

# I Just Wanna Get There

Jackie Hill Perry

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And You choose to do it however, whenever, wherever

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You don't know what I've been through, don't know what I've been through  
When the pain cuts deep, cuts deep  
You would think it was jiu-jitsu  
And with me as the meat on the menu  
Instead of peeps with the meat from the temple  
Trying to find joy in the midst, this don't seem that simple  
Cause I do what I don't want to do when what I don't want I do  
And I do what I don't want to do and what I want to do I don't do  
It's me, not You  
And it seems I'm not true  
And it seems I'm not you  
Pleased in things that are not You  
Seeing things that are not true, man  
Can't fight the fight because I'm too mad  
The light too bright to drive you bad  
My vision, so distracted by tension  
Condemnation, placing faith in the weight of my sickness  
Life's prescription is distant  
Wait, my Physician is living  
His finish was the grace for my prison  
The cake for the villains  
I'm raised in His image  
It's the penicillin for the snake and his venom  
I race and I'm tempted  
I race and I'm trippin'  
My behavior like I wasn't raised from the crypt  
I got to face it, I'm sick  
Then I get a face of me waiting for me to see Jesus  
And gaze at His face until I get there

Don't know what we go through, don't know what we go through  
See the rings, see the videos, see the means  
See the dreams of the queen for the good life  
But I want to be a good wife  
Wish I would have come home  
It would have been a good night  
But instead we had a fight  
And the price is the piece of the wolf bite  
I came home from that honeymoon  
Feeling high, feeling right  
Feeling like our whole life was in front of us

Until something nudged me to take the test  
It said 'yes'  
I'm saying 'No, this can't be right  
Can't be sight  
I'm trying to live  
This can't be life  
How am I a mother after eight days of being a wife? '  
I'm being invited to imprint a life  
And I can't focus on nothing else but me  
Until I realize who was living in me was given to me  
From His wisdom  
Livin  
Swimming with fins, fishing with fin  
My heart's society bait, telling us "wait"  
Baby's first name is "mistake"  
It's a problem when the saints  
Believe that we're slow dancing with sovereignty  
Until we got to be taken from this life like it's robbery  
We're just pottery  
The joy is that the clay is shaped by grace  
And the Potter promised me that everything will work for good

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