

## A Place at Your Table

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With a heavy heart or short of breath  
In joy of youth or pain of death  
At home or gone, on land or sea  
As my days demand so my strength shall be

In running and in rest I rely  
On something I can't make or buy  
So I will keep the feast  
Cause there will always be  
A place at your table for me

Whether choir robes or drums and guitars  
In cathedrals high or at the local bar  
If a woman serves, if it's blood or wine  
Oh, the mystery of the divine

In conflict and dissent we divide

But you defend and keep your bride  
In purity and peace  
So there will always be  
A place at your table for me

So I lost my voice calling out your name  
But your ear was deaf as my soul was sprained  
And though my heart is dark I am still compelled  
To where your body broke, to where your blood was spilled

It's more than all the debt I owe  
And where else can a sick man go  
So help my unbelief  
That there will always be  
A place at your table for me  
A place at your table for me