

The Desert

Glen Campbell

The desert is a barren land
A wilderness of rock and sand
It cries aloud for the fall of the rain
And ever sifting sea of dust
That knows no mercy, shows no trust
A sunbaked waste for a scorpion's domain

The dunes they rise, the dunes they fall
Marching forth to conquer all
That have no mind to move out of their way
The man who turns heart away
From Jesus Christ the King
Is as a desert

His sand is made of faith in earthly things
His hopes become mirages
And his heart grows cold and cruel
And when a man enthrones himself as King
Then His master is a fool

The desert can move into a garden filled with fruits
The King of Peace can fall in a holy storm
His sand can turn to clay for the potter's hands to shape
Yes the deserts of the heart can be transformed
If you open your heart to the Lord

The desert can move into a garden filled with fruits
The King of Peace can call in a holy storm
His sand can turn to clay for the potter's hands to shape
Yes the deserts of the heart can be transformed
If you open open your heart to the Lord
Open your heart to the Lord