

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