

Rail

Poor Old Lu

Jesus tie these hands
I used to think
that every thing I touched
turned gold
but it don't
it turns cold

and reason guides this man
like spring, and fall
and wind to sand
I sway, I sway,
I cannot stand

what do I do,
when it seems I relate to Judas
more than You
and I can't ever
I can't ever
see the end...

Jesus help me see
it's not about consequence
it's peace
and I won't seek
on my own knees

and grace is over me
It's true I feel, I know it's real
but will I live
what I believe