

Come To Me

Waterdeep

"Bring beauty to this house," she told me,
"with the talent you have in your hands.
Bring beauty to His house with your words now,
Cause there's a war goin' on in foreign lands."

"Bring sugar to this God," they told me,
"cause Jesus ain't on the cross no more.
Won't you bring sweetness to desperation,
And just don't remind me of this war."

Well, it's a stupid fight
To say it's sweet when you're dealin' with the gates of hell.
And grace is dead and God is gone if you keep sayin',
"All is well."

"Bring cleanness to our dirt floor," he told me,
"Cause I can't stand it anymore.
And the wind is howlin' so loud outside.
Would you please just go away and close that houseless door."

But He said
If you're weary and heavy laden,
If you're tired of a love that's fadin'
Well, Come to Me.

If you're weary and you're broken and you're down on your knees
. . .
If you're shattered into pieces and you're flappin' in the breeze.
And you're walkin' around downtown,
Don't know which side is upside down
You got somethin' on your face and you call it a frown,
And you don't know if you're gonna live to see tomorrow,
And you're buried so deep down in your sorrow
That you don't know what you're gonna do,
Well, come to Me.