

We Fall Down

Bob Carlisle

Cursing every step of the Way, he bore a heavy load
To the market ten miles away, The journey took its toll
And every day he passed a Monastery's high cathedral Walls
And it made his life seem Meaningless and small

And he wondered how it would Be to live in such a place
To be warm, well fed and at Peace; to shut the world away

So when he saw a priest who Walked, for once, beyond the Iron gate
He said, Tell me of your life Inside the place...
And the priest replied...

We fall down, we get up
We fall down, we get up
We fall down, we get up
And the saints are just the Sinners
Who fall down and get up

Disappointment followed him Home; he'd hoped for so much More
But he saw himself in a light He had never seen before

Cause if the priest who fell Could find the Grace of God To be enough
Then there must be some hope For the rest of us
There must be some hope left For us

We fall down, we get up
We fall down, we get up
We fall down, we get up
And the saints are just the Sinners
Who fall down and get up