

A Million Other Men

Robin Mark

There's a clock sits by my bedside,
And it's gleaming 3:00 am
Here I'm lying like a fool,
Sad and staring at the ceiling,
Like a million other men.

Seems this world sits square upon my shoulders.
Are there no exits from this maze?
Then I notice how the street light,
Shining softly through my window
Lights the contours of your face.

And I can see your sleep is peaceful
Your contentments plain to see
And there is no surprise for I know
Your hope is anchored
In the rock higher than me.

There are dreams on my horizon,
Yet I fear they're sinking down.
I could swim out there to reach them,
But without Your hand to cling to,
I'm frightened I may drown.

O there's strength in Your compassion,
And there's healing in Your touch.
For You know just when to push me
That little bit further
And yet You know when it's all too much.

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