

The Good Confession

Andrew Peterson

I was a boy
Just nine years old
I heard the call and came

They buried me
Beneath the water
Then I rose again

Well, you know my dad was a preacher man
I walked the aisle and I took his hand
He said, "Son, just do the best you can
And say the words
'I believe he is the Christ, the Son of the living God'"

Through the years
I barely fell
I mostly dove right in
I drank so deep
From the shallow well
Only to thirst again

Well, I sang the hymns at the summer camp
Then I rocked and rolled with a lousy band
Till I heard a song that took my hand
And led me home

And I believe
He is the Christ
Son of the living God

And I believe
He is the Christ
Son of the living God

All I know is that I was blind
But now I see
That though I kick and scream
Love is leading me
And every step of the way
His grace is making me
With every breath I breathe
He is saving me
And I believe

So when my body's weak and the day is long
When I feel my faith is all but gone
I'll remember when I sing this song
That I believe

And I believe
He is the Christ
Son of the living God

And I believe
He is the Christ
Son of the living God

And I believe
He is the Christ
Son of the living God

And I believe
He is the Christ
Son of the living God

And I believe
He is the Christ
Son of the living God

My Lord, My Savior
My Lord, My Savior

Oh, Hosanna, I believe