

I Always Do

Phil Keaggy

I take the chance I catch your sudden eye,
One glance I realize I have no words.
But if you'd listen to me, if you'd listen to me,
If you'd listen you would hear me

Fencing with the windmills of my deepest fears,
Jousting with this armor that I've riveted on.
And if I'd listen to You, if I'd listen to You,
If I'd listen I'd be a bit softer than stone.

I never mean to mention things like that
But I always do,
It's not like me to tip my hand
But I always do,
I never mean to face this looking-glass
But I always do,
When I face You, I always do.

I hit the floor suggest we move our feet.
Good mood is painted on our fleeting best.
But if you'd listen to me, if you'd listen to me,
If you'd listen you might hear me

Blowing on a flute carved of hollow bone,
Some somber tune that seems to suit my taste.
And if I'd listen to You, if I'd listen to You,
If I'd listen I'd have fewer lines on my face.

I never mean to mention things like that
But I always do,
It's not like me to tip my hand
But I always do,
I never mean to face this looking-glass
But I always do,
When I face You, I always do.