

Abraham

Phil Keaggy

Look at the stars, Abraham
And believe I Am.
Can you count stars, Abraham
Or the grains of sand?

I see why the tide keeps rolling
I see why the tide keeps rolling in
And building up the Sand Tree.

You've loved your wife, Abraham
But there is no son.
Yet from your life, Abraham,
The Seed shall come.

I see why the tide keeps rolling
I see why the tide keeps rolling in
And building up the Sand Tree.

Give Me your son, Abraham,
And believe I can.
Supply the Lamb, Abraham,
For the sin of man.

I see why the tide keeps rolling
I see why the tide keeps rolling in
And building up the Sand Tree.