

Left Undone

Jars of Clay

I can hear the choir singing from the top of their lungs
Standing outside in the cold wondering which way I should run
I thought that everything would turn out right, now look what I
've become

A man I wouldn't have respect for if I'd met me when I was young

I will try to make up for lost time forsaking all I've done and
left undone

I will try to make up for lost time forsaking all I've done and
left undone

Trace the roots of old cathedrals just to see where they'd go
A maze of tributaries feeding where the rivers would never flow

Pieces of my life collect in the shape of a smoking gun
I thought that everything would turn out right but look what I've
become

I will try to make up for lost time forsaking all I've done and
left undone

I will try to make up for lost time forsaking all I've done and
left undone

All I've done and left undone

I will leave this firing line, I have nothing to rewind

I will try to make up for lost time forsaking all I've done and
left undone

I will try to make up for lost time forsaking all I've done and
left undone

I will try to make up for lost time forsaking all I've done and
left undone

All I've done and left undone, all I've done and left undone

All I've done and left undone.