

COUNTRY PSALM

Brandon Lake

The gold of the sunrise is chasing the dark
Gift of new mercies awakens my heart
The bird of the morning is singing her song
Oh, thank God for this country psalm

Little feet patter the hardwoods like drums
My boys making noise at the top of their lungs
Beautiful chaos shatters the calm
But oh, thank God for this country psalm

Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord
I've got so much to be grateful for
Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord
I've got so much to be grateful for
I've got breath in this body and hope in these scars
If I counted my blessings, they'd rival the stars
I'll praise You forevermore, even if I never get one more
Praise the Lord

Good food on our table, good wine in our glass
Swing tires and bonfires and babies on laps
Grandparents dance when the fireflies turn on
Oh, thank God for this country psalm

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Between the letting go and desperately holding on
Help me remember that You're where my heart belongs
A moment of clarity, Creation's symphony
What can I do but respond?

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And I'll praise You forevermore, even if I never get one more
Praise the Lord

The moon's on the rise and the river, she runs
All I can say is, "Lord, thy will be done"
I pull her in close as we pray for the dawn
God bless this mess and this country psalm