

F.I.N.E.

Josh Wilson

Every single Sunday, he wakes before the sun
He pulls out of his driveway, feels like the only one
Who sees the flashing red lights before their timers run
For most folks, it's a day of rest, but it's his longest one

Honestly, I don't see how they ever could expect me to be fine
All the time

He parks in the back corner, the farthest from the door
He likes to leave the good spots for folks who need them more
As he walks towards the steeple, he says a silent prayer
God, help me lead Your people
God, help me know You're there

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All the time
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Last year, on a Friday, his best friend took his life
He tells me that he's okay, 'cause he wants to be the guy
Who always brings the bright side, the chapter and the verse
But who's he supposed to turn to when he's the one who's hurt?
'Cause he's the one who's hurt

Honestly, it's honesty that broken people really need
But we all feel the pressure to be fine
We hide the hurt that's inside, we laugh so that we don't cry
But even Jesus wept when His friend died
Honestly, we don't have to be
F.I.N.E.