

New Song

Paul Baloche

You made the dry bones dance, You make the rocks cry out
You make the mountains bow down
You place upon my lips the words of a heavenly song
Set to the beat of a different drum
And I hear You whisper softly in my ear
Until the melody is all that I can hear

You put a new song in my mouth
A hymn of praise to You, my God
I will worship you and tell of the things You do

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