

# If I Could Make It Work

Rich Mullins

"I sit on a piano stool and I make up songs for these men  
Who come in with dust on their faces and mud on their boots  
From these places that I'll never go  
I sleep in a rented bed with a woman who gives me  
What little I get of the love that we'd like to imagine  
Is left of the love that we never did know  
I slip out and scribble a note that reads like a million bucks  
It's a four cent nickel for my dime store thief  
But it sure reads good

And If I could make it work in life  
(Make it work in life)  
Like it works on paper  
(Works on paper)  
If the love that I describe  
(Love that I describe)  
Could be anything but words  
Then I would wipe my eyes  
I'd dry this ink  
I'd trade my pen in on a pair of wings  
And I would  
(I would)  
I would fly  
(I would fly)  
If I could only make it work in life

And at the end of every night I add up the tips  
That account for what might not come down to a thing  
That amounts to a life and the sum of it all  
I'm afraid is less than what I know  
I need to slip beneath the surface of my forgeries  
Where I buried my hopes with sometimes my dreams  
Still stir me and steal me away  
And I can still hear Dineh Bikeyah call  
Just like when we were kids  
And I could tell you all about it in a song  
But Lord I wish that

I could make it work in life  
(Make it work in life)  
Like it works on paper  
(Works on paper)  
If the love that I describe  
(Love that I describe)  
Could be anything but words  
Then I would wipe my eyes  
(Wipe my eyes)  
I'd dry this ink  
I'd trade my pen in on a pair of wings  
(I would fly)  
And I would fly!  
If I could only make it work in life  
If I could only make it work in life"