

Wonder

Nine Days

Hidden thoughts that lie within the apathy of my own goal and dreams
I cry myself to sleep with all the insecurities of love and life itself
This big old rock
Has fallen smack in the middle of this road that I have sought for so long

And I wonder, and I wonder
Will I make it through the thunder
And I pray the Lord, he carries me
With one set of footprints on the sea
The sands of my past life
I wonder

I sit and soak
My nerves are shot; my soul's a sponge, the crutch I hold that keeps me up
I hold my feet up
As across the tracks I prayed good luck

And I wonder, and I wonder
Will I make it through the thunder
And I pray the lord, he carries me
With one set of footprints on the sea
And the sands of my past life
I wonder
And I wonder
And I wonder

You say that sorrow is better than the happiness we're supposed to feel
Oh, you say that sorrow is better than the happiness we're supposed to feel
With a sad face the heart grows wiser

So call me the wise men
Because my sorrow rises well above as I grow older, my shoulders wither
And I wonder, and I wonder