

Hanging On

Everyday Sunday

God I'm in this place again I'm trying so hard not to fall, but everything keeps coming down with the rain. And I try so hard I forget to call. Everybody's looking around, and everybody wants to be found. And I'm just hanging on; I give You all that I am. I come to You with all that I am, I bring to You all that I have, and all I have is nothing, and I keep on trying, and all I want is You. Everybody's looking around and wants to be found, and I'm just hanging on. I give You all that I am. And as I sit here in the midst of You, I come to You; I bring You all that I am. Everybody's looking around and wants to be found, and I'm just hanging on. I give You all that I am.