

# Help Me Believe

Nichole Nordeman

Take me back to the time  
When I was maybe eight or nine and I believed  
When Jesus walked on waters blue  
And if He helped me, I could too if I believed

Before rationale, analysis  
And systematic thinking  
Robbed me of a sweet simplicity  
When wonders and when mysteries  
Were far less often silly dreams  
And childhood fantasies

Help me believe  
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles  
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes  
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in  
To touch an angel's wing and I would be free  
Help me believe

When mustard seeds made mountains move  
A burning bush that spoke for You was good enough  
When manna fell from heavens high  
Just because You told the sky to open up

Am I too wise to recognize  
That everything uncertain  
Is certainly a possibility  
When logic fails my reasoning  
And science crushes underneath  
The weight of all that is unseen

Help me believe  
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles  
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes  
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in  
To touch an angel's wing and I would be free, free, free  
Help me believe

When someone else's education  
Plays upon my reservations  
I'm the first to cave, I'm the first to bleed  
If I abandon all that seeks  
To make my faith informed and chic  
Could You, would You show Yourself to me?

Help me believe  
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles  
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes  
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in  
To touch one of their wings and I would be free  
And I would be free and I would be free

Help me believe, help me believe  
Could You, would You show Yourself to me?  
Could You, would You show Yourself to me?  
Help me believe