

Miles

Nichole Nordeman

There's a mother on her knees
Somewhere in San Francisco
Looking up and begging
Please God, do not forget me now

Her baby's on machines
'Cause his heart can not keep beating
And she knows what desperate means
'Cause the clock is ticking down, down

And hope rushed in like waves
That someone might just save the day
And if heaven's just a prayer away
Then why she cries, would God not change things?

It may be miles and miles before the journey's clear
There may be rivers, may be oceans of tears
But the very hand that shields your eyes from understanding
Is the hand that will be holding you for miles

There's another mother on her knees
Somewhere in San Francisco
Looking up and begging
Please God, do not forget me now

It happened like a dream
He was laughing, he was running
Then she heard the sirens scream
When her little boy fell down, down

She had never known
The agony of letting go
But a few miles down the road
His heart would find a baby boy just in time

One moment someone whispers thank you
Just then another heart cries, 'How could you?'
When Jesus, who sees us, He says
'I hear you, I'm near you'

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There may be rivers, may be oceans of tears
But the very hand that shields your eyes from understanding
Is the hand that will be holding you for miles