

Conversations

Sara Groves

I don't know how to say this
I don't know where to stand
I don't where to put my feet
Or where to put my hands
I've got them in my pockets
My fingers are freezing cold
They're wrapped around a ticket stub
That's four weeks old
And I don't know how to say this

I think we figured out
This world is bigger than you and I
We've exhausted our wealth, knowledge,
Have no more answers for mankind

And we've had every conversation in the world
About what is right and what has all gone bad
But have I mentioned to you that this is all I am
This is all that I have

And I'm not trying to judge you
No that's not my job
I am just a seeker, too
In search of God

Somewhere, somehow the subject became taboo
I have no other way to communicate to you
That this is all that I have, this is all that I am

And we've had every conversation in the world
About what is right and what has all gone bad
But have I mentioned to you that this is all I am
This is all that I have

And I would like to share with you
What makes me complete
I don't claim to have found the truth
But I know it has found me

The only thing that isn't meaningless to me
Is Jesus Christ and the way he set me free
And this is all that I have, this is all that I am
It's all that I have, and it's all

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It's all that I have, and it's all

I don't know how to say this
I don't know where to start
Just know that I care for you
And I'm speaking from my heart