

Release

Ben Rector

Baby it's a fast world
If-you-don't-finish-first-you-finish-last world
A wishing-that-my-life-looked-more-like-that world
And it's slipping through my fingers all the time

But somewhere out in the darkness
There's a crack, the light is slipping through

And the hounds are away for a moment
And I'm wide awake and breathing deep
And I'm glad for where I've been and where I'm going
Lord, let me feel sweet
Release
Release
Release

Baby it's a wild world
A knock-you-down-if-you-get-up-and-try world
A no-one-makes-it-out-of-here-alive world
And it's slipping through my fingers all the time

But somewhere out in the darkness
There's a crack the light is slipping through

And the hounds are away for a moment
And I'm wide awake and breathing deep
And I'm glad for where I've been and where I'm going
Lord, let me feel sweet
Release
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Yeah we spend our whole life running
Running from or running to

And the hounds are away for a moment
And I'm wide awake and breathing deep
And I'm glad for where I've been and where I'm going
Lord, let me feel sweet
Release
Release
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