
Sing His name, sing it out  
'Til the sky spills over

I hear the rolling thunder  
Feel the pouring rain  
My heart is filled with wonder  
Only You remain  
I see a new horizon  
Coming up my way

I lift my eyes  
I look to the horizon now  
Oh, there's still a song to sing  
Fall down on your knees and cry aloud

I can hear  
I can hear that thunder  
I'll sing Your name, sing it out  
'Til the sky spills over  
Oh, I can hear  
I can hear that thunder  
I'll sing Your name, sing it out  
'Til the sky spills over, over