

# Sitting in My Kitchen

Larry Norman

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I was sitting in my kitchen, thinking about my life  
How some men end up all alone, some men take a wife  
How old men get discouraged and young men go astray  
And for every sinful thing we do somehow we will pay.

I got up to get my Bible, some pages fell onto the floor  
It's an old one that my father had, and his father before,  
It's been with me since my childhood, I was saved in '52,  
When I look back at my troubled life I give thanks I made it through.

I am free, I can see, and I'm who I want to be.  
Mercy me, mercy me, mercy me.

Why does it take so long To learn to stand and be strong?

I grew up in San Francisco in a real rough neighborhood  
Where they'd beat you bad if you were tough and worse if you were good.  
But I came through those times with a lot of love  
For those boys who knocked me down And I pray someday I'll see them, and we'll be standing on sacred ground.

I am free, I can see, and I'm who I want to be.  
Mercy me, mercy me, mercy me.