

Find Me In The Fields

Geoff Moore

When i was just a boy
You could find me in the fields
A cathedral made of rocks and trees and hills

It was in that sanctuary
That I first came to see
The wonder of creation speaks to me

Find me in the fields
Holding nothing back
Find me with praises on my mind
And dirt on my hands
And the day the whole earth see's Your glory and kneels
Won't you find me, find me in the fields

When I became a man
With a family of my own
I found that there were bigger fields to roam
Sometimes the meadow's green
Some seasons cold and brown
But I'll make my stand to defend this battle ground

Find me in the fields
Holding nothing back
Find me with praises on my mind
And dirt on my hands
And the day the whole earth see's your glory and kneels
Won't you find me, find me in the fields

And when the sun finally sets
May i be free of all regrets
And when the sun finally sets
No regrets, no regrets
Find me in the fields

Holding nothing back
Find me with praises on my mind
And dirt on my hands
And the day the whole earth see's your glory and kneels
Won't you find me, find me in the fields

Holding nothing back
Find me with praises on my mind
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