

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