

About God

Rita Springer

I have thought about God and my own life's existence
And it's not like I've not been on my knees in repentance
Bigger than life, and out on my own
I've come to these conclusions about God

I have thought about God when searching for solutions
Disappointed and cost birthing such confusion
Surrendered my heart to the truth not a system. And to God

How can we walk underneath an open sky?
How can we say we have eyes and yet we can be so blind?
You have your race and religion, and I guess I have mine
What about God?

I had thought about God when my own father was dying
And I thought "the idea, of death and it's timing!"
I turned the other cheek only because I was crying out to God

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What about God? What about God?

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How can we say we have eyes and yet we can be so blind?
You have your race and religion, and I guess I have mine
What about God? Do you think about God?

You can look through the windows of a stained glass cathedral
You can speak in tongues in a church with a steeple
Who holds the keys to your own heart's temple? I wonder if it's
God
I wonder if it's God. Do you ever think about God?