

# In This Little Room

Steven Curtis Chapman

In this little room I put my pen to the paper  
To write what's in my heart down on a page  
With every line, a silent prayer is being lifted  
That the song will somehow find its way  
From this little room to your heart

In this little room with just a microphone to hear me  
I sing what's in my heart while the music plays  
And with every line, a silent prayer is being lifted  
That the song will somehow find its way  
From this little room to your heart

I close my eyes imagining your faces  
I see the smiles, the tears, the joys, the pain  
We may be strangers but I can give this song to you  
Because the one who gave me this song knows your name  
He knows your name, He knows your name

In this little room tonight I'll be praying  
As Jesus comes to meet you where you are  
We'll hear His voice together if we listen  
And we'll find it's really not that far  
From this little room, from this little room  
From this little room to your heart, oh to your heart  
From this little room, this little room to your heart