

# Maybe There's A Loving God

Sara Groves

I'm trying to work things out  
I'm trying to comprehend  
Am I the chance result  
Of some great accident  
I hear a rhythm call me  
The echo of a grand design  
I spend each night in the backyard  
Staring up at the stars in the sky

I have another meeting today  
With my new counselor  
My mom will cry and say  
I don't know what to do with her  
She's so unresponsive  
I just cannot break through  
She spends all night in the backyard  
Staring up at the stars and the moon

They have a chart and a graph  
Of my despondency  
They want to chart a path  
For self-recovery  
And want to know what I'm thinking  
What motivates my mood  
To spend all night in the backyard  
Staring up at the stars and the moon

Maybe this was made for me  
For lying on my back in the middle of a field  
Maybe that's a selfish thought  
Or maybe there's a loving God

Maybe I was made this way  
To think and to reason and to question and to pray  
And I have never prayed a lot  
But maybe there's a loving God

Maybe this was made for me  
For lying on my back in the middle of a field  
Maybe that's a selfish thought  
Or maybe there's a loving God

Maybe I was mad this way  
To think and to reason and to question and to pray  
And I have never prayed a lot  
But maybe there's a loving God

And that may be a foolish thought  
Or maybe there is a God  
And I have never prayed a lot  
But maybe there's a loving God