

# God Was in the Water

Bonnie Raitt

God was in the water that day  
Pickin' through the roots and stones  
Trippin' over sunken logs  
Tryin' not to make his presence known

God was in the water that day  
Wadin' in careful steps  
Bubbles risin' from his feet  
Comin' up from the muddy depths

Castin' out a line  
Castin' out a line to the shadows  
Castin' out a line but no one's biting

I am at my pitiful desk  
Starin' at the colorless walls  
Wishin' I was any place else  
Down into a dream I fall

Sittin' in a tiny boat  
Driftin' on the mindless sea  
And if I disappear  
At least I'm floating free

Castin' out a line  
Castin' out a line to the darkness  
Castin' out a line but no one's biting

God was in the air that day  
Breathin' out a haunted breeze  
Tryin' not to make a sound  
Shufflin' through the dried up leaves

God was in the air that day  
Circlin' like a drunken hawk  
Sweepin' with a hungry eye  
Over the ground I walk

Castin' out a line  
Castin' out a line to the darkness  
Castin' out a line but no one's biting

Castin' out a line  
Castin' out a line to the shadows  
Castin' out a line but no one's biting