

Down here in the valley  
Every shadow You see  
Has its own story  
Down here in the valley  
Every puddle of mud  
Comes from tears and blood  
And it's so hard just to get warm  
That the chill turns into despair

Will You lift me up with tender care?  
Will You wash me clean in the palm of Your hand?  
Will You hold me close so I can thrive?  
When You touch me, that's when I know I'm alive

Down here in the valley  
Nothing's able to grow  
'Cause the light's too low  
Folks spend their days  
Digging 'round for diamonds and gold  
'Til they just get old  
And they don't know anything else  
They don't know they're breathing bad air  
But I'm tired of living like this  
And my soul cries out, "If You're there..."

Call me up to Your side  
Draw me up to Your light  
Let it blind me  
Lord, refine me  
Refine me out of my mind