

Where Would I Be

Smokie Norful

What kind of God can make the morsels of snow, fall from a gray sky
What kind of God can weave the tapestry of a rainbow, and sketch it into a we sky
It's no wonder how he can do, every little thing he does for me
If it hadn't been for you, where would I be?

What kind of God can give you a vision, and create a skyscraper tall
What kind of God can use the pattern of color, and give it a name like fall
It's no wonder how he can do, every little thing he does for me
If it hadn't been for you, where would I be?

I'd be at the bottom when you told me there's a place at the top for me
I'd be on the back side when you showed me there's a place in the front I should be
I'd be on the outside looking in when, you've prepared me a table for kings
If it hadn't been for you, where would I be?

What kind of God can take my fragile and wounded heart, fill it with unconditional love
What kind of God can take away my guilt and shame, and give me grace to rise above
It's no wonder how he can do, every little thing he does for me
If it hadn't been for you, where would I be?

I'd be at the bottom when you told me there's a place at the top for me
I'd be on the back side when you showed me there's a place in the front I should be
I'd be on the outside looking in, when you've prepared me a table for kings
If it hadn't been for you, where would I be? [x2]

Just like a ship without a sail, without you