

Expedition

Sara Groves

Did you see the invitation to have
Nothing to prove
There at the end of striving
In the middle of something good

When you finally see that you can't pretend
The dream of God is the dream of men

Well meet me at the river, oh
I've fashioned us a raft and oar
We're going on an expedition
We're looking for lost time

Did you get an invitation to have
Nothing to show
To see the invisible goodness
Of deliberate and slow

When the dream of God and the dream of man
Are mixed in the marrow of a promised land

Meet me at the river, oh
I've fashioned us a raft and oar
We're going on an expedition
We're looking for lost time
We're looking for lost time

Spread the map out on the raft
Scenes appear like photographs
While we search the starlings play
Reeds on the shoreline nod and sway
They don't toil to be that way

So meet me at the river, oh
I've fashioned us a raft and oar
We're going on an expedition
We're looking for lost time
And it will take days and days
And it might be extravagant and wasteful
We'll be gone as long as it takes
Looking for lost time
We're looking for lost time
Looking for lost time