

Forgiveness

Yebba

No money, no nepotism
No favoritism, no nothin'
But I stuck to my guns
And God made good on His promise

Now I know when I'm in the flow
Anything good, I can do it
'Cause a gentle voice that holds my hand
Will carry me right through it

Say, what if I forgave it all
I'd be the laughing stock of every guard at every wall
But what if I let the river through
And whatever else just might belong to you

Keep me now, Lord
Hold me still
And I'll stand right on Your will
Maybe that's how forgiveness feels
Maybe that's how forgiveness feels