

Tomorrows

Falling Up

My song isn't sung by angels
Isn't played in chambers
Or hallways

My sound is an anxious tapping
It's a restless moving
Always, always, always

My place isn't in this building
There are no golden ceilings
That stand tall

My place is a dream that's failing
It is broken and waiting
to fall, to fall, to fall

Oh Lord Jesus
I'm still trying
Wait for me

I stay today
And I'll run tomorrow
But I know you wait for me