The Gift

Jon Foreman

All our lives are change and ebb and flow
Love is what remains when changes blow
The question is if we will recognize the gift before it goes

Living is the art of what you lose
When what you hold too tight starts holding you
The question is if we will recognize the gift before it's throu
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May your faith be like a lantern to your soul
May your hope remind your head of what you know
And may love be your companion on the road you roam
May the wind that blows the hardest bring you home

Bless the blurry eyes that greet the dawn
Bless the wounds we fight that lead us on
The question is if we will recognize the gift before it's gone

May your soul be not an anchor but a mast
May your truth be not a casket but a cask
And may love be your companion on the road you roam
May the wind that blows the hardest bring you home

The question is if we all recognize the gift before it's gone

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