

Thrive

Newsboys

Down here in the valley
Every shadow You see
Has its own story
Down here in the valley
Every puddle of mud
Comes from tears and blood
And it's so hard just to get warm
That the chill turns into despair

Will You lift me up with tender care?
Will You wash me clean in the palm of Your hand?
Will You hold me close so I can thrive?
When You touch me, that's when I know I'm alive

Down here in the valley
Nothing's able to grow
'Cause the light's too low
Folks spend their days
Digging 'round for diamonds and gold
'Til they just get old
And they don't know anything else
They don't know they're breathing bad air
But I'm tired of living like this
And my soul cries out, "If You're there..."

Call me up to Your side
Draw me up to Your light
Let it blind me
Lord, refine me
Refine me out of my mind