

Too Many Times

Michael W. Smith

Who do I hope to finally be?
Is it not your life in me?
Yet the how's too hard to see
Too many times

Will I ever finally be
The true intended me?
Will the old in me be freed
And left behind?

Too many times
I'm back inside
Wanting desperately to hide
Yet I know, I know you say, you have to die
Too many times
You hear my cries
I'm at the end of all my tries
So, I'm open Lord, so teach me how to die

Here I am again alone
Afraid I'll lose all that I own
Yet you see me as your one
I cannot fall

And what I am I still am not
At times I count the cost
Yet I find there's nothing lost
If I give it all

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