

Castaway

Look at me I'm a castaway
I'm somewhere I shouldn't belong
I was put here yesterday and there's a man smiling at me
I said, "Why am I here, when You are so holy
I will never hit the mark".
He said, "Yes this is true, but my friend, I've done it instead".

*Run, run, run, the law it beckons me, but gives me no limbs
Fly, fly, fly, your gospel bids to me
And lovingly, gives me some wings
So I will fly, held on the wind of grace
That teaches me when to say and say no
And I will rise on eagles wings
You're helping me win the prize
But always with love in Your eyes
Love in Your eyes*

Look at me on a journey now
The road looks narrow ahead
But each time that I lift my eyes
I feel a hand steadying me
I said, "Teach me Lord, that I may be holy, with silver and gold I must build".
He said, "All that I've started in you, I'll see to the end".

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