

Kiss Your Feet

John Mark McMillan

I dreamed I kissed your feet
Between the cigarette butts
On the side of fourteenth street
I got down on my hands and my knees
With an alabaster jar

I dreamed I'd bleed with your praises
Just to make the world
Smell like your grace again
I got down on my hands and my knees again

And I'm crawling on the floor
Just to find you now
To tell you how I feel I'm falling all over myself

Good morning brokenness
You know you've cut me to the bone
Like one of those days in the middle of the winter
The kind that you can't run away from
And we've been here for so long
But I found a way to appease you
Inside this alabaster jar

And I'm crawling on the floor
Just to find you now
To tell you how I feel I'm falling all over myself

And all my afflictions
There only light ones anyway now, anyway now

And all my afflictions
There only light ones anyway now, anyway now

And I'm crawling on the floor
Just to find you now
To tell you how I feel I'm falling all over myself