

# A Way

Michael W. Smith

Caught in a dream of where I want to be wrapped in a web of where I am  
I feel a wall between what is and what should be  
You find me waiting for a miracle You hear me praying for a plan  
You are the only one prepared to rescue me

Then You take away the distance found between the truth and me  
And You give a simple reason to my restless rhyme  
Whoa, hide me in the heaven You have held within your hand  
And make a way to find a way to soothe my mind

There is a way that might seem right to me  
A dim reflection of what's good just an illusion of the best that I can be  
But there's another path You offer me I wish I always understood  
Some way You see right through my thoughts and know my needs

Then You take away the distance found between the truth and me  
And You give a simple reason to my restless rhyme  
Whoa, hide me in the heaven You have held within your hand  
And make a way to find a way to soothe my mind  
Please come soothe my mind

You always take away the distance found between the truth and me  
And You give a simple reason to my restless rhyme  
And You hide me in the heaven You have held within your hand  
You always make a way to find a way to soothe my mind

Yeah, You take away the distance found between the truth and me  
And You give a simple reason to my restless rhyme  
And You hide me in the heaven You have held within your hand  
You always make a way to find a way to soothe my mind

Yeah, You take away the distance found between the truth and me  
And You give a simple reason to my restless rhyme  
And You hide me in the heaven You have held within your hand  
You always make a way to find a way to soothe my mind