

How It Is Between Us

Sara Groves

Woke up on the wrong side of the bed,
the wrong side of the room,
the wrong side of the world.
Can't put my finger on the mood.
It's not melancholy, anger or the blues.
I love my husband, my house, my job.
Couldn't be any better,
and really what else is there?
Then I realize I'm forgetting God,
and that's the root of all my misery.
Lord, first of all, how is it between you and me?

How is it between us?
How is it between us?
When did I talk to you last,
and what has happened since?
How is it between us? How is it between us?
When did I talk to you last, and what has happened?

When I wake up I am on my way,
reinventing the wheel and saving the day.
I have learned this lesson a thousand times,
I am the branch, and you are the vine.
Apart from you we are mice and men,
with our fancy dreams of grandeur and no way to get there.
Oh I can think about you now and then,
or I can make a mark on eternity.
Lord first of all, how is it, between you and me?

How is it between us?
How is it between us?
When did I talk to you last,
and what has happened since?
How is it between us? How is it between us?
When did I talk to you last, and what has happened?

So let the wicked prosper, let the oceans roar,
let the mountains crumble, and fall into the sea.
There's something more important weighing on my mind.
Lord first of all, how is it between you and me?

How is it between us?
How is it between us?
When did I talk to you last,
and what has happened since?
How is it between us? How is it between us?
When did I talk to you last, and what has happened?