

The Long Arm Of The Lord

Wayne Watson

A million dark alleys you can hide in
Dig a tunnel to the center of the earth
Convinced you've got nobody to confide in
Got you questioning the sum of what you're worth
People label you the black sheep of the family
Come collect upon your prodigal reward

'Cause you can never outrun
Or go beyond the reaches
Of the long arm of the Lord

I've been ashamed--I've been humbled and forgiven
I've been chastened by my Father's loving hand
But still, at times, I go on with my evil
It seems to constitute the nature of a man
But forgiveness is as close as my confession
And my sin amputated by His sword

If He gave to me all that I deserve
This could be my final breath
But with compassion in His eyes
He's drawing me home
Into His arms--Into His tender arms of rest
There are pagans at the corners of creation
Making light of the salvation that we know
And with a small, narrow mind I give them over
To the passion of the Godless seed they sow
But, in truth, we have just as much potential
To be Godly and perfected by the Word

My capacity for creative sin is never extended
Part God's capacity for restoration.