

Dig New Streams

Switchfoot

Melody starts
Echoing breath
Echoing fear
Echoing death
Echoing real
Echoing dream
Echoing drop
Echoing stream
Worn and dirty rivers find the sea
Brutally routine

Love, let us dig new streams
Love, let us live new streams
Where water and word are clean
I got thirty voices in my head
They've been telling me to quit while I'm ahead
But I'm not ahead
I'm digging well my blood's still red
I'm digging for the streams beneath my bed
Underneath my head

I'm headed down to New Orleans
I'm headed down to New Orleans
I'm headed down to chase these dreams
I'm headed down to New Orleans
Come all you worn out, burn out, sick and tired
Come all you fake, pretentious suit and ties
Come with your filthy hands and your blackened eyes
If you've been hurt by the birds and the bees of life
If you've been hurt by the church of black and white
Come unto me, find rest my burden's light
People put your hands up! let me know you!
People put your hands up! let me know you!
People put your hands up! let me know you!

Love, let us dig new streams
Love, let us live new streams
Where water and word are clean
Love, let us dig new streams