

Tell Your Story

Out Of The Grey

Round and round the thoughts keep coming
Through your head like water running
'Til the sink begins to overflow

So you run to shut it off
Pull the plug, forget it all
But the tears leave stains upon the floor

Everybody's got a story
I've got mine and you've got yours
And I will listen if you let me in

Everybody's got a secret sadness that they cannot keep
Inside forever, let its strength dispel
And tell your story

Find a friend for your confession
Trusted one who loves you well
Even when he's seen the underside

And go to Jesus, perfect priest
Who knows our weakness and our fear
Sinners, victims, seems that we are all

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