

Precious Again

Sara Groves

Sunrise, sunset with no eyes to see it
Garnets and rubies ground up in the sand
Words from my children with no ears to hear it
Where is the wonder

New tender mercies and infinite graces
Woven like threads in the cloth of my days
Deep wells of glory behind common faces
Where is the wonder, where is the wonder

Oh oh, I need a song that's never old
Oh oh, I need a story never told
Promise the just when love grows cold
You'll make it precious again

Friendship and good will a sweet invitation
Kindred in spirit and eager to share
Love in familiar and long conversations
There is the wonder, there is the wonder

Oh oh, sing me the song that's never old
Oh oh, tell me the story never told
Promise the just when love grows cold
You'll make it precious

Press mud with holy fingers
Light the ineffable
Fused in the ordinary
So much to wonder
Oh, what a wonder
Wonder, wonder

Oh oh, sing me the song that's never old
Oh oh, tell me the story never told
Promise the just when love grows cold
You'll make it precious
Oh make it precious
You make it precious again