

# The Economy of Mercy

Switchfoot

There's just two ways to lose yourself in this life  
And neither way is safe  
In my dreams I see visions of the future  
But today we have today

And where will I find you?  
And where will I find you?

In the economy of mercy  
I am a poor and begging man  
In the currency of grace  
Is where my song begins  
In the colors of your goodness  
In the scars that mark your skin  
In the currency of grace  
Is where my song begins

These carbon shells  
These fragile dusty frames  
House canvases of souls  
We are bruised and broken masterpieces  
But we did not paint ourselves

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Where was I when the world was made?  
Where was I when the world was made?  
Where was I when the world was made?  
Where was I?

I'm lost without you here  
Yes, I'm lost without you here  
I'm lost without you here  
You knew my name when the world was made