

Re)

John Mark McMillan

Have you considered all the odds, girl
That you would yet exist
What do the numbers tell you
How long will you persist
And say you're not a miracle
Wrapped in thought and flesh
If you think it's not the case, girl
Doesn't make you any less

So step away, step away, step away now from the white noise
And bring your heart in, bring your heart in from the swirl
Step away, step away, step away now from the white noise
For the re-enchanted world

There's trouble down the pipe, son
And some of it you can't resist
But then again you're still alive, son
It only plagues those who exist
Find the strength of God in life, son
There's more joy than pain in it
There are dreams still in the night, son
Promise me you won't forget

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I know that you've never been satisfied
I know that you've never been satisfied
With the numbers and the figures
But there's something still to find
Yeah, there's magic in the night
There's a Spirit in the night

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