

Chase the Bad Away

Phil Keaggy

Merry go round but not so merry
Very much like a hurricane.
Instead of looking up you turn your head away,
Far away, far away and so ashamed.

So tasteless, odorless, a waste of your time
Consumed with, no strength left, a world so unkind.
But you can talk to me, yes you can talk to me.
I'll chase the bad away.

Embracing the cold with your outstretched fingers
Eyes and heart resisting me.
It's growing in your veins, you've slipped into a maze,
Back and forth, back and forth so endlessly.

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Consumed with, no strength left, a world so unkind.
But you can talk to me, yes you can talk to me.
I'll chase the bad away.

Give it up to me, give it all to me.

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